AFRICA'S DOME OF MYSTERY

EVA STUART-WATT

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comprising the first descriptive history
of the Wachagga people of

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AFRICA'S DOME OF MYSTERY

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E. Stuart-Watt.

AFTERGLOW ON KIBO.

Frontispiece.

AFRICA'S DOME OF MYSTERY

Comprising the first descriptive history of the Wachagga people of Kilimanjaro, their evangelization, and a girl's pioneer climb to the crater of their 19,000 ft. snow shrine.

BY

EVA STUART-WATT
F.R.G.S.
(*Member of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh*)

Preface by

Rear-Admiral Sir H. H. STILEMAN, K.B.E.
In Command of the Port of Liverpool 1914–1919

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To

My Mother

The first white woman to tread the interior of Kenya Colony and my guardian for a life-time in its wilds.

PREFACE

FORTY years have passed since I was serving in one of her Majesty's sloops of war on the east coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade.

Germany had just established herself in that part of the Dark Continent and Great Britain had bartered Heligoland for Zanzibar, and the colonizing methods of the two countries were in marked contrast with each other. Woe betide the luckless native who failed to rise and salute a German officer when he passed: a taste of the "Shambok" would be the reward of his negligence; whereas the British officer, seeing a native squatting on his hams, would greet him with a cheery "Jambo," eliciting a delighted "Jambo sana Bwana," accompanied by a grin which expanded his capacious mouth from ear to ear.

Africa's Dome of Mystery has awakened memories and rekindled interest in that extraordinarily fascinating portion of the globe, now wholly entrusted to Great Britain's care.

Miss Stuart-Watt has painted a picture that is bound to make a deep impression on those who peruse these pages. She was brought up in East Africa and loves the land of her childhood with a deep sincerity. As she says, "Africa has always had a special charm for me. I was nursed upon her bosom from my infancy not far from Nairobi. I loved her expansive wastes, her strange romantic hills, her portentous days and weird, dark nights, and not least her dusky people." Yet her portrayal of the land and its inhabitants is not one-sided or biassed in their favour. The picture given is almost one of dazzling light, and certainly the shadows are deep and dark.

Part I of the book opens up a vista into the dim and distant past when the slopes of Kilimanjaro first resounded to the cries of refugees or nomadic tribes who from some impelling pressure had settled on its sheltering flanks.

The development of the warrior races, the dramatic succession of chieftains and conquerors passing across the stage makes a thrilling story. Miss Stuart-Watt culled the details from the lips and written records of Nathaniel—a native government clerk—of whose tragic end we hear later. The wiles and treachery, the wit and resource of the native mind are woven into the warp and woof of a very human story, with bright gleams of heroism and devotion relieving the sombre design. There are glimpses, too, into the unfathomed longings of the heathen heart feeling after God, re-echoing the cry of Job, " Oh, that I knew where I might find Him."

Willingly would we draw a curtain of oblivion over the records of the inhuman treatment of the natives by the Slave Raiders, but the trail of blood and fire, lust and callous butchery has left indelible scars on the native mind. Then, too, the " Mailed Fist " of German rule has had its effect, leaving a problem of vast magnitude for Great Britain to solve. May that wisdom which is from above, which is "first pure, then peaceable," be exercised by all in authority who are called upon to administer justice and guide the future development of all races and tribes inhabiting the region of " The Dome of Mystery."

In Part II the authoress gives from her own experience and observation a vivid description of mountains and plains of tropical foliage and waterless, barren scrub land which is most telling, culminating in her account of the ascent to the 19,000 ft. crater of Kibo. The scene on the lip of the cauldron is dramatic, when one of her Chagga porters on viewing the mighty spectacle for the first time, broke the silence with : " This is the abode of God : there is no house in all the world clean except this one."

The high lights and shadows as she paints the life story of her dusky neighbours are as vivid as her portrayal of nature. For instance, the address given by the principal Chagga Teacher on the occasion of the reopening of the Marangu Teachers' Training School is arresting ; so, too, is the address given by the young man from Arusha on " Brave the bees." But oh, the heart sorrow awakened as we read of the "foul canker of impurity eating away at the very vitals of the national existence, darkening her mind and beclouding her judgment, unfitting her for equality with the ruling powers of the world. There are pure hands in Europe to rock the cradle, but darkest Africa has none. Africa knows not the meaning of purity."

Dangers, too, grave dangers menace the well-being of a child-race in the spheres of politics and education. As the authoress shows, the advent of the white man has brought about the abolition of savage warfare, deliverance from cruel slavery and the dread superstitions of witchcraft. The pagan religion, moreover, has received a staggering blow, but the transition owing to the Great War has been all too rapid, and there are lowering clouds on the political and administrative horizon which give rise to most anxious thought. The danger is exemplified in the case of the " murder gang " who, escaping from justice through the failure to obtain witnesses, terrorized their chief and initiated a reign of lawlessness and opened a floodgate of license to the baser instincts of their race.

But the darkest spot in all the picture is that of the native Church, " rotten at the core." The theory of salvation by baptism without the new birth from above has seared the conscience to such an extent that congregations will pack the churches for Sunday services and then adjourn to the heathen dance, drink and debauchery. " Memsahib, I was educated and baptised at the mission. I taught in their schools and was married from the Church, but I did not know Jesus." There is the terrible danger of Christianity without Christ leading to a Christless civilization, making clever devils on a groundwork of discarded paganism. Will not this state be worse than the first?

Is this not a challenge to those who know Him whom to know is Life Eternal, to go and win some more like Nathaniel from the mire and clay of their degradation, set their feet upon the Rock of Ages and establish their goings in His paths?

A beam of brilliant light in the darkness is manifested by the thirst for the written Word of God. This presents a door of hope that Education may be used by the Holy Spirit to bring the Light of Life to those who can be won by love and prayer and sacrifice, as has been demonstrated in the thrilling story now presented in *Africa's Dome of Mystery*.

The world's store of missionary literature will be richer for this work from Miss Stuart-Watt's pen, written as it is with an intimate knowledge of that fascinating and mysterious portion of the Dark Continent.

(*Signed*) HARRY H. STILEMAN.

Nov. 1929.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I SHOULD like to avail myself of this opportunity of tendering my sincere appreciation to Admiral Sir H. H. Stileman for his courtesy in reading through my book and penning the adjoining preface. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Philip Thornton, of the Bible Church Missionary College, Bristol, and my brother, Stanley Stuart-Watt, B.Sc., for so graciously correcting and criticising the manuscripts, and to my many friends, including Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. F. Paul, Mr. G. A. Grant and Mr. J. E. John, M.A., for their kindly co-operation, without which this volume would not have been complete. My grateful thanks are also due to the Hon. Denys Finch-Hatton, who has allowed me to reproduce his remarkable photograph of a wild elephant; to the late Sir Harry Johnston, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S., for his original and characteristic sketch of a Slave Raid; and to the Manager of the Uganda Railway for permission to use three of my photos of which he holds the copyright.

In a work of this type, I have naturally had to refer largely to standard works of great explorers, such as Dr. Hans Meyer's *Across East African Glaciers*, Sir H. H. Johnston's *Kilimanjaro Expedition* and Professor H. Drummond's *Tropical Africa*. But the one who made it possible for me to write the unique story of the first inhabitants of Kilimanjaro was my friend, Nathaniel, a native government clerk, whose Swahili documents were placed at my disposal. It is with heartfelt regret that these pages, which unfold his tribal secrets to the outer world, should perforce have to record too his tragic murder at the hands of his own countrymen.

Into the hands of Him who " made of one blood all nations of men " and who won my wayward heart to Himself, I commend this story in the hope that it may awaken a new and very practical interest in the sons of Africa.

EVA STUART-WATT.

March, 1930.

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INTRODUCTORY

IN the depths of the dark continent, a mountain of mystery and her still more romantic people have called yet baffled many a prying soul. As the centuries rolled by numbers of pilgrims set foot on her expansive slopes, but few returned to breathe their story to the outside world. One or two have described her varied scenes, but it fell to an unworthy stranger's lot not only to ascend her almost untrodden heights, but also to live in the hearts of her dusky children. In the light of their confidences and without further apology, I accept the privilege of disclosing to you some of these unread secrets—secrets, not because they have been jealously guarded, but because the white mind takes so long to " think black."

Out of the shimmering heat of the vast plateau land of Equatorial Africa loom in the hazy distance several mountain crests, and high above, the dome of Kilimanjaro, monarch of them all. To the north across the Kapiti Plains rises Mount Kenya which, though inferior in bulk and height, is also perennially snow-capped. Mount Meru, too, appears like a pyramid crowning the western Masai Plains, but its sprinkled snows soon vanish when the sun reaches the zenith. From the base of the parent mountain there runs a single chain of hills south-east, comprising in turn the Ugweno, Paré and Usambara Ranges, and beyond that, 200 miles away, stretches the great blue Indian Ocean. Thus the enormous volcanic mass of Kilimanjaro, 60 miles in breadth and 19,318 ft. high, does not reveal its magnitude to accustomed eyes. Her sides no longer throb in the throes of a great upheaval, her lava-beds no longer gleam over her wooded slopes, and the twin volcanoes that crown her huge body lie cold and still in their sublime solitude, but their ice-bound heights defy approach, as did once the feverish activity of their glowing craters.

From east to west on her southern flank a remarkable tribe, now known as Wachagga, have grown up, who, without any written documents, have preserved in astonishing detail their ancestral records of genealogical descent. They claim kinship with the Wataita, Wakamba, Wagweno and the Nilotic Masai, each of whom have in turn invaded the fortresses of the mountain and settled there.

As early as 1507 the Portuguese held Mombasa on the east coast of Central Africa, and Enciso, a Spanish pilot, evidently informed by the Portuguese officials, wrote of "The Ethiopian Olympus" of the interior. Aristotle alludes to the "so-called silver mountain" from which the Nile flows; and it has been thought by some that the reference is to Kilimanjaro whose shining summit the natives believe to be composed of silver. "The Mountains of the Moon," of which Ptolemy and Arabian scholars wrote in the middle ages, were possibly Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya, or the snow-capped Ruwenzori.

Apart from such vague references as these and the reports brought down by a few Arab slave dealers in 1845, the existence of Kilimanjaro was not known to the civilised world until 1848. In April of that year Johannes Rebmann, a German missionary of the Church Missionary Society, bent on carrying the gospel to the distant interior, wandered inland, prompted by reports of Chagga natives inhabiting a mountain of cold towards the sunset. On May 11th he was unexpectedly rewarded by the sight of the snow-mantled dome of Kibo, which crowned the great mountain mass that rose magnificently from a level plain. He knelt down in the bush and repeated the 111th Psalm, "Praise ye the Lord ... His work is honourable and glorious .... He hath showed His people the power of His works ..." That day he made the following simple entry in his diary: "This morning at 10 o'clock we obtained a clearer view of the mountains of Chagga, the summit of one of which was covered by what looked like a beautiful white cloud. When I enquired as to the dazzling whiteness, the guide merely called it 'Cold'; and at once I knew it could be nothing more nor less than snow ... Immediately I understood how to interpret the marvellous tales Dr. Krapf and I had heard at the coast of a vast mountain of gold and silver in the far interior, the approach to which was guarded by evil spirits." Returning to the coast, he communicated his findings to Ludwig Krapf, who himself led a caravan into the interior shortly afterwards, and not only saw Kilimanjaro and confirmed Rebmann's discovery, but found Mount Kenya as well. The explorers then made known to Europe the fact of the existence of these two snow-clad mountains in Equatorial Africa, but their valuable information received recognition in Paris alone, where they were presented with the silver medal of "*La Société Geographique de Paris.*"

Others followed and played their part in unveiling the face of Kilimanjaro. Baron Karl von der Decken in 1861 reached a height of 8,000 ft. on the south side during the cloudy season, and returned to complete his survey at the close of the following year, when he made an admirable estimate of the contour of the mountain and brought back some new specimens of plants and insects. He received the gold

The King's Library

medal of The Royal Geographical Society as a practical acknowledgment of his services.

Nine years later an English missionary, the Rev. Charles New, made a bold attempt to attain the snow-line. He was guest of Mandara, the paramount chief of the little native states that half encircle the mountain, and succeeded in reaching an altitude of 14,500 ft., where snow storms sweep down from the loftier heights of the two culminating peaks of Kibo and Mawenzi. With the hope of prying further into the secrets of the desolate haunts of this African Olympus, he repeated his journey in 1873, but the rude barbaric monarch who had previously helped him now ruthlessly plundered his goods and drove him back without tent or provisions: he died before reaching the coast. The next to suffer from the rapacity of this chief was Mr. Joseph Thompson in his journey across Masai-land, but he was nevertheless able to wander up to 9,000 ft. and to take his porters round to the northern base, surveying and collecting plants as he did so.

Sufficient interest in this field of exploration had now been aroused at home to lead to the formation of a "Kilimanjaro-Committee." With £1,000 at their disposal, they sent out Mr. H. H. Johnston, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S., to make collections of the indigenous fauna and flora of the more elevated slopes and by this means determine the relation of the mountain to other high African ranges in its specific forms of vegetable and animal life. Learning of the fate of his two predecessors in travel at the hands of the dreaded and treacherous ruler, he took care to carry with him a letter of introduction from Sir John Kirk, who was then acting as Political Agent for the East India Company at Mombasa. The interior natives regarded the "Baloza," as they called him, with a certain amount of fear, for tales had spread of his big iron ships (men-o'-war) that journeyed on the sea and captured the Arab slave dealers.

By the presentation of this sealed letter and the use of considerable tact, Mr. Johnston managed to restrain the passions and greed of Mandara and secure from him a building site about 5,000 ft. above the sea, on the brow of a forested hill above his own village of Moshi. Here, with the aid of Zanzibar porters, he made quite a prosperous settlement, built houses, planted a garden and kept a small farm-yard. From this base he made daily excursions over the ridges and down the deep valleys that intersect the land, collecting botanical and zoological specimens. Here he stayed for four months. Finding later that Moshi did not command the pathway to the snows and that her people were at war with all the neighbouring tribes, he moved eastward to Marangu, where the chief, Meriale, supplied him with a couple of guides to the higher regions above the forest zone.

He induced the caravan to accompany him as high as 14,500 ft. and then alone climbed to 16,300 ft. Here, overcome by mountain sickness and benumbed with cold, he struggled back through a drizzling mist to the camp, only to find that his porters had fled panic-stricken before the storm, and their distant fires now gleamed in the twilight two thousand feet lower. There was no time to lose. Over the rough flanks of the mountain he pressed on resolutely, now running, now stumbling over slippery stones, but never halting until, in the bright moonlight, he was once again surrounded by the familiar faces of his coastmen. Mr. Johnston's expedition confirmed his belief that the fauna and flora of the higher zones of the mountain were closely allied to those of the other elevated ranges of Equatorical Africa, including the Cameroons.

The explorer who has contributed most to a detailed delineation of the mountain is Dr. Hans Meyer, who on four occasions made expeditions to it and in 1889 succeeded in reaching the summit, which he called *Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze*, 19,318 ft. In 1891 he published his work, *Across East African Glaciers*, giving to the public the first photographs of the glaciers and snow-fields of the summit. He wrote :—

> " The ice-fields flashed and glittered in the dazzling sunlight, and the wind sighed whisperingly in the crannies and crevices : and, in the depths of the yawning cauldron at our feet, light wreaths of vapour curled softly and ceaselessly. It is a spectacle of imposing majesty and unapproachable grandeur, and the effect in our case was enhanced by the consciousness that we of all men were the first to gaze upon it : it was a never-to-be-forgotten experience."

I have often questioned the natives concerning the white-men who explored their mountain, for I was interested to find out their first impressions of our race. Strange to say, the man who apparently left the most ineffaceable imprint paid only a fleeting visit and saw very little of the country. " Many Wazungu " (white-men) they say, " came to our land, but we cannot remember their names. They all had porters and guns and ammunition. One man was different from all the others. He had no gun, and walked among us WITH ONLY A BOOK AND AN UMBRELLA ! " That man was Bishop Hannington, who was prospecting for the C.M.S. in the hope of forming a chain of mission stations from the coast and in 1885 stopped for a few days in the houses recently vacated by Sir H. H. Johnston.

In the steps of these pioneer explorers and with something of their spirit of venture, I now ask you to come with me and pry into the secrets of this mountain of mystery in the heart of the Dark Continent.

KILIMANJARO FROM LAKE JIPÉ.

To face p. 16.

CHAPTER I

THE SPELL OF THE MOUNTAIN

Origin of the Race

WHEN Jeanne d'Arc was still a peasant girl in the village of Domremy, dreaming her dreams of a liberated France, there lived not far distant from a great, virgin mountain in the heart of Africa an agricultural people called Wataita. In primitive simplicity these wild, nude savages cultivated the ground, herded their goats and sheep, made their instruments of warfare, and established their own form of republican government. A score of sooty-black tribal elders might be seen gathered in a semicircle with their subjects dispensing justice, but vindicating often the brave, the strong, the rich, and grinding to earth their poor and docile subordinates, who had neither the pluck nor determination to gainsay their final sentence.

Thus about the beginning of the fifteenth century a little band of ill-used outcasts, driven forth empty-handed by the oppression of their rulers, sought refuge with the neighbouring, hostile clan of Masai. With these kindly nomads they found temporary respite from their yoke of bondage and lived a more idle life, pasturing the cattle of their noble, warlike guardians.

They were, however, very poor, and, as the weeks drew on to months and the months to years, the exiles grew impatient. Must they remain thus ever a separated and subject race? Must they sacrifice their tribal customs, ancestral rites and their very identity on a strange altar? The weary indolence of this wandering life, and the isolation amid unfamiliar tongues only made them long more ardently for the homeland they had left and the day they would again be free.

With these hot thoughts surging through their minds, as the sun sank low on the horizon and the cattle were safely enclosed in their thorny stockade for the night, a few Taita herdsmen stretched themselves one evening on the ground to rest. Beside them sat a friendly, white-haired, Masai warrior, who was looking with reverential awe to the big, snow-capped mountain mass that loomed away in the clouds to the west. As they followed his gaze he turned and said: " That house is the house of God." The young men grew interested and asked, " What kind of a god is he to live in such a nice house?" " A good God," the old man replied, " and a God of mercy: He gives people flocks and herds. He it was who gave to our ancestor, Kidongai, forty brown cows, one black bull, twenty donkeys, forty sheep and one dog. He told our father not to kill the cows unless they were sick, but to keep them for increase. The donkeys he gave us to carry loads for our women and the dog kept watch in our camps by night. These all came down by a rope from heaven. And the house of this God is what you see over yonder."

Darkness crept over the plains and the old veteran went to sleep beside the fire, but the younger men chatted in animated undertones over the smouldering embers far into the night. They were elated by a new hope—Could not this good God give them wealth as He had given to Kidongai? They had often in their own country heard rumours of Him, but were told that He was very, very far away and could not hear. Now, had they not heard about Him, and seen His house with their own eyes? They must reach His abode, and all their troubles would be over. As they fulfilled the daily routine of their rustic life this latent hope buoyed up their spirits and helped them over many a mile of heated plain.

The decisive day came not long afterwards when a surly Masai soldier, Lowranyi, showed them unusual bitterness and ordered them to return to Taita, hounding them far out to the edge of an uninhabited jungle with one or two head of stock to supply them for the journey. As the little group of men, women and children stood there, homeless, defenceless and outcast, that big house of God seemed more luring than ever in the golden, evening light. "Let us gird up our loins," they said, "and go to Him and tell Him all our troubles."

The Road to Freedom

That moment, there began a drama which led to the birth of a new people and the addition of another language to the babel of earth's tongues. Who would have thought of such significant possibilities in these miserable refugees, as they lay huddled together for the night within a thorny enclosure—a handful of nude barbarians with their wives and children, four cows, a bullock, a few goats and sheep, some black beans in long, slender gourds, a few clay pots and firesticks, a rude axe or two and several spears stuck into the ground; such was the personnel of a pioneer expedition to African snows. But as they lay that night on the bare, dry ground under an open sky, the starry silences seemed less lonely and the thorny wilderness less dark, for were they not on the road to freedom and the great white House of God?

With the early blush of dawn they set out across the plains and kept their eyes on the glistening roof of snow in the west, now faintly pink with the rising sun. "Liberty" was their watchword, and a dauntless faith in the God of Kidongai was the source of their strength and courage.

Part of the track was waterless, and forced marches had to be made to save their animals and their little ones from succumbing to thirst. Thorns pierced their feet, and at the end of a long day's march the arms of the mothers ached from carrying their babies. No roof sheltered them from the dew of the night, but under the open canopy of heaven they snatched a few hours' sleep, interrupted by the howling of a hyena or the low growl of a lion, against whose onslaughts they had to defend their stock.

Each day brought the goal a little nearer. They had traversed the dry plateau, cutting their way at times through overgrown ravines with the aid of their spear-blades or doubling back on their tracks to avoid some insurmountable crag. Now the vegetation was more rank and big, shady trees dotted the landscape. As they marched on with a swinging pace, skirting the shores of Lake Jipé, they broke into singing, and these Arcadian wilds heard for the first time the love-songs of Taita.

Their progress was suddenly arrested by the wide, impassable waters of the River Himo. They decided to follow her course up the mountain until they reached a narrower ford where they might cross. In and out of its labyrinth they wandered up and up, beside the deep, quiet waters and then along the bed of its more easterly tributary, the Una, where the river dashed impetuously over a confused medley of rocks. Here on the banks they formed a strong palisade of forest trees and encamped for the night.

Their First Settlements

This country far surpassed their own native hills nearer the coast. As the flames of their log-fires leaped upwards, lending warmth to the chilly, evening air and lighting up the dusky faces, whilst the bean pots spluttered and the oxen lowed with satisfaction, the laughter and merriment of the adventurous party knew no bounds. One man, stretching both hands over the fire, said: "I am not going any further to-morrow; this will henceforth be my home. Here my wife will dig the ground and plant her beans, and here will I live till my hairs are white and my sight is dim." His colleagues replied, "Stay if you will, brother, but as for us we must go on till we reach God's dwelling. Let your name be here established: let this place be a post to prop your falling house." And so the place was called *Mshiri* (i.e. a prop which raises the fallen).

With somewhat depleted ranks, the expeditionary party crossed the Una, and climbed a steep hill, lightly wooded and verdant with soft, matted grass. On the summit they had a magnificent view of the majestic dome of Kibo, clear as noonday, and covered with a mantle of fresh, white snow. "Oh, look!" they cried, "Look at His white house: it is shaped almost like our own!"

"I think that whiteness must be God Himself," said another; "if we listen we may hear Him speak."

"Well, if that is He," they answered, "what must His words be like?" And they called the camp *Marave* (i.e. "If it is He, what are His words like?"). Some were afraid to go on, and settled down at Marave with their cattle, allowing their more heroic comrades to venture into the presence of the great God of the mountain and speak to Him.

These doughty warriors were not easily discouraged. A dense forest confronted them, and who could tell what brutal foe was lurking in its gloomy depths? They had no compass to lead them, and every now and again their final goal would disappear as they lost themselves in a maze of thick undergrowth and tangled creepers. The winning-post was now so near, but a bank of cloud often intervened, and their only certain guide was the golden orb of day which sank to rest each night just behind God's lofty, immaculate dwelling-place. They therefore followed the elephant tracks that trended in that direction. Sometimes they were startled by the onrushing sound of a whole herd of these mammoth creatures crashing through the thickets. Terror-stricken they climbed up the trees, while the women sought cover with their infants in some wild-boar's den or hollowed tree-trunk.

Too Near the "House of God"

At last they emerged into an open, grassy glade. It was late in the evening when they halted and gathered a pile of dead branches for their fire. The air was frosty, and the wind whistled across the bleak moorland from the west. As they nestled together a feeling of expectancy ran high. To-night, perhaps, they would hear the voice of Him whom they had been imperilling their lives to seek.

Presently every nook and cranny of the adjacent forest was lit up by the red glow from the camp fire. "What is that?" cried one of the women. "It's a man! Look! He is holding out his hand to us," and turning away she covered her face from the gaze of the enormous man who stood on guard in the jungle.

In the grim silence that followed, one of the warriors rose, drew

MOORLAND BEYOND THE FOREST.

KIBO LOST IN EVENING CLOUDS.

To face p. 20.

his thin lips resolutely over his two rows of even teeth, and, thrusting the fine, iron butt of his spear into the ground, awaited the next event. His eyes were fixed on the dark figure not far distant, whom he expected to advance; but there was neither movement nor sound. Gradually the tense expression relaxed into a smile as the blaze increased and revealed to the startled savage the leafless trunk of an old, weather-beaten forest giant, whose two arms helped considerably in perfecting the outline of a human figure. They named this halting-place *Kiri-mdu* (i.e. the Man-tree).

Through the night loud peals of thunder rolled in the mountain-peaks and broke overhead, lightning flashed from hill to hill, and the trees of the forest swayed together in the storm. "God is angry," they said one to another, "we have come too near His house. He is a great God and cannot be visited by man. Let us return to our brethren and be content to live within sight of His unapproachable abode."

At break of day they hurried back to relate to their comrades the unfortunate result of their quest, and eventually pitched a little lower than Marave on a triangular, sunny rise, bordered on each side by clear, babbling brooks, which on account of its natural position they called *Lyerima* (i.e. Side of a heart).

The rich, alluvial soil of the hillside was broken up in small, irregular patches, and black beans called *pue* were planted here and there, a few gourd seeds thrown in to supply the drinking vessels for the approaching year—and the cultivation of the virgin-mountain had begun.

Pygmies

One day a small company of Wataita went off hunting, skirting the southern boundary of the forest and on the second day were alarmed to find smoke ascending through the trees. They were disposed to retrace their steps at once, but decided however to investigate; for if they had enemies so close to their border they must concentrate their forces, conceal their camps and behind a compact zareba set to work to renew their armoury. They crept stealthily in the direction of the blue vapour till they could see an open clearing in the jungle and around the fire a group of pygmies preparing their meal. These were some of the Wakonyingo pygmy tribe, occupying the south-western slopes. The fear of the hunters was considerably decreased by the size of their opponents' stature—how could little men like those wage war? Nevertheless they thought it better to leave them ignorant of the fact that another race of men had come to contest their premier right to the forest. The Wataita quietly withdrew and contented themselves with the pursuit of the game nearer their own mountain retreat. The gardens prospered under their industrious care, and before long tales of the successful settlement of the mountain reached the ears of other Bantu peoples.

Other Pioneers

Numbers of the less wealthy but more ambitious Wagweno, Wakahé and Waarusha left their villages for the larger prospects of the southern flank of Kilimanjaro. They had with them quantities of maize cobs, banana roots, and a very diminutive type of cattle. Some followed the River Mue and settled in Kilema and Moshi; others took the course of the Sagana until it led them to Mamba; and those from Ugweno kept to the banks of the Himo until they found a place abounding in water-springs and little streamlets, which they decided should henceforth be their resting place. "Mora! Mora ngu!" (Water! Water indeed!) they said. So from that day the people called the district *Marangu* (i.e. Water indeed).

From Mount Meru there came one of noble birth, Machame, who with a large retinue attacked the pygmies, driving them westward from their sylvan fortress, and gained occupation of the country that now bears his name. His subjects were clever blacksmiths and smelted the iron-ore of the mountain district to forge implements of warfare and agriculture, which they exchanged for cattle with the nomadic Lumbwa of Arusha-chini.

In later years Yansanya, following Machame's example, migrated northwards, settling nearest to the snows in Kibosho and taking the first chieftainship of that district.

Another warrior of adventure, who at one time had lived on the Usambara Hills at Gonja, travelled as far as Pokomo on the border of Galla Land, but when he heard of the new colony on Kilimanjaro he came with his family and armed bodyguard to try a still bigger undertaking of uncertain issues. He established himself in a well-furrowed, hilly country and formed there his own little state of Mpokomo (or Mpoko, as it was known later).

The Drought

There came a time when the pioneers were rewarded for their hazardous venture into the unknown. The plains lay cracked and parched under the scourge of severe drought, and the sleek cattle of the Masai were languishing. The moon had reached her wonted position in the heavens when rain should have fallen, but day after day the sky remained brazen and cloudless. Far and wide, over hills and plateaux and across the Bantu lands to the north, the little gardens had become impoverished and refused to germinate their scattered grain. Down by the shrinking water-holes on the veld, footprints of wild animals had hardened into solid clay-moulds, and the famine fiend was invading thousands of homesteads. On Kilimanjaro, however, the melting snows still bountifully supplied her rivers, and the primitive settlers set to work to divert the lavish streams into side-channels and again into smaller runnels of water, so that every garden was irrigated.

Towards the distant purple of the well-watered mountain came from the north a caravan of hunger-stricken Wakamba in the trail of the migrating herds of antelope. The famine had already demanded a heavy toll from their villages, and to stay by their empty garden plots meant certain death. A precarious existence, on the chance of game which they might kill en route, seemed the better alternative. They were expert huntsmen; and from behind the brushwood at some drinking-pool in a dried-up river-bed, many a poisoned arrow found its mark on the animals that came to drink at sundown.

As day succeeded day the heat of the plains became unbearable, so that Mlambaki, the leader of the caravan, decided that the last stretch of their southward marching must be done at night. And so it was that, as the crown of Kibo stood out against the indigo of a moonlit sky, a few more dusky hearts came under the spell of her entrancing beauty, and a few more tired feet rested at the base of her massive bulwarks.

Wakamba Huntsmen

On the extreme east, at Ngazeni, the Wakamba found an ideal halting place beside a small colony of Wagassa—a branch of Masai, who had been the first to settle near the mountain. The grass here was more succulent than on the fissured prairie below, and buffalo, gnu, hartebeest and gazelles were driven by the drought of the wilderness to graze on these greener pastures of rank grass, where spreading trees shaded them at noonday from the relentless gaze of the burning sun.

Around a sycamore tree these bowman made a circular fence of thorny branches to enclose a few head of cattle and built one or two beehive huts for their wives. They were now in their element, roaming the sylvan alleys and hunting from the early morning twilight until the last signs of pink faded from the evening sky.

To these trained huntsmen, the faintest sound of a breaking twig or the cracking of a dry leaf tells them in an instant the spot where some buck lies hidden from sight. Down they crouch on all fours and move up noiselessly to a position of advantage. Here they stand, draw the bow at full strength, and the silent, fatal shaft has done its work. The animal darts forward scarcely a yard or two before the poison paralyses its brain, and it whirls round and falls to earth senseless. Out of his quiver the hunter then draws his fire-sticks, and soon a fire is blazing in the bush and a great chunk of venison is being roasted on the coals.

Thus Mlambaki spent his days around Ngazeni for a year or more, but he had no garden except a narrow strip bordering the stream that ran beside his camp. One day he said to his wife, Ndelambio-ki: "At home we used to eat sweet-potatoes and pumpkins, corn and beans, and we ate also of the meat of the plains; but here we have no fruits of the ground. Let us go higher and seek a good, rich land on the hills. *Ngai* (God) has sent us the rain so He means us to plant our seeds."

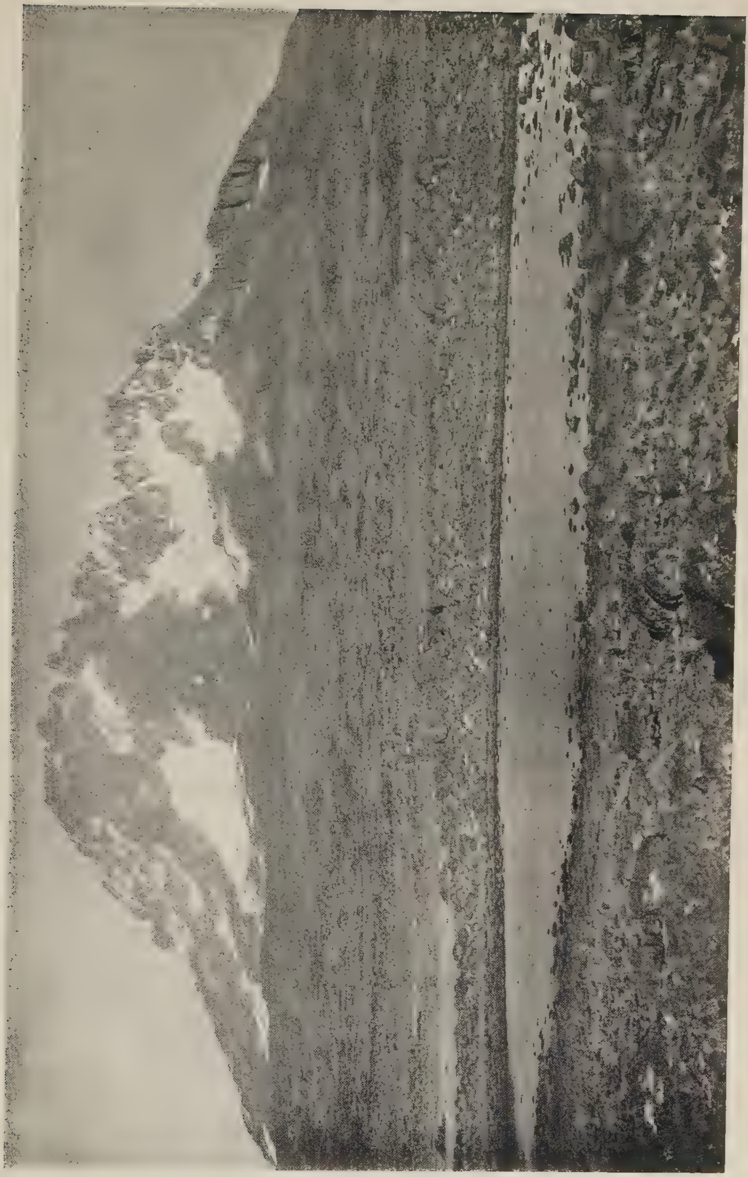
Mlambaki called two of his older comrades and together they went off, tugging after them a young ram, until dense woodland hid them from any possible onlooker. There in the secret recesses of their rustic temple of twisted trees, these elders killed their sacrifice and spilled its blood before *Ngai*, that He might grant His protection and favour in their new venture.

This done, they struck camp and prepared for a second move. Following the banks of the Mlombia, it brought them to Useri where half of their number remained; but Mlambaki and his brothers were led by a spirit of venture to make for the peak of Mawenzi, which seemed so near and so inviting. They had been reared on the hill-crests of Ukamba, and the freedom and strength of the heights appealed to them still. Westwards they tramped through the forest until Mawenzi stared them in the face; but, as they rose higher and higher, the cold was increasing every night, the soil they were treading was poorer in production, and the animals seemed not to haunt those lonely wastes as they did the lower slopes.

They turned back therefore and descended in a direct line towards Marangu, coming to a small hill, gently wooded with dark, alluvial soil and a crystal spring of water. The women dug their gardens, and the men built their snug, grassy cabins, unconscious of the fact that only one day's march separated them from an alien race below the dark belt of trees.

How the First Chief was Appointed

The pioneer tillers of soil on the south-east, the Wataita, Wagweno and Wakahé, all worked with enthusiasm and purpose until the desert began to blossom as the rose, the flocks and herds increased, families multiplied, and the store-houses were filled in the month of harvest.



PEAK OF MAWENZI.

To face p. 24.

But they had no one appointed to exercise authority or administer justice.

As time went on, there arose among these happy agriculturalists a number of proud men who despised manual labour and deemed highway robbery a more manly, courageous employment. A round-faced, surly young fellow named Muku was their leader, and at his instigation they ransacked the gardens of their weaker tribesmen, whose lives they threatened at the least resistance. The old men were troubled at this lawlessness and oppression, for was it not such injustice that had first driven them from their homes in Taita? Was the burden from which they had fled in the east now to be reshouldered in their declining years?

Muku had one son whom he named Kilaweso, which means, "Who will dare to question him?" As a lad he walked over the undulating paths, tending his father's goats and chatting with the people. Often he heard women complaining that their dearly-earned harvest had been stolen: he saw children crying with hunger and white-haired men being driven from their plantations by these anarchists to seek shelter in the forest, perhaps to die there. Scenes such as these wrung his young heart, and as he grew older his sympathies always went out to his oppressed and ill-used kinsmen.

One day a robber plundered an old man's garden, but the owner who was in sight defended his crops. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued in which the greybeard was ousted and fled for protection to the house of Kilaweso—"the poor man's friend." His enemy followed in hot pursuit and overtook him just as he reached the place of refuge. Kilaweso heard the scuffle and scream and rushed out, but it was too late. The assailant, with one lunge of his spear, dropped his foe dead at the doorway.

Now was the moment for revenge! Kilaweso leaped on the exhausted murderer, overcame him, and, before he could realise it, there at his feet lay two mutilated corpses. Soon a crowd had congregated at the scene of carnage, praising Kilaweso for his bravery and hailing him as their judge. "If a man enters his neighbour's plot to steal his food, we shall bring him to you for punishment," they said, "and if a man kills his brother we shall trust you to avenge the blood of the slain. Thus shall we have peace in our land and thus shall our people prosper."

"And what will you give me in return if I establish peace in your midst?" he asked.

"We shall dig your gardens and thatch your house, that you may be free to walk through the land and control it."

Thus Kilaweso agreed to become the first chief of east Kilimanjaro. From an enthusiastic mob of stark-naked loyalists, there was raised in the presence of the dead the first national anthem of the sons of Kilimanjaro: "We have a *Mangi* (Chief) and whoso breaks his word will die, will die the death." They all loved their chief, for he was kind and strong and manly and thought little of confronting any murderer single-handed. They called him *Mndenyi-na-mmai* (i.e. Father and Mother). Under his strict discipline order prevailed throughout the country.

Troops and Taxes Introduced under Mtui

At his death his firstborn son, Mtui, succeeded him. But he was not a valiant fighter as his father had been. So the bandits of the country plotted to defy their chief and kill him and then resort to their former methods of raiding. They were outwitted however, for Mtui ordered men to guard his hut night and day. Near it was built a special house where they kept watch in turn and daily learned the art of warfare.

These soldiers were called *Watengo* and were the beginnings of the militia of the mountain. As they went on their daily patrol through the plantations they kept order and arrested wrong-doers. Disorderly vassals were tortured until they learned obedience, simple cases of theft were dismissed by the payment of a goat or sheep, while rebellion or murder entailed a death sentence.

Other districts similarly chose their own petty-chiefs, whose names were often suggestive of some characteristic of their owner, e.g. Kinyaga, which means, "Stride along with your work like an ostrich," or Mboro, meaning "A big honey-barrel" (i.e. A courageous man of imposing appearance).

One day Mtui received a complaint from his men at arms that their garden plots suffered through their continual absence on military duty and they had not enough to eat, so he called a conference with his elders. He suggested to them that a general system of taxation should be inaugurated, in which every householder should bring in a stated percentage of the produce of his garden for the support of the army. The old men demurred, so Mtui strutted to his hut in a rage, saying, "Every man to his plantation, but bring no more law-suits to me."

With the sudden abdication of their ruler, riots prevailed, crime went unpunished, and as the months went by the welkin rang with a cry of despair. The close-fisted veterans saw that they had made a mistake. They went to their Mangi and said: "We have sinned against you but now we repent. Return once more to be our father and we shall be your obedient sons. Your spear-men we will feed with our corn and lentils, nor will we deny them even our flocks."

So Mtui was reinstated in his authoritative position. The gardens were enlarged, and, if any one was handicapped by having a sick wife, or children too small to work, he had only to mention his circumstances to the chief to get practical assistance. He would say, "Prepare a great feast of banana-beer and parched-corn, and to-morrow you shall have a band of my soldiers to help you." Thus the sods were turned and harvests were reaped amid drinking and merriment. This communal system of labour has been prevalent ever since then, but now it is more or less a mutual social arrangement and not under the direction of the chief.

In those days men were strong, with robust frames and wiry, muscular limbs. They were forbidden to circumcise, or marry early in life; many were bearded before taking a wife. The garners were filled with plenty, for every one worked hard. Some were sent out to hunt and snare wild animals in the forest. They dug deep pits over whose gaping mouths were spread branches and dry leaves; and the careless tread of an unwary elephant or buffalo would hurl them to the bottom, there to await the spears of the huntsmen.

Mmori and the First War

In course of time Mtui died and was succeeded by his son, Mmori, a tall broad-shouldered man like his grandfather, Kilaweso. His word was law and in his own opinion he had no equal. His subjects at any rate were aware that the reins of government had been grasped by a firm and vigorous hand. The day came when others too had opportunity to know it.

He sent his soldiers into the forest as usual in pursuit of the chase, and they had of necessity to pass through the territory of three other chiefs, above them eastwards. They were stopped by a warrior and ordered to return. "Tell your Mangi," he said, "to keep his men within his own borders and not to meddle with another man's domain."

This was disconcerting and humbling news for the proud chief to receive. He sat in sullen silence and then, as his attendant offered him a calabash of beer, he said abruptly, "Summon all my hunters to assemble before me." In a fiery tirade he told them the result of that morning's quest for game, and then, brandishing his spear in the air, he shouted, "Am not I the son of Kilaweso, and who will dare to question me? Who can hinder us hunting in the forest?"

"They may hinder us hunting perhaps," came the quick response, "but no one can prevent us fighting there."

The suggestion was enough. They would ignore the restrictions imposed on them, and determine the final issues if necessary by force of arms. Seven warriors were ordered to make the trial hunt and proceed to the forest, but no sooner had they crossed the border than they were beaten back by an armed guard.

In the fearful carnage that followed, hundreds of the finest men were slaughtered, and a generation was almost wiped out. The three chiefs beat a retreat to their fenced villages, but Mmori pursued and forced them to surrender to his suzerainty. As his vassal subjects were good builders and had fortified their own compounds with rough stone walls, they were ordered to erect similar ramparts around the houses of the chief and his elders. That was the first chain of slavery that Kilimanjaro ever knew.

Elated by his conquest, Mmori sent ambassadors to another ruler, Teemba, living near the Moonjo river, saying, "You know that I have conquered three other states. I overcame them at the point of the spear, but I invite you to come under my shield peaceably and take me as your father: otherwise you must see the shields of my warriors in battle array." Teemba peremptorily slaughtered all the messengers but one, to whom he said, "Go and tell your Mangi to meet me in battle to-morrow by the Moonjo Falls." Great agitation was felt by old and young alike at this breach of inter-tribal law. Calling his counsellors together, Mmori asked if the murder of an ambassador was ever known in the times of their fathers. "Never at any time," they replied, "not even among the Wataita."

So Mmori mustered his officers with the three ex-chiefs and his united forces sallied forth, but not directly to outface the enemy who was well prepared. They passed through the forest and descended suddenly by a hidden path into Teemba's territory, surprising his spearmen by the River Mfurro. There they fought hand to hand in death-dealing blows for three days. On the third morning Teemba decamped with all that were left to him and escaped with the women and children, leaving behind the goats and sheep, old men, invalids and babies.

How Uru was Peopled

They fled precipitately across country under cover of the forest until they had passed beyond the huts of Moshi. As they rushed down the hillside, the fugitives were wailing and crying, "Woe, woe unto us, for we are chased like a bird from its nest!" And the people answered, "*Muwore-se-uru?*" (i.e. "Have you a second chance to live?")

So from that day their country has been called Uru, or Second Chance.

Teemba however did not long hold the staff of office, for in later years the Masai of the plains by the Rau River decided to make his eerie their mountain stronghold. Headed by their chief, Mkuruo, they formed themselves into a battalion, with flank companies of warriors in full war-dress and a vanguard of Elmoran (champions) surrounding their women and their little ones. They marched steadily until they were nearing the villages of Uru. Here they broke into a trot, carrying their glistening steel blades high in air. Their lion-mane caps and colobus capes swung to and fro, their ankle-bells jingled, and their oily bodies shone with a uniform red. It was enough to make any one blanch with fear.

The Bantu ruler was watching from his hut as the far-famed raiders drew closer: his heart quailed before their advance and he dared not show resistance. "Go out," he said to his counsellors, "and receive the conquerors quickly in my name; let no blood be shed!" With outstretched palms they advanced and signed to the invaders that they could come in peace into the presence of the chief.

His face was a little strained and his hands trembled as the erect figure of the opposing ruler stepped forward to greet him with a commanding mien. They spat on each other profusely as a sign of goodwill, and the feeling of tension was somewhat relieved. From that time, however, the Masai were the governing clan in the land of Uru.

CHAPTER II

THE BIRTH OF A PEOPLE

The Brother Rivals

IMMORTAL Mars found here in the heart of Africa a prepared ground for his heated ferment. Of all her sons, the Wakamba were perhaps the most steeped in cunning and deception and most frequently the cause of disturbance.

Wamba was the grandson of Mlambaki, the pioneer from Ukamba, and to him were born in the forest two sons, Mremi and Lyrimo, who from their boyhood learned the craftiness that was later to set Marangu aflame.

Day after day they might be seen sitting with their father under a shelter of brushwood, making their barbed arrows or sewing their neat ox-hide quivers, and then ranging the forest with him in search of the poisonous Kivai tree. Its bark was stripped off, chopped into small pieces, and thrown into a large, clay pot, where it was boiled down to the consistency of thick glue. The malignant preparation was then ready: with it the point of each arrow was carefully smeared, and protected from the air by a thin piece of kid until circumstances should call for its immediate use.

When the lads were young they followed their father in the trail of the wild, but as they grew older they were sent out alternately to hunt alone. Lyimo and his companions always came home at night laden with meat, but the older boy often returned empty-handed and met with the general disfavour of the village.

The Luckless Hunter Exiled

One morning Wamba called Mremi to his side and said, " Fasten on thy quiver and take thy bow in thy hand. Go with thy comrades and get us some venison, for it is thy watch to-day. See that thou miss not the mark: return with meat in abundance that our hunger may be satisfied, and we will bless thee." For four days Mremi roamed the jungle in vain and slept in the trees at night, fearing to face his parents without the expected spoil. When at length, defeated, he sneaked stealthily into the village and sat down exhausted by the fire, it was only to receive from every side vehement reproofs and wounding ejaculations. He tried to control his resentment, but hearing his father

WAKAMBA—ANCESTORS OF THE CHAGGA RACE.

HIMO GAP—GATEWAY TO KILIMANJARO.

To face p. 30.

say, " Cursed be Mremi: from henceforth a beggar and a slave shall he be!" he took up his bow and walked out from his jungle home without a word.

" Another night in the trees," he said to himself, " and to-morrow I will go down to the men of Marangu—perhaps they will feed me!" As he sat in the branches, the owls and night-hawks seemed to talk to him, the leaves rustled in harmony, and he felt that the jungle was his bodyguard, and he was a prince among its denizens. The cruel taunts of the evening were lost in the solitude of the night; and, fresh as the birds that warbled around him at dawn, he descended from his perch, drank of the brook and made his way to Mangi Makishingo, the chief of the mountain state that bordered the forests of Marangu.

He was well received by the Mangi and given a house and food, but in return he was to teach the people how to dry goat-skins and ox-hides by stretching them on the ground with little wooden pegs and scraping away the membraneous tissues. Of this art he was past-master as his forefathers of Ukamba had been. The people appreciated their new instructor and treated him well, giving him a joint of meat whenever they killed a bullock.

Occasionally Mremi longed for the home of his childhood and would run back to glance at the familiar circle of Wakamba faces. The elders, however, hounded him out. " Go!" they said. " Be a slave to strangers—people that can do nothing better than dig the ground. We want only heroes in our camp."

Lyimo Gains the Birthright

The old mother too was anxious that the right of the firstborn should be reserved for Lyimo and planned to deprive Mremi of his birthright. " To-day both of you," she said, " will hunt near at hand. Go and prosper!"—and the young men went off as they were told. In the meantime she ordered her servant to kill a fat ram and prepare in a specified way a feast for the boys.

The stomach of a sheep has two divisions besides the monyplies, a larger sac called *Kiroe* (paunch), and a small fatty one called *Ngatzuma* (honeycomb bag). The man proceeded to chop up some tender mutton with which he filled the *Kiroe*. The haggis was sewn up strongly with a thorn and fine string and put into the pot to stew. The smaller bag was turned inside out so that the coveted fat should not appear and was cooked without any stuffing.

The savoury dish was kept in readiness awaiting the lads' return. As they came in, flicking the sweat from their heated brows, the old woman welcomed them, saying, " Draw near, Mremi; draw near also my son, Lyimo. Sit down and eat, for since noonday I have prepared you victuals." They crept into her hut and sat down, each on a stone beside the simmering pot. The elder boy was hungry after his wandering and helped himself to the larger stuffed portion (the *Kiroe*), while Lyimo took the *Ngatzuma*.

The mother looked but did not speak. Not a word was exchanged until the repast was over. Then, turning to Mremi, she said, " How is it that you, the son of a chief and inheritor of all your father's goods, have done to-day a thing which is never done in Ukamba—you have eaten the forbidden *Kiroe* (which is the portion of the little children only and is never eaten by men or women). From to-day onwards therefore you may no longer be called by your father's name, nor yet your own name Mremi—you do not deserve it. Henceforth shall your name be Mkite (i.e. a dog unloved)—so get out, you dog ! "

Thus Mremi passed through his village entrance for the last time and returned to his master, Makishingo, who gave him his daughter in wedlock. To this day, however, in the north-west of Marangu the inhabitants are often contemptuously called Wako-Mkite (i.e. Sons of the Outcast Dog).

The legal rights of Chiefdom now fell into Lyimo's hands. He became a great man and highly respected by his subjects, who followed his heels to the hunt and went out with him practising archery in preparation for war. The women of Marangu often cultivated the ground for them and were given meat in exchange for labour.

Consequences of a Mother's Lust

Lyimo's mother was not quite satisfied that such friendly relationships should exist between them and their alien neighbours, and with envious eyes she watched the daughters of a strange race carrying away loads of meat which had been secured by the hand of her son. She had seen too the cattle and goats of Makishingo grazing near the Wakamba villages of Useri. But in her own grimy hut were only a few sheep remaining and not a single cow. The carnal lust for another's wealth ate into her soul, and she planned incessantly how she might seize the sleek-skinned herds of Makishingo. " What shall I do ? " she pondered. " What shall I do that these may be mine ? I know what I will do "—and she worked out her cunning designs.

Persuading all the full-grown men to have a day's exercise with the bow and arrow in their usual practice-ground high up in the forest, she found herself alone with her old, half-witted man-servant. She ordered him to kill one of the sheep, and its warm blood she dashed over her body in patches on the head, trunk and limbs. The remainder she spilled on the ground to imitate a scene of carnage, and a trail of blood-drops was sprinkled across the compound. She was then dragged into a low, dark hut, where she lay with part of the sheep's entrails around her waist, wrapped in her goatskin covering.

Her servant was now told to raise the war-cry, follow up the men on the upper forest track, and on reaching them to say, " The herdsmen of Makishingo came into our village to make war against us. They have killed our mother, leaving her for dead, with spear-wounds all over her body, and have fled towards Useri." The simple old fellow did as he was bid, overtook Lyimo and broke the " tragic " news. The forest resounded with the shout of war, while the bowmen quickly covered the ground between them and their mountain home. They examined the scene of the supposed " murder " and then entered the hut to find the old woman apparently breathing her last.

" However did this happen, Mother ? " asked Lyimo rather gently, while he looked at her blood-smeared face and ghastly abdominal " wounds." The faint sounds that escaped her lips were only curses on her murderers. Then slowly he caught the words, " I was—killed—by—Makishingo's—men. My spirit—will—soon—be gone. Before I die—wash—me—with the milk—of—a cow—lest—you never—drink—milk—again."

Hearing his mother's " dying " request, he shouted to his comrades, " To arms ! To arms ! " and, fleet as the wind, they made off in the direction of Useri where they encountered the herdsmen. Some they killed and the remainder escaped, but the lowing kine of Makishingo they drove back to their secluded stronghold.

On their arrival the queen-mother rejoiced and rose as it were from the dead. She met the returning marauders, calling to Lyimo, " It is enough, my son : you have done as I commanded you. All of you draw near. I am well. I was never hurt at all."

Plunged into Danger

The young Mkamba prince grew strangely troubled when he realised that the deception of a woman had led him to commit a treacherous crime. And they—were they not but a handful of men ? All the spear-armed warriors below the forest would presently be united against them. His veins grew full, and his dark eyes gleamed with rage as he said to his mother, " Do you think I can go to a lion's den and take the whelps and sit down unmolested ? You have wrought folly this day. You have called the hounds of battle to surround our camp." " And supposing I had not arranged this deceit," she answered, "do you think you would have gone to fight for no reason at all and amassed all this wealth as you have this day?"

There was however no time for delay: it was a moment for drastic action. How soon might not Makishingo's spears be fast flying over the fence? All hands were summoned to the task of cutting down stout poles and thorny branches, till the zareba stood broad and high: little openings were left here and there, through which the archers could shoot their poisoned arrows—and the brave, wild woodsmen were prepared for the inevitable retaliation of their foes.

It was not till the following afternoon that the clatter of steel and the tinkling of ankle-bells told Lyimo that Makishingo had come to recover his goods. For many days the fighting continued, but the Wamarangu, whose ranks far out-numbered the Wakamba, were unable to break the resistance of the gallant bowmen. They retreated to seek reinforcements from Mramba of Kirua.

Now Lyimo was sufficiently familiar with the politics of Kilimanjaro to know that Mramba was at bitter enmity with Minja of Moshi, to whom he now sent an urgent request for assistance. The Moshi chief was only too glad of an excuse for reopening hostilities with his wonted foe and readily supplemented Lyimo's defence forces against the combined armies of the south.

Within the rude fortifications the grim contest was renewed, but the sight of the overpowering numbers of the ranks that surrounded them struck the little army with terror. They were imprisoned in the narrow confines of a wooden palisade in which the enemy had but to make a single breach, and their last chance of life would be gone. They could never stand their ground in a hand-to-hand struggle with the steel blades of their opponents.

Retreat into Enemy Territory brings Victory

During the night Lyimo talked with his new colleague from Moshi, and together they decided to escape from their death-trap before another sun should rise in the eastern sky. The only gateway to their jungle-fortress was now closely guarded by Makishingo's men of war, whose low whispering they could hear and whose fires glimmered faintly through the branches. On the further side at the back of their encampment, however, the woodland growth was massive and almost impenetrable. With the precision of a general, Lyimo got the posts dug out here sufficient to allow the passage of a human being, and the interlaced branches were quietly broken away until a gap was made in the fence. Through this hole the entire garrison and their families crept out unnoticed into the dense thicket, where the stray beams of a declining moon caught the tree-trunks and lit up the great, black boulders. At times they fancied the enemy was in pursuit, but it was only a leopard moving stealthily through the undergrowth.

By dawn they had covered most of the track through the forest and now were led by one of Minja's warriors across brake and fen into Mramba's domain. This monarch, whose army still surrounded the beleagured but empty village, was wholly unprepared for the sudden onrush of Lyimo's troops. His people were slaughtered right and left, his women captured and he himself killed, while the invaders appropriated his herds and settled down on his land in close proximity to Mangi Minja.

When they were well established they prepared for a counter-attack on Makishingo, whose hands were already weakened by the death of Mramba. He was completely routed and fell in battle, and his possessions were given by Lyimo to his own brother, Mremi. This raid in fact made Mremi a rich man, but he was still called " The old out-cast dog," although Makishingo's subjects were henceforth to be his slaves.

A " Scrap of Paper " in Black Politics

With his invincible band of archers Lyimo gradually gained control of the lower side of Marangu, and one by one the petty chiefs of other clans sought a peace-pact with him. Mangi Nyaki of Kyaala fastened to a lamb a gourd of honey and sent it with a virgin girl to the Mkamba chief, saying " Accept I pray thee these tokens of peace and let me be your brother, for I have heard that you are a worthy prince: therefore I covet your friendship." Secretly Lyimo was only too pleased at the offer, for his armed forces had been greatly reduced and he was all too unprepared for aggressive warfare or even for taking the defensive in case of attack. So he met his black brother graciously, and they performed together the ceremony of blood-brotherhood.

Surrounded by a circle of lithe bowmen in full war attire, the two men sat down on little wooden stools facing one another, and the master of ceremonies stood with a sharp knife in his hand. A fat sheep was dragged from one of the huts and duly slaughtered, and before long two pieces of the tender lamb were being scorched over a blazing fire. With the entrails of the sheep the royal covenant-makers were bound together, and the officiating elder carefully proceeded to make a slight incision on their chests, until the blood trickled down over their ebony skin. A morsel of the roast was then quickly dipped in the blood of either participant and given to the other to eat. Thus mutually they partook of one another's blood. Then the stentorian voice of the master of ceremonies rang out, so that every word could be heard, "These two Mangis are now brothers, children of one blood. Let them dwell in peace and let their children be as one family. If one approaches the other for evil or makes war against his brother, let the curse of God fall on his land and let his blood be spilled on the ground: he has broken his solemn vow." And the assembled warriors responded, "Ngai (God) is witness."

Of all the rulers who eventually came under Lyimo's paramount authority, the most powerful and wealthy was this Nyaki of Kyaala. Lyimo eyed his riches and coveted them. "It was a poor bargain I struck when I agreed to make friends with this chief without payment," he said to himself. "I ate the blood-covenant and got no gain. But I cannot openly break my vow, lest the curse of destruction come upon me. Better if I can make Nyaki himself dissolve the agreement."

Lyimo accordingly went to his friend one day and said, "You know we two agreed together to be brothers, didn't we? Give me then one of your daughters and I likewise will give you one of my virgins that our covenant may be ratified thereby." Nyaki agreed, for he little knew the depth of guile in an Mkamba's heart. So each man had the other's daughter.

Later he sent to him again and said, "I pray thee, my brother, hear me. I have built a house but I have no rich gardens like yours. Let me have one corner of your banana plantation that I may send my wives to cut down the bunches as they ripen. Mark the boundary, which shall be mine and which thine." Nyaki replied, "My banana gardens are yours and yours are mine, sire. Nevertheless I will set a bound between them."

The Fateful Banana Grove

As the bananas filled out and their green skins were tinged with yellow, the women and girls were sent regularly to bring them home. But one day a large bundle of fruit proved too heavy for any of them to carry and was left behind to be shouldered later by an able-bodied man. That day Lyimo sent a message to Nyaki saying, "We have a dance to-night: let my daughter, I pray thee, come and make merry with her people." At the expected hour the Mkamba chief sent one of his soldiers to meet the girl on the little path that led through Nyaki's banana groves. "When you see her," he said, "fall on her suddenly, seize and throttle her. Then carry the corpse back to the load of bananas and wrap it well in the bundle."

While the foul crime was being perpetrated, its instigator was sitting with aimless, glaring eyes over a fire in his own hut, where the warrior found him on his return. "I have done as you bade me," he announced.

"Go then to your home and see that you tell no one."

Next morning a messenger was hurried off to Nyaki with a few censuring remarks for his failure to comply with his promise of the previous day. What if the girl had genuinely been taken suddenly ill and could not attend the dance, should he not have sent a soldier to bear the news to her father? Some explanation was required for his negligence.

As Nyaki received the official communication he laid his hand on his mouth in amazement. "Your master, what does he mean? I sent his daughter to him as the sun was over there" (protruding his lip towards the western horizon). "It must be that other friends have enticed her to their home. She will come back of course. Even now she may be with her father. Give the Mangi my salaams."

Lyimo was however apparently concerned about the girl, and said to his men, "Haven't any of you seen my daughter this morning? Go to the villages round about and make enquiries." By the afternoon they had made an exhaustive tour of the houses without result, so the father accompanied them to Nyaki's compound and said, "Mangi Nyaki, I gave you my daughter, and now she is not to be found; yet you sit here unperturbed. How is it that you have not sent your soldiers to scour the countryside to look for her?" The warriors were forthwith summoned to join the party, and they continued the search all the next day.

Weary and baffled, they stood in the evening at the edge of the fateful banana plantation. Here Lyimo, in a fit of affected grief, with crocodile tears staining his cheeks, cried, "My daughter has been torn in pieces by some wild beast. Alas, alas! My child! My child!" Then turning to the chief he sighed, "Well, Nyaki, you may go home: we search only in vain. I shall never see her again—for she is dead!—And this man [pointing to a strong, athletic fellow] will bring home the load of bananas which the women left the other day." Nyaki still accompanied the solemn crowd as they walked through the grove to the place where the gathered fruit lay underneath the banana fronds.

"Well shoulder your load, and let us be going!" called Lyimo, pulling himself together. The strong man tried but could scarcely raise it from the ground. "Come on then, men! Undo the bundle," he continued, "and make a number of small ones." They opened the load, and the dusky crowd shrank back in horror at the sight of the dead body of the lost girl, and startled cries escaped their lips, " What is this? Who has done this deed?"

Lyimo turned sharply on Nyaki. " This is your work," he said. " I gave you my daughter, and you have murdered her and hidden her in these bananas of mine because you hated me. To-day you have broken your solemn vow of blood brotherhood. The covenant between you and me is cancelled. As I have done to the other chiefs around me, so will I do to you—wretched truce-breaker that you are!"

Nyaki cringed before the stern Mkamba whose scathing words made him tremble. " I d—d—don't know!" he stammered, " I did nothing to your daughter. It must be one of the low wretches, one of my soldiers, who is guilty of the crime, that he might betray me and my country. I surrender to you, Mangi Lyimo; take my goods but spare my life and the life of my little ones." With some show of reluctance, surrender was accepted; but the heavy reparations demanded in kine from Nyaki impoverished him until the day of his death.

Looking Further Afield

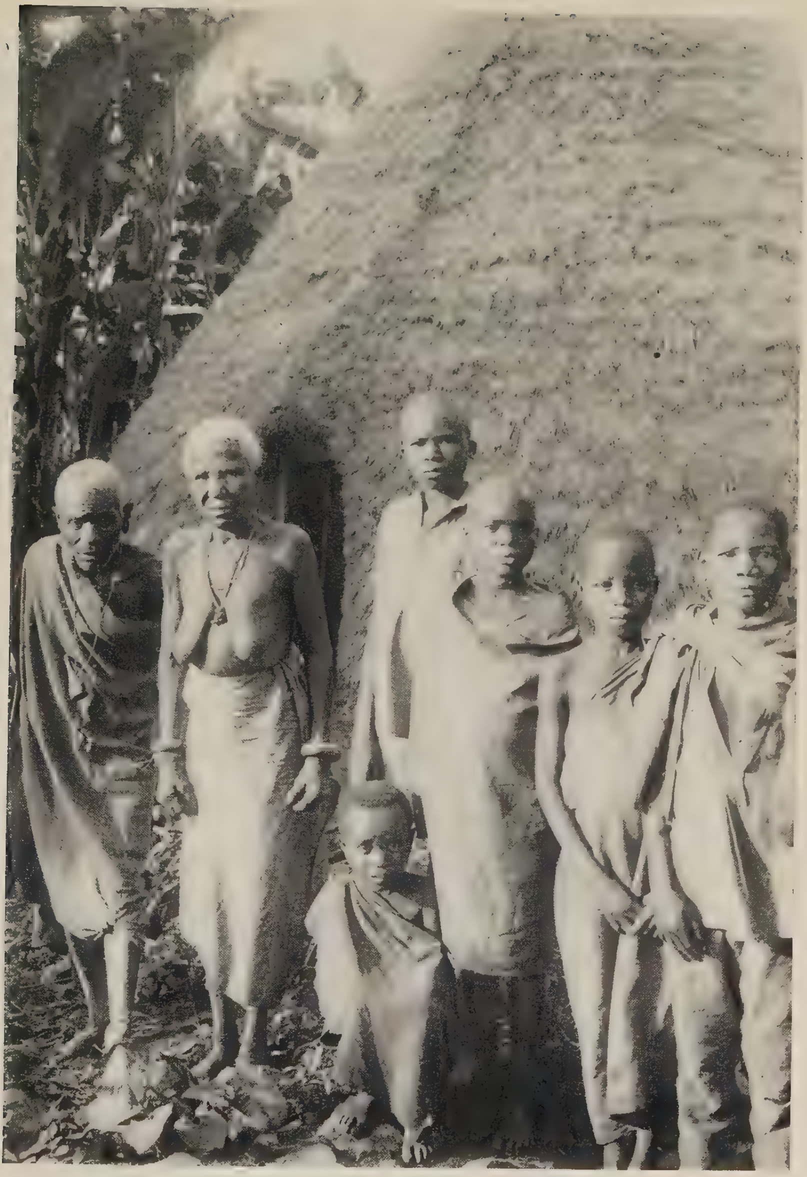
Lyimo was now ruler of the seven western states of Marangu, and for ten years he reigned in peace, consolidating his position and training his army. Before him towards the sunrising stretched the prime of the mountainside, governed by three powerful chiefs no less proud than himself, and between lay the dark waters of the Moonjo River. Across that river Lyimo determined to advance, and over that countryside he resolved one day to rule.

More diplomatic than grim warfare are the treaties of a traitor. And thus one morning an embassy of peace was dispatched to the neighbouring Mangi Mboro. But he knew too well the story of the land beyond the river to trust its notorious chieftain.

" We have no portion or lot with the Wakamba," he said, " I know the covenants of Lyimo that they are vain. Will he treat me as he has treated the other Mangis? Tell him that there is enough deception in his head to fill a sack." So started the guerilla warfare that harassed Marangu for several succeeding years, though no ground was definitely gained by either party

Mboro—the Gateway to Marangu

At length, with the inborn cunning of his race, Lyimo hatched a plot by which he thought to gain his ends. " The door to the centre of Marangu is the land of Mangi Mboro," he mused, " and by that door I must enter." He had amongst his concubines a beautiful woman of fine physique and lovely, large black eyes. He called her and said, " You



A KILIMANJARO QUEEN-MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

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know that I love you more than any other. Hear my voice now: do what I tell you and I will make you head over all my wives. My bow of warfare shall hang in your hut, and your son will be chief after me."

"And what is it that I may do for you? Only tell me and I will do it."

"You must first eat *Uchali* (faith-keeping covenant) with me, for it is a dire plot I have to tell you. It cannot be unfolded until you have taken the oath of secrecy." The woman sat down and ate *Uchali* with her husband before chosen witnesses, and then he disclosed to her his wily stratagem. "Grant I pray you that your body be cut all over with sharp knives so that the blood pours out. Then raise the cry of one whose life is threatened; and I will send after you certain fellows of vile countenance who will chase you as though bent on murder. Thus running for your life, make straight for Mangi Mboro. When you encounter his guards at the river, tell them your story and seek refuge with their chief. If Mboro receives you, as doubtless he will, remain with him in peace and speak against me and my people. Do diligence then to find favour with the soldiers that guard the river that you may be allowed access to the banks, where you will meet me and I will tell you further what you must do."

Stoically the woman endured her ordeal, while the keen edge of the knife made gashes all over her limbs. Then with dramatic eloquence, tinged by the pain of reality, she cried for refuge and fled from her assailants who followed close on her heels. Stumbling over rocks and through the rushing river, she threw herself into the hands of the soldiers on the further side, while her pursuers hurled after her repeated oaths and curses.

The Bait Taken

In a somewhat faint condition she was escorted to Mangi Mboro, who heard her tragic tale and ordered her to be cared for and her wounds to be cleansed. On recovery she was brought again before the monarch, who spat on her in token of his favour and took her to be his wife. "Here," he thought to himself, "I have the key with which I shall unlock all the secrets of the Wakamba."

As the months went by she came into friendly relationship with the soldiers and sought leave to bathe in the Moonjo River as had been her custom of yore. They acquiesced: and into a hidden bend of the river she retired to bathe, but slipped unnoticed across the border to Lyimo's patrol. "Tell the chief to come down to this spot after two times (i.e. eight days)," she said, "just before the women return from market. I will tell him my business."

A week later at the appointed hour the wild Mkamba ruler met his concubine by the Moonjo under cover of a steep, wooded bank. In concise terms he gave her further instructions. "Watch Mboro and his people as they build their low, mud houses with banana-leaf roofs," he said, "and tell them how much better are the grass houses of our race. If he agrees, propose that he sends all his men to the plains to cut grass. That will be the day in which my sword shall enter the heart of Mangi Mboro, and the arrows of my young men shall pierce my enemies. Fare thee well!"

After this hurried little chat, she retraced her steps in and out through the garden patches and returned to her task. Who in all the land knew that Lyimo had spoken to his wife? The birds saw them, but who guessed what had transpired that day by the water's edge, whence a fair woman made her way back like a snake ready to strike her venom-teeth into the vitals of the unwary monarch!

One evening, surrounded by the rude, mud walls of his hut, Mboro sat talking with her. "Mangi!" she said, "how is it that, having riches and strength more than any other, you are satisfied to live in a little clay hut like this?"

"Why, what other kind of house should I live in?" he asked in surprise.

"The best houses are the kind the Wakamba build: they are warmer and cleaner than yours."

"And who do you think is going to teach us how to build new houses now?"

"I could show you, if your men would get the necessary materials," she urged.

"I will ask my people what they think about it."

Next day, Mangi Mboro blew his horn to assemble his men, and before his throng of loyal subjects began: "We are being despised because our houses are poor and small, and the Wakamba our enemies disdain us. Let us therefore build in their fashion that we may have a great name throughout the land." The proposal was freely discussed until noonday, when amid cheery remarks and merry jesting it was unanimously accepted.

On a day appointed, as the rising sun caught the dew-drops on the spider-webs in the long grass, Mangi Mboro and his followers went off to the plains with hatchets and knives to bring home the timber for their new grass dwellings. As they descended the tortuous path, they sang this naïve ditty:

"We'll build our houses new and strong
Of grass and slender rods.
In mud domains we've lived too long,
But soon we'll be Tin Gods."

The Day Comes at Last!

Lyimo had been informed of his opportunity and was fully prepared. With his stark-naked archers freshly bedaubed with castor oil and red ochre, he crossed the Moonjo. Their quivers were full of deadly shafts, their long bows well strung, and the poisoned arrow-heads uncovered for action. Every man carried at his side a sharp two-edged sword of native steel.

At a hidden bend of the river the woman was awaiting them. She knew the ropes. She knew where each soldier kept watch on the boundary, and she had already planned the tortuous track by which she would lead her people unseen into the fenced village of the absent chief. Subtly they followed over the wooded banks, where they surprised and slaughtered an unwary guard. Then beneath banana fronds, along the bed of a rivulet and under cover of a forested mound, they threaded their way until they were right in the unprotected compound of the Mangi.

The women and children were ruthlessly slain and thrown into a heap in the garden, and soon the invaders were lying in ambush behind the chief's own dwelling, awaiting the return of their quarry.

In the distance the exultant singing of men coming up from the plains told the Wakamba that the decisive hour had come. If no one had got wind of that morning's invasion, they were assured of victory; but what if some keen eye had seen them as they crept through the brushwood and had communicated with Mboro? What if those songs, now louder and nearer, were those of men prepared for conflict? Then the last hope for them was gone: their ambuscade was no less than a death-trap.

The woman hurried out to meet the caravan. Each man carried a heavy load of timber, and the sweat of honest toil moistened every brow. "Peace, Mangi!" she said, "This is a day of rejoicing. I have prepared a feast. Allow me to entertain you and your men. But follow the customs of our tribe: so will it bring you good luck. Send in first the leaders of your army: let them enter two by two in turn; and when they have eaten sumptuously, you too shall follow with the rank and file. Thus the spirits of the great generals will enter your new house during its erection and your hands will be strengthened against your enemies."

As the veterans were entering two at a time into Mboro's hut, the Mangi rested with his subjects outside the fence on the loads of wood. Beside him sat the dark form of his Mkamba concubine, with two rows of gleaming white teeth, elusive eyes, and flattering lips, performing the overtures that preceded the most tragic drama yet enacted in the theatre of the mountain forest. Well she knew it that while she laughed and talked with the chieftain and pulled her fingers playfully over her short, dark curls, the strength of his militia was quickly waning—his leaders in battle were meeting the steel blade and their dead bodies were being thrown out into the banana plantations behind.

The last of his officers had "feasted" and the Mangi was invited to draw near, the joyous crowd following him to the other end of the enclosure. But, quick as a hind darts from its hiding by some mountain-crag, there dashed out the waiting horde of blood-thirsty Wakamba. The innocent crowd was staggered like a flock of sheep. "Oh, Heaven help us!" they cried. "A woman's treachery!" They tried to defend themselves with their hatchets, but they were tired and all too unprepared. What a slaughter! What a shambles!

Mboro turned to flee by the back-door of his palisade, but was overtaken and stabbed just as he reached the brink of the Moonjo. As he was dying, he invoked evil on any one who thereafter should bathe in the river, saying, "Cursed be the man that bathes in these waters, for they carry on their crest my innocent blood." His carcase was cut up and thrown into the dark stream. And from that day the natives of Marangu have feared to wash in the rushing tide but draw water in vessels and perform their ablutions on its banks.

That day was one of barbaric revelling. The Wakamba swarmed like rats over the stained river to celebrate their Mangi's conquest, and around the seat of power, reeking with the blood of men, they slaughtered cattle and rams; they made blazing fires; they drank beer and ate red, half-cooked meat; they danced and feasted, and sang in savage glee:

"I have taken the land
By the sword and the bow.
The mighty I've slain;
The rich I've brought low."

But in the round, mud huts that studded the hillside only heaven heard the crying of women now husbandless and little boys left fatherless. Heaven too saw the piles of human corpses in the banana groves behind the glittering scenes of carousal; and angels must have wept.

"*Et tu Brute!*"

What wonder that the other chiefs in the district began to tremble! The very next morning Tilya of Moori sought to make a contract of peace with the aggressive ruler. Lyimo was indignant and self-possessed. With head erect and an expression more severe than usual, he said, "For a long time you have been confederate with Mangi Mboro, and now you want to fall at my feet and offer me your substance! I tell you in faith, I do not want your cattle or your goats, nor do I want to move into your quarters. I demand one thing—give it me and I will come to terms with you. Before to-morrow's sun has gone to sleep over there—D'you hear?—bring me the head of Mangi Kinyaga, your ally, who lives between my land and yours. Then I will have mercy on you: neither I nor my country's leaders will put forth our hands to touch a straw. I will be your chief and you shall be my counsellor."

Tilya and Kinyaga were as friendly as any brothers. Often they had stood together to defend their borders: they had conversed together by the hearth-stones of their secluded homes, and since other tribes had begun to make incursions on the mountain their mutual bond of friendship had been knitted all the closer.

But the carnal nature in Tilya was strong. Through his veins there coursed no blood of noble ancestry. Enormous issues were at stake. If only he could screen his comrade in defiance of the tyrant! But he was a slave to the base, the sensual. True, he spent a wakeful night when conscience battled hard against human depravity; but with the dawn he thrust from him every tender impulse, collected a body-guard of spearmen and set out to pay an accustomed visit to his brother-chieftain.

Owing to the strenuous times Kinyaga had taken out his own cattle, which he was herding in a hollow below his village. He greeted Tilya with a cheery salutation: "Peace, Master! What's the news of the morning?"

"Only good news!" retorted the dark-skinned Brutus.

But, as they talked together, he suddenly drew his sword and struck the fatal blow. While his men stood aghast, he stooped and cut off the head of his late kinsman and returned to lay it at the feet of the Mkamba victor.

Thus the whole gateway of the great mountain came under the rule of one Mangi, destined to be ancestor of a long line of chieftains that still hold sway over her changing peoples. The seething quarrels that had drenched her soil in blood and obliterated gaiety from her darkened skies had been but the birth-pangs of a people, the Wachagga, that now emerged from petty serfdom into racial pride. Before the infant nation there still lay a path not unvisited by storms; but henceforth no eye looked back though perchance hearts failed at times.

CHAPTER III

DEATH OR GLORY

The Una River

FAR up in the mountain there springs a little babbling brook, cool and clear as crystal, nourished by the ever-wasting snows of Kibo. Out of the silence of the moorland it meanders through the forest and mingles its gurgling with the songs of the birds, the chattering of the monkeys and the crying of hyraxes. Wider it grows and louder it sings, as it tumbles over a rocky bed, accompanied by the music of cattle-bells and children's voices. They call it the Una River. As its sparkling waters rush through Marangu in their impetuous journey, what painful memories could they not recall of the strife of her sons, of greed and passion, of hatred and bloodshed, of heathen degradation and pagan morality? Here on the steep banks many a fight was fought and many a contest won: here too in the dark, deep, sullen pools many a negro found his watery grave.

It was just over the borders of the Una River that the Wakamba had yet to face their strongest fortress of resistance in Mangi Mmori. He was offered peace but preferred his independence, was threatened with invasion but chose death rather than compromise; and in this he had the absolute support of his loyal subjects. For a period of ten years there was incessant, internecine strife centred in this river-basin, until the land was war-weary. Men became accustomed to fighting as they were to sleeping. It was the daily routine. The younger generation hardly knew the significance of peace, nor the meaning of prosperity. After months of skirmishing, Lyimo gained the further bank and there established his base-camp in Mshiri: later he was repulsed. So it continued year after year, till eventually in ignominious retreat he was forced to retrace his steps right back over the Moonjo to his former station and relinquish Mboro's hard-contested field.

He was now an old man, bent and wrinkled, but his sunken eyes still flashed when conviction gripped his well-worn frame. His step was slow but resolute, and his voice bore the self-evidence of a warrior-king. He was about to die and called for his son, Ngowi, and said, "My son!"

"Here am I my father."

"I am going now to the place of the dead: take this people and

THE UNA FALLS.

VOLCANIC CLIFFS OF LAKE CHALA.

To face p. 44.

be a father to them. Remember how hardly I fought to win for you this inheritance. Fight on now in your youth and vigour. Rest not till you are chief of the whole of Marangu. Mangi Mmori is old as I am: he will soon be gone: but you must face his son, Mawache. Let him be beneath: be thou on top, and let thy bow abide."

On the Track of the Magic Snail

Life's battle ended, the old man died, and Ngowi began his adventurous career with all odds against him. He was sorely handicapped by the loss of central Marangu. Then too he had to struggle alone, while Mmori's son was strongly supported by three vassal chieftains. But above all the men of Mshiri had a constant advantage over him through the bewitching powers of Kikorwi. Legend tells us that this was a giant snail which had power to resurrect the dead. Subsequent to a fierce encounter with the Wakamba and much loss of life, Kikorwi would creep out into the starlight and touch the corpses on the battlefield or lick the sores of the wounded and they would revive. Thus returning home they reinforced continually Mawache's diminishing troops. The young Mkamba was baffled in every attempt to regain lost ground and something told him that the giant snail was the sole cause of his failure; Kikorwi therefore must go!

He sent a beautiful girl across the Una to wander there in the hopes that Mawache would take her as his maid, and that, once in the royal circle, she would have a splendid opportunity of investigating the movements of the magic Kikorwi and finding out where it lived. The intrigue was successful from the outset, for, as the kids bleated to their mothers and nibbled their way across the green pastures of Mshiri, the Mkamba girl overtook the herdsboy and was led within the precincts of the foreign ruler's hamlet.

Before long she attracted the chief's attention and was admitted into his retinue, where she learned the tribal secrets she had come to seek. She was shown the very rocks where the Great Snail lived and one night when the moon shone fitfully behind scudding clouds she stole out to its secret lair and wreaked the vengeance she had so long waited for. At dawn Mawache found his cause was lost: Kikorwi, the magic snail, lay dead, and its treacherous murderer had made good her escape to the fastnesses of the craggy heights towards her home.

A proverb was coined in those days, and is current still—"Lay bare your heart to a woman, and she will burn you in the fire."

Mawache Doomed

After this, so the story goes, the tide turned and Ngowi was on the winning side. The three chiefs occupying the rising ground close to the forest, who for years had strengthened Mawache's hands in battle, now deserted him. One sought protection under the shield of Ngowi: the other two passed through the forest to Rombo and settled in the districts of Machadi and Urere, where their descendants may be found to-day.

Deserted by his confederates, Mawache was in a stronghold whose ramparts had broken away. In a grim quandary he acquiesced to the wishes of his elders and surrendered to the tyrannical invader who was carrying all before him. "I have learned now that you are a mighty chief," he said, "and I break my bow before you." The conquerors returned home with great spoil, and the pathways were blocked with lowing kine being driven into the cattle-enclosures of the Wakamba.

Ngowi was hardly of the same barbaric stamp as his father, but the grey-haired sages who held office during his boyhood were many of them the stern, rigid counsellors with whom he had to deal. He was brought to account before them for making alliance with the people of Mshiri. "What kind of a fool," they urged, "is the man who gets pricked with a thorn, takes it out and then forthwith forces it back again into his flesh? And who is Mawache but the son of Mmori and enemy of our race?—Why should he live and be a menace to us and to our children?"

From that day Mawache was a doomed man. He was invited with his soldiers to take part in a dance in Mangi Ngowi's compound. It was to be a ratification of the peace treaty already drawn up; and it was explained that each man was to come with a little bundle of banana string on his head, as a sign of subjection: any one appearing without this symbol of submission was to be put to death. But Ngowi's soldiers were shown another side to the picture. As soon as the last man carrying banana-fibre had entered, every one of the subject sons of Mmori was to be put to death.

As swords were flashing and groans and cries rent the air, one athletic young fellow jumped the fence and rushed back to Mshiri to warn his people of the atrocious outrage perpetrated on the warriors of their land. Without a moment's deliberation the remaining men of the villages betook themselves westwards over the Moshi hills to Machame, where they were received by the ruling chief and swelled the population of that prosperous settlement. Some of the women escaped to other districts and those remaining were captured by the Wakamba. Old men and youths were speared, and little baby boys were dashed on the grinding-stones outside their mothers' huts.

Children of Misfortune Spared

Mawache had two wives, one of whom, the daughter of an Mkamba, fled to her father's house and a few months later gave birth to a son whom she called "Ulai" (i.e. Darkness), "for," she said, "our land is dark and empty: the voice of man is hushed and the fire on the hearth is gone out."

The second woman made her way eastwards to Mbae. She also had a son to Mawache after her husband's death and called him "*Mawonda*" (i.e. Luck), signifying that it was only through her hair-breadth escape that he came into existence. The elders of Mbae, fearing future rivalry for the reins of government, wanted to kill the boy; but Ngowi got scent of it and despatched a runner, saying, "Do not lay your hands on the child, for he is born to perpetuate the name of his grandfather, Mmori. Care for him and feed him from your flock at my expense. It may be that even in your days God will hear from the ground a cry of the blood of Mawache and his people whom I slew by guile, and will have revenge on me and mine. Then I will call the lad to pray to his father that I may receive mercy."

When the boy grew up he attacked and killed an elephant which he found one day uprooting his bananas. It was customary then for the Mangi to claim one tusk as royal tax and pay for the other with cattle, but Ngowi did not want to barter in the usual way for the trophy, so in place of a herd offered a kingdom, and Mawonda became the chief of Mbae.

Calm before the Storm

The Mkamba chief had the country settled under his jurisdiction, and the medley tribes formed a big family circle under his leadership. Time melted hard resentment, sweetened the bitter pangs of loss, welded man to his fellow, and seemed to wash away the stains of battle from the little wooded glens. The land of Chagga ceased to wrestle and smiled once more. The people planted their seed and reaped the golden corn: their banana groves covered the valleys, and their flocks and herds spread over the hills. The youths indulged in sport, following the trail of the elephant through the forest and hunting wild-boar across the plains. Young men lay down unmolested at night, and old men ended their days in peace.

With his shaggy hair grown white, Ngowi sat down one evening on a rock overlooking the plains below. A gentle breeze played in the banana fronds, and grey doves cooed in the branches of a giant sycamore. The brazen splendour of the day was done, and the misty haze that hung over the veld disappeared, leaving in soft relief the pink mounds and twisted river-beds and the silver sheet of water at the foot of the Ugweno Hills.

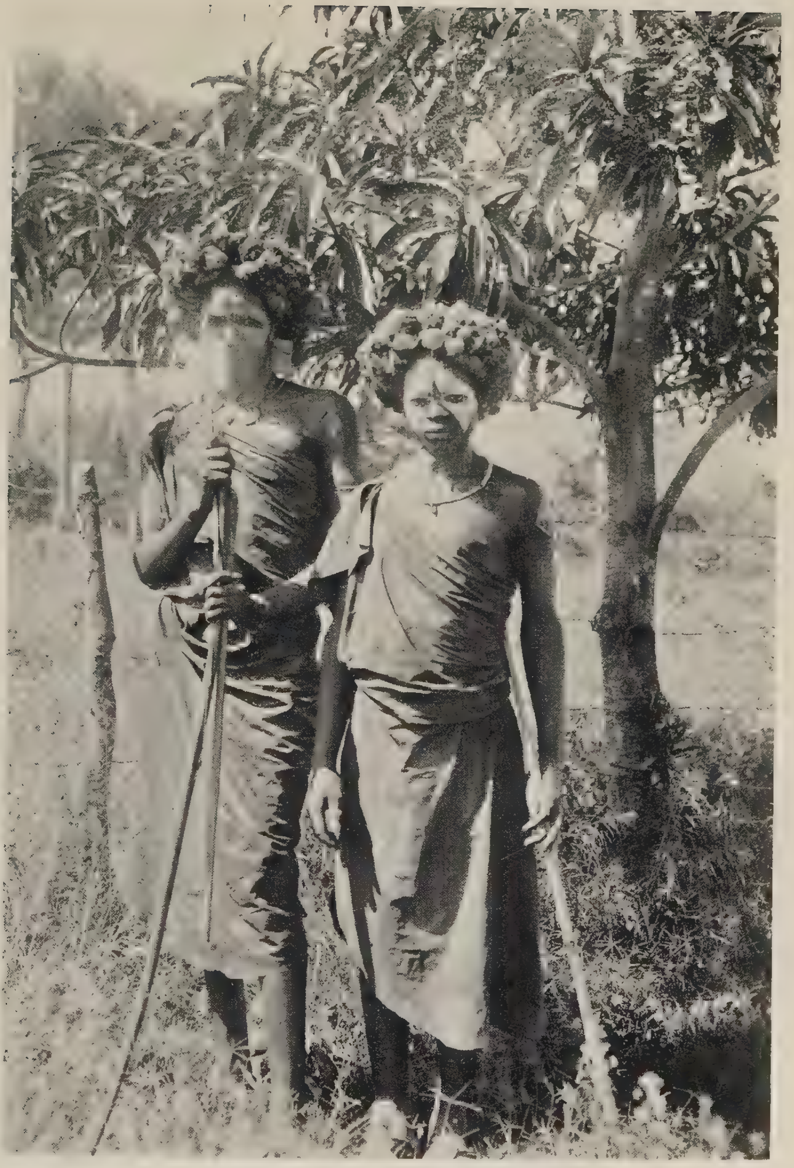
A sound of flapping made the veteran raise his head from quiet reverie and look up. There flew above him a single stork towards the waters of Lake Jipé. He watched it till it vanished into the distance against the rosy-purple hills at whose feet lay its nest. The old man's eyes were keen, but something at the bottom of those far-off peaks had missed detection. The ill-omened bird had seen it, but there was none to whisper to the warrior-chief that the calm evening of his life was to be broken by dark storms. He went to sleep peacefully in his grass hut, but as he slept a great marauding horde of Washambaa (from Usambara), armed to the teeth, was gaining the upper ground of east Kilimanjaro.

Next morning the placid mountain-side was all astir. The war-cries sounded loud and long from state to state. The cattle were being rushed hastily into the fastnesses of the forest or huddled into the guarded stockades of the chieftains. Here a group were busy fastening on their battle-attire, another brushing on great dabs of war-paint; and there a young man sat with a sheaf of arrows, carefully uncovering each malignant, barbed head. One was polishing his rusty weapon and another sharpening his steel blade on a stone. Horns were being blown in all directions in a strange confusion of sound, but every man recognised the voice of the horn that called him to his specific post of duty. Men shot along the little paths that morning driven by a strange motive power—the Washambaa had entered Mamba and were covering the land like locusts; each state was now imperilled by their overwhelming numbers.

The reigning chief in Mamba at that time was Marawiti: and, before he had time to collect his thoughts rivers of blood were streaming through his land. In unconditional surrender he and his people threw themselves into the hands of Kimweri, the captain of the invading band, who at once occupied their houses, consumed their stores of grain and slaughtered their oxen in wanton unrestraint. The pristine inhabitants had to sit like vultures and watch this lion-tribe devour the spoil, glad only to be left unmolested and snatch morsels from his leavings while the monster slumbered.

In the rôle of Medicine-man

There was in Mamba a man named Sokowa, strong and quick of thought, who always rose to the occasion during any crisis in tribal affairs. More effectual than the power of a nominal sovereignty was the influence of this great personality. He was a man of independent judgment and confident in his own sufficiency.



WA-ARUSHA LETTER-CARRIERS.
(In post-circumcision attire.)

To face p. 48.

Dressing himself in the extravagant robes of a witch-doctor he found audience with Mangi Kimweri, whom he addressed with due respect. " I am a medicine-man," he said, " and give advice concerning the mysteries of the body. Nothing that I say ever falls to the ground. This land is yours, great master: and your army is our defence. But we have noticed that your soldiers are not as healthy as our own. Would that they were like ourselves, robust and muscular!" " How is it then that you are stronger?" asked the interested stranger. Sokowa explained to him that the source of Kichagga strength lay in the performance of the ancient rite of circumcision; but, as the invading armies were an uncircumcised people, they were of course constitutionally weaker. The Mangi was impressed: the die was cast.

To Sokowa was left the entire responsibility of the execution of the ceremony. On the east of Mamba there were some precipitous crags, where the river Mugambo after passing through a gorge dropped majestically to a seething pool below. The secluded forest depression above the falls was selected as the operating theatre, and thither the Washambaa warriors were escorted four at a time, the more important officials being given priority. As soon as the sacred rite had been performed, however, the unfortunate men were sacrificed to the raging torrent beneath, whose roaring waters hushed the screams of its helpless victims.

Among the last to come was one who grew a little mistrustful, finding that none of his comrades had returned. From the branches of a tree within sight of the falls, he found his suspicions fully realised and hurried back to Mangi Kimweri to advise him that his war leaders had been murdered by the witch-doctor. Most of his soldiers were scattered through the villages, digging in the gardens or hunting in the forest; he attempted to muster his forces, but the Wamamba fell on his scattered, disorganised army and drove them out with some loss of life.

They rushed precipitately into the adjoining district of Marangu, whence the old chieftain, Ngowi, made his escape with his eldest son, Mremi. From the brow of a hill the white-haired monarch watched the enemy overspreading his domain. Many of the Wamarangu fled, and strangers possessed the country. But the chief's younger son, Taamba, stuck to his post.

Washambaa are Driven Out

The story is told that a number of the Washambaa soldiers were found to be women in male attire, and, when this fact was communicated to Taamba, it gave considerable impetus to his fresh warrior-spirit. " We must drive these women from our land," he cried, " if we are men at all." He was young and inexperienced, but he found in Mpucha, one of his father's officers, a leader worthy of confidence. Mpucha was a soldier at heart and was delighted at the idea of fresh venture. He went round to every able-bodied man and said, "Be ready as the sun sets to-night: come to my house fully armed, but without martial dress."

The Washambaa were in camp, eating and drinking, when the Wamarangu threaded their way through the undergrowth to the great open clearing, now lit up by several fires. The sky was black and starless, the movements of the advancing foes through the trees were unnoticed, and the sound of their steps was silenced by the rustling of the leaves in the night wind. Mpucha whispered to his men to wait till they had located Kimweri, for his chief men would probably be sitting around him, and they must first be attacked. Suddenly a man coughed violently, and numbers of loyal subjects turned to him, saying, "Poli Sultani!" (a phrase equivalent to the Irish, "Bless you, your lordship!"). Evidently it was the Mangi who had coughed. A thrill went through Mpucha's heart. With all his strength he pitched his spear into the helpless concourse, stabbing one of the chief's advisors who fell forward to the ground. This was followed by a shower of steel blades and the *Ukoru* (war-cry).

The Washambaa sprang to their feet and in mad confusion rushed from their assailants, but were handicapped by their large numbers and ignorance of the country. They stumbled over one another in desperation to make their escape, slipped on the rocks, tore themselves through thorny thickets and splashed through deep waters—all the while closely hunted and mown down by the spearmen. All night long the tragic race continued, till Taamba and his army were tired out. Every sinew in their bodies ached through the force with which they had gored the enemy, whom they chased beyond Marangu to the border of the Himo plain.

They Inhabit Kilema and Moshi

When daylight broke on the night of horror, the pursuing army ceased their hunt and returned by a track all studded with the dead and dying. The Washambaa wandered across to Kilema, where some settled down to supplete the little scattered groups of earlier colonists. Others followed the lowlands and with their leader, Makilo, encamped by a river to the west. Later his grandson led them up the course of the stream to Moshi and formed there the beginnings of a powerful clan.

Taamba becomes "Riwa," Chief of Marangu

Taamba was returning with songs of triumph when Mpucha ordered a halt to discuss the current issue of the day. Soon they would reach Marangu, and the runaways and cowards would at once come flocking back from their hiding-places. Ngowi too would offer his eldest son the staff of chieftainship. "Now," said Mpucha, "what do you think, you heroes of the battle? Shall we allow a faint-hearted deserter to rule over us, or shall we enthrone this Taamba, who at the risk of his life chased the enemy and saved our country?"

"Let the old man and his son hide where they are on the hill-tops with their scattered sheep; but we shall follow our Mangi," they replied.

So there in the blush of morning the hero was proclaimed chief. They changed his name to Riwa (i.e. General and Counsellor) and sang his praises on their return march past the villages and through the maize plots of Marangu. Their song has floated down through the years and is still re-echoed in the hills and heard in gardens while women turn the sods:

"Oh Riwa, thou art brave and strong;
  A lion crouched art thou,
So take the field, divide the spoil;
  The land to thee must bow!"

Under Riwa, Marangu moved her southern boundary down to Himo, where the earth is warmer, the silken tassels of waving corn hang richer and longer, and the stems yield a more abundant crop of sweet cobs of grain. During the cloudy season, when drizzling mists kept sweeping over the hills, the natives drove their herds down to the sunny plains to graze on the drier pastures amongst tamarinds and baobabs and spreading fig trees.

Agriculture and Handicrafts

There followed subsequently a period of peace known as the "Time of Forgetfulness," when the art of warfare was forgotten for want of practice; mutual destruction gave place to increased cultivation and the development of manual craft. Riwa's son, Marawiti, who succeeded him, was essentially an agriculturalist and determined that his people should be the same. He improved irrigation and introduced new seeds into his large fertile estate, notably the "mbeke"—a small, round grain, which to-day is the essential element for the brewing of native beer. Arums with large, edible roots were planted in the more elevated water-ways and sugar-cane in the warmer declivities. Yams, millet and sweet potatoes were thrown in here and there among patches of beans and corn. Tobacco was cultivated in the precincts of the houses in well-manured ground, where it received special care. Its faded leaves when properly fermented were mixed with soda from the Magadi Lake and used by the men as snuff, but chewed as a quid by the women. The banana groves were enlarged, for the plantain has always been an indispensable item in the menu of the Wachagga—sometimes boiled green or roasted; sometimes dried in the smoke of their grimy huts, then ground to powder and made into hard biscuits. Seldom is it eaten fresh and ripe from its yellow skin as in England. Nearly all the cultivation was carried out by means of a wooden hoe and a long stake. The soil was constantly raked, the weeds burned in little piles, and the ashes methodically dug into the ground again as a fertiliser.

Hunting was considered as an idle pastime by the practical ruler, who forbade its pursuit. While some of his subjects were tilling the ground, others were busy carving wooden dishes, spoons, beer-tubs, hoes, honey-barrels and stools, each shaped with considerable skill out of a solid block of wood. From rhino and buffalo horns they carved by hand polished clubs of various designs and exquisite beauty. They moulded cooking-pots of clay, and from the fibre of the wild banana (*Musa Ensete*) they wove baskets of such fine mesh that they were used as receptacles for milk or beer.

The smiths were set to forge instruments and ornaments from iron ore, dug at the base of the Usangi hills near Lake Jipé. A goat-skin, one leg of which was fastened on to a hollow stick terminating in a stone nozzle, composed their crude bellows. The ore was smelted in the glowing fire of charcoal, and the white-hot metal seized by iron pincers and beaten out on a stone anvil. Here they made their implements of war, and here too were forged their little hoes and countless varieties of chains, anklets, tweezers and ear ornaments.

Adventures of Little Prince Iwite

Marawiti had many wives and a large family, but the bride of his youth had had no son. The law of inheritance stipulated that the eldest son of the first wife should inherit the right of the first-born. But the man was now advanced in years and gave the kingdom to Masanjuo, the eldest son of another woman. The same year, however, his first wife gave birth to a baby boy, whom they called " Iwite " (i.e. " I have been given my rightful heir ").

The industrious tendencies of the old man were not inherited by Masanjuo, who proved to be the very contradiction of his father, having no sense of his duty as a leader, and self-centred, careless and cold withal. As he watched the infant heir-apparent playing about the village, cruel jealousy seized him. He grew feverish and sullen, and the council looked with disfavour on his selfish, turbulent life.

When the child grew older he used to take his mother's calves out to pasture. One day he was followed by two soldiers under orders to surprise and murder him in the lonely bush. One of them threw a dagger which grazed the boy's leg, but he took to his heels and scampered down the hill-slopes to the house of an old warrior-friend of his mother's. His guardian cleansed and dressed the boy's wound till it was healed; then, while keeping him in hiding, he spread a report through the villages that he had died of the injury. Many a heart was heavy, thinking that this brave lad had met his doom, and the ruling savage was hated for his brutality. Iwite on the other hand was developing into a fine, princely youth under the discipline of the loyal soldier who had given him shelter. He was tall, lithe and of manly bearing, every inch a Mangi though still of tender years.

His guardian was planning all the while to secure for him the seat of power and awaited a suitable occasion. He put on his visiting garb—a fresh coat of castor-oil and chocolate clay—and strutted down the avenue of dracæna that led to the royal hut. On a stool in the open sat the blear-eyed sovereign, whom he approached with accustomed courtesy and goodwill, spitting profusely on him. After certain preliminary remarks about tribal questions, he interposed, "How is it that you don't call the old men and leaders of Marangu to a conference to arrange the affairs of your country?" The seated ruler, rather taken aback, muttered his approval of such a confidential meeting with his people. It might perchance restore to him the fidelity of his subjects which he had been losing by degrees.

Early next morning his horn sounded out loudly calling the old men to a great *baraza* (reception). But intrigue had been working against him, and in response to the blowing of the horn a few solitary elders strolled into the compound. They sat and talked, awaiting the others who never appeared. Little did they dream that a rival prince had been officially elected to play the rôle of monarch. His devotees were making their solemn vows of allegiance and eating the sacrificial goat of the covenant. Soon the curtain would fall on the closing scene of administration, and a new star would take the platform.

The Tyrant Expelled

It all happened so unexpectedly, so suddenly. Iwite arrived on the stage with a full company of armed soldiers, who surrounded the village of the chief, dancing high in the air and singing their song of love and liegedom to the young prince. Masanjuo looked up bewildered. "Is this a quarrel," he asked, "or is it war?" Some of the men at this juncture wanted to put an end to the wretched bug-bear, but Iwite held them.

Stepping forward, he blurted out with impulsive frankness, "My brother, you murdered me, but God raised me up from the dead. And now I would not kill you as you killed me, but I give you an order—Get out of Marangu AT ONCE. Go where you like: get out with your goods and your followers. Let me never see your face again."

Thus Masanjuo cleared out of Marangu and sought the help and friendship of Mapfuluke of Mamba, who appointed him a settlement. He managed to persuade quite a number of his serfs to accompany him to his little state over the Una River. It became in course of time a source of regret to Iwite that he had allowed his brother to entice away any of the Wamarangu. Their empty huts and uncultivated gardens were painful reminders that his proud courtesy had amounted to folly: now he must bear the consequences. But an old counsellor whom he took into his confidence advised him how to regain his lost clansmen.

Banana Market Diplomacy

A banana famine prevailed, and Marangu scored over Mamba in her more plentiful water-supply. Under the guidance of his friend, the young chief ordered all the vacated gardens to be dug over and irrigated. Any found plundering these plantations or failing to cultivate them were to be severely punished. When the famine rose to its height, and the green fronds grew pale and drooped down to protect the wizened fruits, Marangu boasted of flourishing groves and heavy bunches of mealy bananas. The best of these were cut down by the women and bartered in the Mamba market-place. But when their former companions crowded around to bargain with them, the girls answered, "Far be it from us to sell to you your own bananas. These come from your gardens which you left when you fled with Masanjuo. The bunches are lying on the ground wasting and rotting, eaten by the wild animals of the jungle. Perhaps, indeed, Iwite might receive you back if you fell at his feet and asked him graciously. But we cannot betray our chief by selling to his deserters."

The deputy of women triumphed, and the inevitable followed. Hunger-stricken wives persuaded their husbands to return to their rich holdings over the border and share in Marangu's bountiful harvest. The men took heart and secretly planned to escape. Then one night in a body they decamped, implored Iwite's favour and were reinstated in their happy homes. Their surly chief awoke next morning to find himself alone in his kingdom.

A "David" Done to Death

Iwite, so the Wachagga say, was greatly blessed in having fifty children or more. His eldest son was called *Simba* (Lion), and the lad was a prophet. Strong and courageous as the King of Beasts, he feared none, and, like George Washington, was never known to tell a lie. Children followed him over the whole countryside and loved him. He prophesied to women concerning their offspring, and to the sick of their recovery; and his predictions were fulfilled. Among a group of boys and girls he would say: This one will be rich, another poor; this one a wise ruler, and that a lazy lounger, and so their fortune proved. The Wamarangu called him *Molungamoo* (i.e. The Giver of Life). He was heaven's good gift to them, hating evil and without respect of persons, true to his promise and firm of purpose. But his brothers feared him, and most of all his old father, Iwite. "This child is the power of God!" he said to himself, and rank superstition made him seek to do away with the boy.

Iwite was rich in cattle, and once a year the young bullocks underwent castration. His elder sons were assisting in the operations; and to one of these the tremulous chief divulged his evil designs, securing his co-operation. While the father and Simba, in a bent posture, were engaged in the first surgical performance, the brother standing behind came down with a sharp *kongo* (lancing instrument) on the head of the prophet-lad, who fell like a log.

The onlookers were horrified and fled, every man with his right hand over his head, wailing bitterly and crying, "Iwite shall not live!" The country-side went into mourning as for an only son. From that day the influence of the popular chief began to wane. The voice of the people was against him, and their love was turned to hate. His subjects avoided him as a man avoids the tomb. Iwite saw that he was mistrusted. He would speak to a group on the roadway, but his friendly remarks met with silence more bitter than rebuke. Depressed with shame and remorse, he asked one day in court, "Which is better—to be scorned by your friends or to meet your death?" There was a pause: then one replied, "Better is death."

Iwite walked out and made his way to the hut of one of his wives. Taking her little son in his arms, he presented him before the assembled elders, saying, "This child, Kilewa, shall be chief in my stead—not one of my other sons is worthy of the office." Then he quietly returned to the compound and handed the baby to its mother. A strange hush fell on the crowd which was awaiting Iwite's return—but they waited long!

The Fatal Plunge

He took the road leading down the hill to the confluence of the Gona and Moonjo Rivers. Here on a large stone by the banks he carefully washed his weapons and ornaments, as though trying to cleanse them from the ineffaceable stain of guilt—then jumped from the brink into the chasm below. Some Kilema herdsmen, who were grazing their cattle on the further side, saw him take the fatal plunge. His sons sewed up his body in an ox-skin and buried him in his own house. Thus ended the tragic drama of a native chieftain's short career.

The tide of Marangu's prosperity began to ebb. She had come through blood and fire, and her smiles had often been mixed with tears. Well had she fought and bravely held her own, this infant race; but the struggle was severe, and she now staggered under the strain and bowed her proud neck to the yoke. Other members of the Chagga family, nurtured by the maternal mountain, had grown up with her, and three of these now rose in power to challenge their sister-race—Mamba, Kilema and Rombo.

1. *Mamba in Power*

The first extensive chieftainship was that of Mamba under Mangi Mapfuluke, who plundered Marangu and secured control of east Kilimanjaro; then, crossing the plains, he invaded Kahé, Ugweno and Arusha. It was here in Mamba that a queen first arose among the dusky savages of the mountain, when Mashina was elected to the chiefdom for her shrewdness and sagacity. The general administration of justice she kept in her own hands, but appointed an experienced officer to conduct her military affairs.

2. *Kilema under Rongoma*

Then Kilema stalked boldly into the field of action under the leadership of Mangi Rongoma. Heavy drums throbbed like peals of thunder, and the rolling hills were in the wake of massed barbaric warfare of which up till then they had seen but the shadow. The fortunes of war followed Rongoma from the outset. He routed Marangu, taking captive the royal princes, Silawe and Ishosho. Then, concentrating on Mamba, he cleared the decks for military operations by murdering Mashina's commander-in-chief at dead of night. This done, his forces swept over the land, and the chieftainess was carried off to be his queen. West to Kirua and east to Mwika his reckless armies raided and plundered.

At the approach of their glistening spears and heavy shields, the stoutest hearts were struck with terror.

Even the Masai, the champion cattle-lifters of Equatorial Africa, were afraid of his power. They had been adding to their enormous herds of zebu cattle by raiding the Wagweno, when a messenger from the mountain was announced in camp. Breathlessly he began, " Rongoma sends you his salaams. He says the Wagweno are his father's friends, and he demands that you restore to them the cattle taken yesterday in battle." For centuries the fearless, blood-thirsty Masai had held their own, robbing alternately every clan within hundreds of miles of their border, but at the command of this august ruler they relinquished their hard-earned booty.

In each vassal state subordinate chiefs were appointed to bear rule, and Rongoma was the sovereign-supreme. But he was treacherous as he was great. He had confined the two Marangu princes for some years to a log-hut guarded by soldiers, and Mashina had been a member of his harem. But there came a time when an evil spirit possessed him, and he determined on the death of these prisoners. Mashina was taken under cover of darkness to the place of execution to meet her unexpected end. As a queen she was given the special honour of being hung rather than speared.

The following night was appointed for the death of the princes in the hut. They had, however, already won the affection of Rongoma's own son, who learned of the plot and strove to release them. As soon as night had hushed the turmoil of the village and the guards were fast asleep, he stole up to the wooden cabin and with a long stake prized out one of the boards. Through the narrow slit Ishosho emerged into freedom. But Silawe was not quite so slim and, in trying to force his way out, got jammed, unable to move in either direction. From outside, four willing hands tugged desperately to rescue him, until the scuffle awakened the guard. Ishosho fled with his heroic liberator and became a smith to the chief of Uru, but his brother was killed.

3. *Horombo the Outlaw*

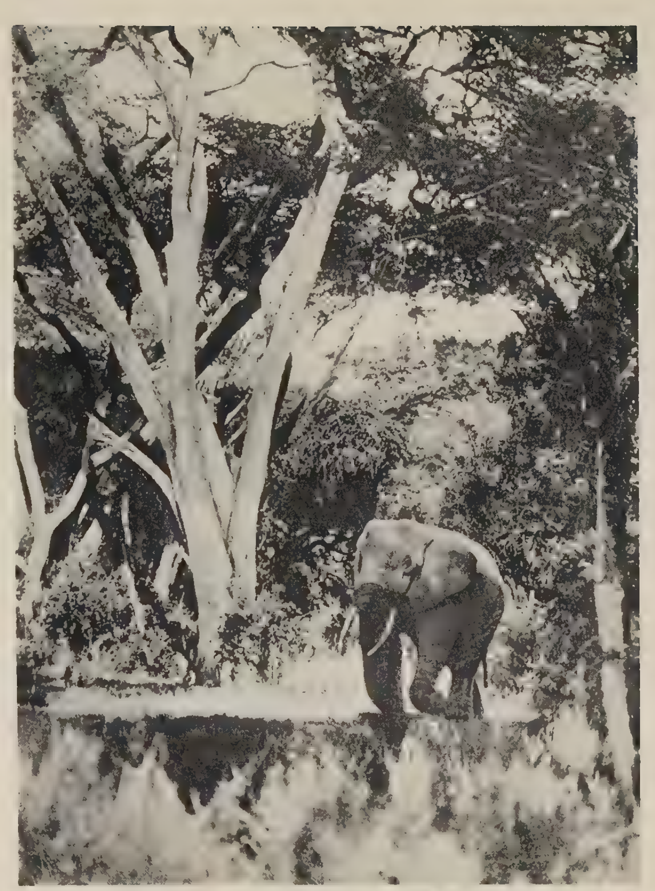
The third champion ruler, Horombo, came from Useri on the extreme east of Kilimanjaro. His father, Ukongi, was a descendant of the hunger-stricken Wakamba, who in earlier years had sought relief from a raging famine. The elder brother of Horombo was a general favourite, but he himself was born of a daring, resolute spirit which knew no restraint. Parental influence failed to curb the wild and dangerous youth. He terrorised his compatriots and robbed their houses, until they combined to drive him from their midst. Thus he became an outlaw and lived in the forest.

One day this son of the jungle became its master, when, single-handed, he encountered and killed an elephant. His father's prejudice was overcome by the intrepid act, and Horombo was called home. All the young warriors flocked around him in admiration, and at once he had a dare-devil army at his command. The father and council were overawed and to avoid trouble elected him as chief.

The eastern flank of Kilimanjaro was at that time still under the suzerainty of Mashina, then at the height of her power. The gallant young fellow determined to be free. For eight succeeding years their opposing forces contended in battle. The low rumbling of distant drums, the blowing of numerous horns, and the weird re-echoing of the war-cries combined to make the discordant music of those fateful years. But Horombo came out victorious, gaining the independent chieftainship of Chimbii, and Mashina herself became the intimate ally of her late vassal. When she was taken prisoner to Kilema, Horombo, her faithful partisan, challenged Rongoma her captor, and when neither could prevail they finally settled their boundary by burying alive a boy and girl at Kishingonyi Gap.

After Rongoma's death, the eastern chief (to whose territory was now given the name of *Rombo*) ranged the mountain with his truculent armies, till from Kirua to Gasseni two-thirds of the whole population was in the relentless grasp of his iron hand. With the tyranny of an Egyptian Pharaoh he demanded their servitude. He summoned smiths from Mamba, builders from Kilema, and agriculturalists from Marangu. These all were set their appointed tasks of drudgery. Gardens were planted, villages walled in, and cattle enclosures erected. Then, to crown his ambitious achievements, he employed thousands of workers to build for himself a fort at Keni, covering approximately fifteen acres.

He imposed heavy taxation on his tributary states. Cattle, goats and sheep were driven along the high mountain tracks into his strong stockades. Little files of men followed the dusty trail with bundles of hoes swung over their shoulders, jingling at every footfall. Others tripped down from the forest laden with monkey skins; and some with loads of jackal furs had come from the plains, footsore and heated, dragging themselves at a slower pace along the highway of traffic. But all were moving in the same direction, towards the house of the great feudal lord. A single, dark figure now and again joined the throng, coming from the jungle with a leather case of freshly gathered honey. Through the silent forest could be heard the constant tapping of axes, as the wood-cutters felled magnificent timber trees and chiselled from



[Photo. Hon. Denys Finch-Hatton.

ELEPHANT STUDY—" JUST BEFORE SUNSET."

MIKILWA ALONE IN THE JUNGLE.

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them, inch by inch, boards for Horombo's dwelling. As each board was finished, the men would bind a few bracken leaves together with pliant vines to form shoulder-pads and then together raise the beam to follow the others eastwards.

The man at whose bidding the mountain side was thus set in motion had the reputation of being the greatset orator of his day. The African is naturally a born speaker, but this man controlled half the mountain by a word. He was a shrewd organiser and fearless warrior, himself leading his armies to the fray.

He recalled Ishosho, the refugee who had escaped from his wooden gaol, and made him vassal chief of Marangu, and appointed also a sub-chieftain in Mamba. In later years these two united to raise insurrection, and hired against him the bow-men of the Wagweno. He met them at the borders of Marangu and there killed sixty asses and, addressing Ishosho, said, " Thus will I handle you, rebel that you are. I took you from slavery; and from the forge I called you to sit on the stool of a chief. Is this your gratitude? " In the ensuing battle the rebellion was quelled by the death of Ishosho and the flight of his colleague.

Horombo afterwards took care to choose as his subordinate chiefs harmless, effeminate rulers, rather than spirited leaders. Marangu was governed by a man known as " The Fool "; and later by a coward who was so afraid of war that he stuck a piece of goat-skin over his left eye to pretend he was injured and thus disqualify himself for battle. He was nicknamed *Lyachonyi* (i.e. He who hides beneath a skin).

The Masai were found encroaching on Horombo's domain by moving their cattle bomas on to his pasture land; he summoned his battalions from the west to drive them back. The lively king was himself generalissimo leading the attack, and the black hordes of spearmen and archers followed at his heels, swaying to and fro in frenzied enthusiasm. Prancing in the air and brandishing their weapons, then receding and again plunging forward, the Chagga armies sang their weird battle chorus, and steel clanked against steel. The plateau-rangers were engaging the mountain dwellers in one of the most significant contests Kilimanjaro had yet witnessed, for on that day among the dead there fell the great Horombo. A panic seized his followers, and they fled in confusion to the fastnesses of their wooded hills and gorges.

The elders of the land took up the marred form, and laid it to earth in great solemnity. No tombstone marked the spot; but the crumbling walls of his Keni fort, the trees planted by his slaves and the country of Rombo that bears his name are to-day a monument that pays tribute to this Grand Old Man of the mountain.

The Old Regent Makes Trouble

The vassal powers soon found that the bridle of control was slackening, and they took advantage of their opportunity to shake off restraint—Marangu being the first to break free and lift her head in independence. Three successive rulers had held here little more than nominal chiefdom under Horombo, and an old man was regent when she regained her freedom. Then, as the little state vibrated with new life, she raised her voice and clamoured for a young, vigorous leader of royal descent.

Ndaalyio was heir by right, and the veteran chief was asked to abdicate in favour of the young prince, and himself become a father in the assembly of the elders. But he was proud and independent. Rather than submit, he crossed the border and sought with Mangi Kisamaka of Mamba temporary respite from the harshness of the irrational mob.

He succeeded in raising enmity against the men who had driven him out, and fighting ensued on the banks of the Una, in which Mamba lost heavily. Kisamaka trembled at the dark prospect of further invasion and sent an officer to convey over the river the token of surrender, which in this case consisted of a bottle of honey tied round the neck of a lamb, led by a virgin girl. As they took the winding path leading to Ndaalyio's village, they were waylaid, slaughtered and thrown into the bush.

Kisamaka now knew that evil was intended, and his depleted forces were utterly inadequate to cope with a renewed onslaught from Marangu. He sought help from the son of Horombo, who interposed on his behalf, and in a mutual conference arranged that Marangu should retain a strip of Mamba in acknowledgment of her recent victory. She was, nevertheless, to remember that if ever she trespassed across the boundary or put her hands on Kisamaka, she would see the Rombo warriors at her door.

These severe notes of warning from the east kept the Wamarangu spearmen in check for a number of years; but in time the threat was forgotten, and soldiers were sent by night to attack the chief's village. They killed the guards and then surrounded the royal hut. Kisamaka from within tried to defend himself with bow and arrows. Tugging at the brittle grass of the walls, he managed to make an opening through which he shot his poisoned shafts, one after another, until the quiver was empty. Then suddenly the hut was filled with blinding smoke. It had been set ablaze. He could count on two hands the number of minutes that now lay between him and certain death. On the spur of the moment, he loosened from its tether a bullock at the end of the room. Then, opening the door, he mounted the beast which shot like a dart from the tongues of fire, bearing him into the very face of his attackers. Plunging through their midst it cleared the wall, but, as it did so, a spear caught Kisamaka in the back, and with a thud he fell to earth while his wife succumbed in the flames.

Marangu had held the red rag to the bull, and ambassadors from Rombo arrived the following day with a declaration of war. Mangi Ndaalyio, with autocratic contempt, was inclined to treat the message with cold indifference, but the queen-mother protested, saying, " Ye are yet but children : ye know nothing of the cunning of this evil world. Kilema is waiting to attack us. The Wamsae have a grudge against us and how long shall we stand, think ye, if the Warombo bring war to our gates ? Hang your bows in your houses, lay your spears on the ground, and lick the dust before the east."

The Price of Peace

This vehement little bit of oratory swayed the elders of Marangu, and they submitted once more to the yoke. Next morning at dawn the son of Horombo led an armed battalion to negotiate the price of Kisamaka's blood. " Give me," he said, " five hundred head of cattle, that I may recompense my men for the grief they have borne in the murder of my brother, Kisamaka: and five hundred goats as a sin-offering for breaking your covenant with me: and five hundred hoes to give to our women for the tears they have shed." " We shall pay it all, great master, as you have said, but little by little in regular instalments." " No! To-day," he sternly replied, " you shall pay the toll—every item of it ! "

A day of noise and bustle followed the peremptory command. The *waakida*, or tribal officers, were hurrying over the hill slopes on their respective duties to find their share of the heavy tribute. Goats bleating for their kids were being dragged through the lanes by means of twisted leather ropes. Droves of cattle were trotting along to the whistling of the herdsboy, pushing one another restlessly, and snatching here and there on either side, mouthfuls of sweet grass. Now and again an ox broken loose from the others had gone careering into a grassy dip below, and men with large sticks were trying to chase it back. The personal owners of the domestic animals were following behind with something akin to family sympathy—for a cow is regarded as a very important member of a Chagga family, occupying the same hut as the women and children—and they were loath to let them go.

As the sun rose higher and higher in the cloudless blue of a tropical sky, an immense crowd gathered to witness the reparations. The Rombo chief was supported by his bodyguard in full war-dress, and Ndaalyio sat facing him, somewhat crestfallen. A score of old men, whose hairs were streaked with grey, held in their hands little tally-sticks to check the payments. Amid the continual buzz of conversation and the lowing of oxen, the cattle passed inspection and were handed over to a Rombo officer, while the veterans timidly yet accurately kept count by cutting notches on their rods.

One thousand nicks had been cut for the cattle and goats, when late in the afternoon the heavy loads of iron heads were flung down and enumerated, one by one, on the ground—five hundred hoes, the price of tears, was paid. It was already growing dark, and the crowds dispersed. Seemingly callous, and irresponsive to a sense of gain or loss, they quietly took leave of one another, with, "*Nagofu! Nagofu! Mbee!*" (Good-night, Father).

And so the humbled commonwealth of peoples wended their way homewards in the gathering gloom. Many weary months of toil would scarcely give back to them the price of their humility. Perhaps, however, they had at last bought a freedom that would not be molested. But they had yet to feel the lash of a slaver's whip, and the heel of a foreign lord, who was to come out of the boundless sea that stretched far out towards the rising sun.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOUL OF KILIMANJARO

"*Every African knows a God, immortal, majestic. We have sinned against Him . . . and because of our transgressions He went away. Hence our sacrifices.*"

DR. AGGREY (*Native of the Gold Coast.*)

Insidious Entry of the Slave-trade

OVER the trackless wastes of Equatorial Africa are little intersecting paths, worn by naked feet, but the first unbroken track that was trodden out between the Indian Ocean and the sea was the trail of the Arab slave-hunter. Under the pretext of legitimate commerce, they made their way to the mountain about 1845 and formed at Taveta a large trading centre, combining, however, the quest of the elephant tusk with an iniquitous traffic in the souls and bodies of men. They built their houses, planted their gardens and settled down in comfort, attended by a crowd of Swahili porters. Gradually working their way into the favour of the docile inhabitants of the plateau lands, they persuaded them to exchange ivory for beads, wire, calico and fancy cloths. All the while they carefully kept in touch with the political affairs of the neighbourhood, and were quick to take advantage of any feuds or inter-tribal jealousy, by which they might accomplish their own ends.

Partly through fear of the Mussulman, and lured perhaps by the hope of an easy conquest, these struggling rulers were beguiled into a confederation with the yellow strangers. The guns had inspired them with awe. Had they not seen with their own eyes the steel tubes of the traders, which belched forth smoke and death—death to all living creatures in the path of that tongue of flame. The natives, laying their hands on their mouths and smiting their breasts in amazement, bowed to the invader and were ready to make a league on almost any terms. And so the chiefs were pitted one against another in ceaseless conflict, urged on by the rapacious Moslems. From the plains of Kahé and Arusha, from the hills of Ugweno and Paré and the outskirts of Rombo, the slave-traders raided the homesteads of these happy argiculturalists, kidnapping their sons and daughters and dispatching them in batches to the coast.

High above their camp rose the strongholds of Chagga with its teeming population and vast stores of ivory. But the united forces of the mountain were too strong to submit to a direct onslaught. Now and again, a chief and his retinue would venture down from their wild, secluded homes to barter their ivory and satisfy their curiosity by scanning the clothed strangers and learning how to use their magic weapons of war. The country lying between Moshi and Marangu constituted the main gateway to the great mountain mass, and through this alone could they hope to plunder the valuable resources of those towering highlands. Concentrating their attention on this field of treasure, the slave-traders directed all their energies to ingratiate themselves with those in power.

Mandara

Away up in the fastnesses of Moshi, 6,000 ft. above the sea, there lived two men of royal blood, both of whom were to figure largely in the dark story of Kilimanjaro's slavery. Of these, Rindi was only a boy under the regency of his uncle Silia, who had gained that office by murdering the child's father. One cold, foggy morning, a herd of elephant tramped through his eleusine fields, and Silia, in preparing to drive them off, was drying some gunpowder for his musket before the fire. But a spark from the burning wood alighted on the explosive, and Silia with thirty-nine huntsmen went up in smoke. The chieftainship of Moshi that day passed into the hands of Rindi (or Mandara, as he was better known to Europeans), a man of extraordinary personality, whose name, like that of Mtesa of Uganda, rose to prominence amid the obscurity of African life, and whose quick-witted remarks and commanding dignity made him later the centre of attraction to Arabs and Europeans alike.

Meriale

A star of scarcely inferior brilliance was a captive prince named Melyari (or Meriale), a posthumous and illegitimate son of Ndaalyio of Marangu, who had fled from the cruel hands of his several uncles, and at his grandmother's instigation found refuge with the chief of Kirua. From there, he was taken as prisoner-of-war by the armies of Moshi, and served for eight years in the court of the rising Mandara, tending his goats. He was a youth of great intelligence, and, as he chatted and laughed with the people, he won their respect and confidence and soon became a popular figure in the little mountain state.

But it all ended very abruptly. He was accused one day of committing offence against Mandara's women, and, after being severely thrashed, was brought forward on trial. He pleaded "not guilty." "Who am I," he asked, "that I should rise up and sin against you? Here am I; I have no father or mother, no brothers, and no house. Everything I possess has come to me at your hands. God forbid that I should hatch evil against you, Mangi Rindi!"

"We shall see," replied Mandara, "God shall be witness this day between us," and, turning to his counsellors, he ordered the *Kimanganu* trial by ordeal. A vegetable product from the plains known as *shaka* had been simmering for hours, and the boiling liquid was now ready. The witch-craft test was about to begin.

"Reach out your right hand, Melyari," came the commanding notes of the seated chief, "and thrust it into the pot. If your hand comes out with an unbroken skin you are innocent: I have accused you in the wrong. But if the skin is cracked, *usikia* ('do you hear?' with emphasis), *Ruwa* (God) has testified to your guilt: you shall die!" The air was electric. An immense crowd of spectators awaited the result. A great tall fellow, Mangere, one of Mandara's soldiers, stepped into the ring, the veins of his forehead rising up full with indignation and suppressed emotion. Taking up a large stone from the ground, he dashed it into the fire, smashing the pot to fragments. Then in a fiery tirade, he addressed his sovereign ruler: "You are bringing a curse to our land of Moshi. What do you mean by it, Sir! This is but your excuse to murder an innocent chief; for Meriale has the blood of a chief as much as you yourself. Will you bring God's anger down on us for no reason at all?" Mandara was stunned by the suddenness of this vehement reproof, and with a few well-chosen remarks he dismissed the case. His insight into character had taught him how futile it would have been at the moment to oppose the popular sentiment of the mob, whose hearts had been won by the courteous Marangu youth.

In Training for the Chieftaincy

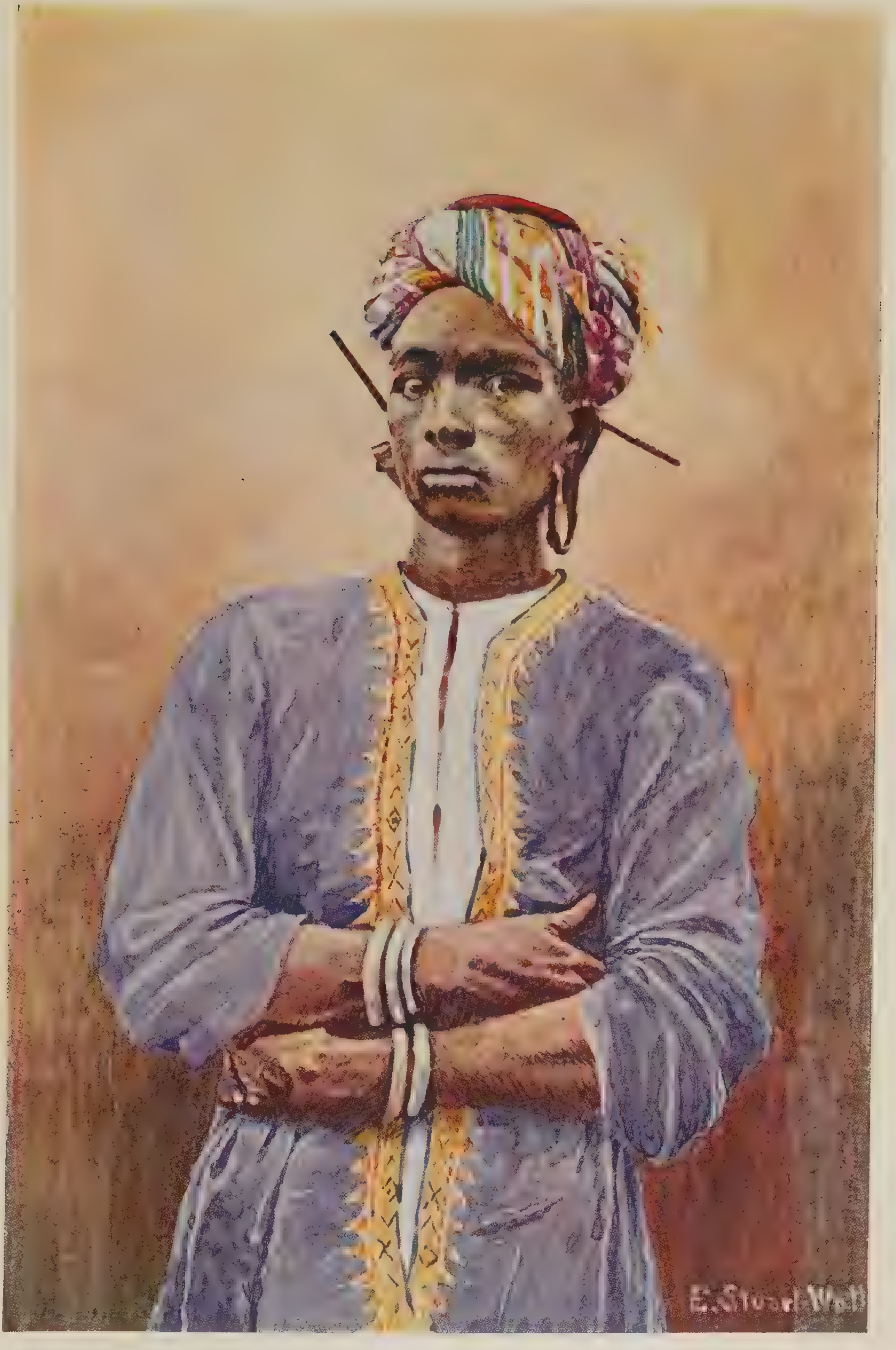
Meriale slept that night under the roof of the soldier who had saved his life, but next morning he disappeared over the hills to Mpokomo, the state lying west of Moshi. He had not been long in the district when it was raided by Mangi Sina, and with others he was taken captive to Kibosho. For the fourth time he was initiated into the service of a foreign state, but his experience was training him for wider spheres difficult to contemplate in his narrow path of bondage.

He was handed over to Malya Kimati, a leader in the chief's army, with whose soldiers he slept at night. Day after day this large-minded young man was confined to the monotonous duties of herdsboy. At the first twitter of the birds at early dawn, he was up and ready for work.

"*Jambo! Habari ya usiku?*" (Good morning! Have you had a good night?) he would say to the warriors; and then with a knife in his hand, he was out of the tiny doorway into the chilly morning, actively cutting down banana plants and slicing them into the wooden trough for the animals. As the sun rose higher and higher and the dew-drops evaporated from the rank pastures, he led his little flock up to the edge of the jungle, whistling gaily to the accompaniment of tinkling bells. It was not a life that appealed to him but the rôle he had to play, so he performed it with a good grace. He listened more often to the bleating of the lambs than to human voice, and watched more frequently the gambolling of monkeys than the playing of boys and girls in the village. But his mind was never at rest, nor could it be limited to his occupation, however efficiently he carried it out. It wandered all over the mountain—back to Mandara, whom he still held in admiration, back to the stirring incidents of his capture, and then away back to his home in Marangu, with its fragrant memories of childhood still fresh and sweet, spoiled only by the bitterness of his uncle's jealousy. Would he ever take his father's place and control his people as Rindi commanded the province of Moshi?

As he got to know Malya Kimati better, he used to sit with him in the evenings and unconsciously began to unburden himself to his friendly master, allowing him to share some of his hidden ambitions. Malya Kimati loved the high-minded slave and promised to help him to secure his rightful chiefship over Marangu. He was allowed to visit Mangi Sina and move about more or less at liberty. However, the promise of assistance seemed but vain, for there was added to his ordinary duties the menial task of sweeping the floors and manuring the garden. The young prince deeply resented such a humbling office: never would he stoop to do a woman's work. He planned to run away. Malya Kimati saw his resentment and called him for a private interview. The youth stood respectfully, watching his superior with keen, open eyes, as he began, "I told you, did I not, that I would help to restore you to the seat of power in Marangu? But, you know, a prince who has no experience of hard work—all kinds of work—can never prosper as a chief. He must know what it is to be hungry, to have sorrow, to be a stranger, to be poor, even to be a woman. A good chief must know his subjects and feel for them."

Meriale digested every word. He believed that his counsellor was sincere. As a lad he had been given much the same advice by his old grandmother. "No one," she told him, "ever becomes a true man unless he tastes of sorrow." So the spartan returned stoically to continue his humiliating work. Nor was he forgotten by his employer, who



MERIALE—PRINCE OF CHAGGA.

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dressed him in the garb of a soldier, gave him a spear and shield of his own, and secured for him a position in the council of elders. His name became prominent in the annals of Kibosho; and it was there he learned the rudiments of the administration of justice, while awaiting the day when he himself would be judge.

Justifiable Retaliation

As the Wamarangu in a pillaging expedition had killed thirty Wakibosho and their general, Sina had now good reason to declare war on them. Therefore, in company with Malya Kimati and Meriale, he led his troops eastwards. But he entered a deserted state: not a man, woman, or child was to be seen anywhere and neither flocks nor herds. His warriors ransacked the houses, but very little of any value was found, even in the royal hut. One scout, however, caught reconnoitring under cover of the banana groves, was tortured by the soldiers into an open confession of the whereabouts of his compatriots. He led them to a conical hut, in which was a trap-door concealed by an ox-hide where the owner was wont to sleep.

This was the entrance to an immense cavern, called an *arisi*, about half a mile long, where Mangi Kinabo and the entire population of his land were hidden away with their cattle. The surging warriors encircled the spot and were about to set fire to the house and to smoke them to death, when Malya Kimati remonstrated with Sina. "Mangi," he said, "you have come to establish Meriale in Marangu. Shall he rule over men or clay? Are not these his subjects whom you are going to engulf in massed destruction?" "Turn on the furrow from the river, then," commanded the chieftain, "and drive them from their burrow as you drive out the moles in your garden." The result of the water was prompt and effective. A drenched lamb was pushed up through the opening of the dug-out by a bedraggled maiden, who scrambled out after it and fell at the feet of the Kibosho chief in surrender. One by one the human moles crept from their muddy cave: mothers and babies, old men and warriors, all unarmed, a dishevelled and dirty mob. These were the subjects whom Meriale had come to govern.

Marangu Acclaims its New Leader

Sina addressed them firmly. "Men of Marangu," he said, "with me there are two issues, death or salvation. Who chooses death, let him choose it, and he who chooses life, let him choose it. I have rescued you this day from the heart of the earth. I now offer you salvation in taking Meriale to be your chieftain. Will you accept him in place of Kinabo or will you reject him?" A roar of voices shouted in response, "Our chief is Meriale, born of Ndaalyio, of the stock of Itosi." "Here then, receive your chieftain; and the day that you play traitor to him, I will come against you and wipe you off this land and sell your children to the Swahili slave-gangs."

The Wamarangu welcomed their noble young ruler with vociferous applause, and escorted him to the royal seat, singing the national anthem:

> *Kilsaka nyi kyako ngimonyi,*
> *Kilai na kita na mndu.*
> ("The land is mine and mine alone,
> And none may move a leaf or stone.")

Once in a position of independent authority, Meriale was able to make advance and at once strengthened his cause by espousing the daughter of Mandara, and giving in exchange his elder sister to swell the Moshi harem. Marital alliances in the circle of Chagga chiefdom were determined, as in Europe, very largely by political diplomacy. The half-caste Arabs acquainted themselves with these intricate relationships, and estimated the exact weight of each chieftain's power in the balances of inter-tribal affairs.

1854. *Slave Warfare under Mandara*

Mandara they concluded was the ruling despot, for he had betrothed princesses from almost every reigning clan. He had shown a vivacious spirit greedy of gain in his constant peregrinations around the camp, and more than once had brought down bands of youths captured in local raids for disposal in the market. With flattering words, fair speeches and a few gaudy presents, they influenced the ambitious savage to cast in his lot with them and perhaps one day, by their aid, to become sovereign-supreme over the entire face of the mountains. Such a pretentious offer did not fail to convince the aspiring monarch, and almost every clan in turn became the target for the confederate forces of Mandara's spearmen and Arab gunners. The slave-dealers agreed to render military assistance on condition that the captives taken in battle and the ivory looted from the huts would be their portion of the spoil.

The intersecting boundaries dividing state from state were usually natural barriers in the form of rivers, high ridges, and yawning chasms, or a clear break between thick forest and open grassland. If, however, no such divisions existed, deep trenches were dug as a line of demarcation, and as a precaution against sudden invasion. Guards were posted day and night on these frontiers.

The slave-war entered Kilimanjaro at last about 1854. Now east, now west over the populous hillside, the coastmen carried consternation and bloodshed. Sharp repeated shots on the boundary rudely announced the falling of the guards; and all over the adjoining land the helpless natives rushed for shelter into their fenced courtyards, which they barricaded in vain defiance of the advancing plunderers. Forcing their way across hedges, through banana plantations and over fern-decked streams, the Arabs completely surrounded a village. Then, firing one volley through the palisade, they wrought utter confusion and, during the ensuing chaos, closed in and captured the inhabitants. Any who were stout-hearted enough to offer resistance were mown down, and the finest of Marangu's sons perished in this way, some falling silently to earth, some raising their hands high to the Father above and then sinking helpless in the dust. The only exit from the village was blocked by warriors. The houses were set on fire. Men and women were fastened in chains and marched off by their captors, followed by little children, who clung to their mothers with frightened, tear-stained faces. Tiny infants were consigned to the flaming huts which might have been for years to come their happy homes.

In the face of imminent danger, warriors of the adjoining settlements made a mad rush for the protection of the kindly forest, only to meet the blow of a tomahawk, the lunge of a steel blade or the exploding shot from an Arab picket. Hamlet after hamlet fell victim to their ruthless ravages, until at the close of the day nothing alive was left to mourn the howling desolation. Chagga warfare was cruel, but this was fiendish: neither justice nor pity stayed the conqueror's merciless arm. The sick on his dying bed could not be left to die in peace, but was calcined to ashes. A few broken utensils, wreaths of blue smoke and the hot, smouldering remains of numerous little huts were silent witnesses to the havoc that followed in the wake of the Mussulman.

Scenes grew fiercer and fiercer as the rapacious traffickers lusted for gain. Mandara was persuaded to hire hordes of Masai from the plains to storm the more invincible fortresses of Kilimanjaro. The war-whoop of these fearless combatants, punctuated with resounding shots, and little puffs of white smoke over the shimmering green showed at a distance the advance of the slave-traffic. The heads of the slaughtered were completely severed in these scenes of carnage; men were literally carved up the spine with one twist of a two-edged blade; women with child were ripped in cold blood, and babies were carried aloft on the glittering points of those eight-feet instruments of cruelty. Not alone on the mountain, but across the flats of Kahé and Ukuma, up the slopes of Mt. Meru, across the Pangani River into the breezy heights of Paré, Mandara led the death-dealing columns of Masai and Swahili. Ugweno was depopulated as though the Black Death had passed over her smiling hill-crests. The din of battle scarcely ever ceased rising to heaven as moons waxed and waned again and again.

It was nothing else than these wasted lands and long chains of captives that made Mandara great. Into his hidden citadel guarded by cannons, lowing kine and bleating goats passed continuously. With majestic mien, he strutted about among his subjects gathering up his flowing robes as if he had been reared in some eastern palace. His soldiers were armed with muskets, and a wealth of finery never dreamed of by barbarian mind began to stream into his kingdom—white calico, red Turkey muslin, brass, iron and copper wire, beads from Venice, false faces, whistles, knives, gunpowder and the scarlet fez. Little wonder that the Chagga glanced with envious eyes at the bombastic chieftain. The depraved longing for gain at all costs led them to sacrifice honour, love and patriotism.

Meriale Takes the Lead

Meriale made a strong effort to advance on the rising tide of prosperity. With a master-piece of political skill, he made a league with all the smaller states in joint opposition to Moshi. And, when he had succeeded in crushing the old Napoleon of the mountain—or at least stopping his aggressive warfare, he engaged the western states of Kibosho and Kibonoto against the east, laying Rombo utterly waste till there was nothing left worth lifting on her once proud soil, and imposing on Mamba heavy tribute.

The half-castes of Zanzibar had no scruples in dropping Mandara like a blunted sword and picking up the new, polished weapon, and this was precisely what they did when Meriale gained the supremacy of the hill. They made pleasing overtures to build him a house, bigger and better than any regal Chagga dwelling, and the suggestion met with his joyful approval. A six-roomed, stone house, surrounded by a broad verandah and spacious balcony, made a native royal residence *par excellence* which stands to this day. From the southern balcony there stretched a perfect panorama of the hazy plains that sloped away to Lake Jipé and lost themselves at length in the far-distant horizon; and from the latticed windows there rose to the north a magnificent view of the twin peaks of Kibo and Mawenzi, towering over a maze of emerald fronds. The gabled roof was of corrugated iron, carried 200 miles, sheet by sheet, on the heads of porters from Mombasa to Marangu. At the further end of the courtyard stood the huts of Meriale's wives and children, and a castellated wall 12 ft. high and 6 ft. thick, with a single narrow entrance, enclosed the whole.

In and out of that low gate Swahili courtiers often passed to and

MERIALE'S RESIDENCE.

ZANZIBAR—SLAVE MART OF E. AFRICA.

A SLAVE RAID.

To face p. 70.

fro, and within those walls tons of ivory were bartered to them. When his own people did not bring in the tusks fast enough, Meriale hired Wakamba to hunt elephants in the jungle, and the doughty bowmen proved more expert with the poisoned arrow than were the Chagga hunters with the spear or gun. Loads of elephant meat were carried off daily to their cattle camps on the veld, and the ivory trophies delivered to the chief. Slaves poured out of the gate of Marangu under the lash of a driver's whip in their dreary march to the unknown shore. In the slave-market many chieftains sold even their own subjects who caused them displeasure; and in those days the usual threat of a mother to her yelling infant was, "Stop crying, or I'll sell you to the Swahilis."

The Dark Trail to the Sea

Down to the base camp the dark lines of manacled men and women were forced along by the white-robed villains, who fastened each neck in the fork of a pole 7 ft. long and 3 in. in diameter, securing it there by means of a riveted iron rod. When the slaves had been loaded with ivory and foodstuffs for the journey, the long caravans started their march to the sea, under close guard of their callous owners. How their shoulders ached under the rough, forked branch! How their naked feet blistered on the desert road! How they struggled on in agony, dripping with sweat under the pitiless sun—only God knows. A mother, carrying a 60 lb. load of beans on her head and a baby in her arms, cries for release from the yoke. "I can't bear it any longer!" she murmurs. "Take the stick from my shoulders, and I will carry the burden and the child where you like." But in answer to her entreaty the babe is dragged from her caressing arms, its skull split with a battle-axe, and its remains flung into the bush. A young man staggers in raging fever, and his slackening steps deter the progress of the caravan. He would welcome now a gun-shot to end the struggle, but the relentless driver loosens him from the slave-gang and leaves him on the veld to die. He lies alone, moaning in the starlight, till some ghoulish beast scents his blood, and the whisper of anguish is for ever silenced.

In the slave camps on the way to the coast the groaning never ceases. Ulcered and bleeding feet, and shoulders whose skin has been broken by the constant rubbing of unpolished wood are the cause of frequent, low, distressing moans. The tired sleepers in trying to turn are awakened by the clumsy fork, which always denies them their rest; and they are conscious once more of the throbbing feet and aching limbs, which for one brief hour had been forgotten. For many of them—five out of every ten—life's span is ended before ever they reach the sea.

Their skulls lie bleaching in the tropical sun as signposts here and there, marking out the track of " man's inhumanity to man."

Sold for Life

Those who survived the tragic march found dhows awaiting them on the beach, whence generally they were shipped to Zanzibar. The human mart was near the landing place on the island and was conducted on much the same lines as a cattle market at home. Men and women were herded together in an open clearing dotted with cocoanut palms, and the wealthy Mohammedan land-owners, in long, embroidered *johos* (Arab coats) and red tarbooshes, paced up and down, inspecting the physique of the slaves before bargaining their price. As each man was offered for sale, the Arab threw a rod some distance, and sent him running to fetch it, and by this means judged his strength and activity. Then after a closer examination they set the value, and the captive exchanged hands. Similarly the women and children were brought out one by one and priced individually or put up to auction, the mother being sold to one master, her daughters to another, and her little boy perhaps being shipped a few days later to Arabia.

As the stately mail-steamers anchor to-day off Zanzibar harbour, and visitors drive by car through avenues of cocoanut palms and mango trees, or the dark clove plantations of the island, Pemba, let it be remembered that these are a monumental record of the labours of thousands of slaves from the heart of Africa. Severed from friends and kindred and home, they wore out their lives here on a strange soil in dogged endurance.

When the accounts of mankind are balanced at the end of time, a large percentage of the blood-guiltiness of this despicable trade will probably be debited to the unctuous Indian Banyans, who ran agencies for the barter of human flesh and blood, and sat in the custom-houses filling their coffers from this lucrative investment. The purchasers were not usually brutal, but treated their bond-servants with civility and justice, feeding them well, and punishing them only when they failed in their duties. The criminal character of the atrocious commerce showed itself rather in the far-distant interior in the slave-hunting forays and in the perilous journey of the mountaineers across the heated plains.

Yet, dark as were the stains made by blood drops all the way from Kilimanjaro to the sea, a still darker blot was left by the Moslems on the soul of Chagga. The slaughter of the innocents has been almost forgotten now ; the clink of the iron chain has ceased ; the wasted lands are flourishing once more, but the deeper taint of their moral guilt time can never wash away. It is stamped on the face of the mountain as a mark of shame. In the trail of Islam across that virgin land, there has been left a pestilential scourge of debauchery calling for Heaven's vengeance. Unheard-of crimes have been introduced among the savages, for which, forsooth, they had no name. Their simple, pagan life was by no means a garden of Eden existence. Certain forms of impurity, polygamy and witchcraft bore testimony to their adamic fall; but never, until the followers of the False Prophet crossed their border, had they been dragged so low into the mire of vice.

The Soul of an African

And still the whole land struggles to be free. Hungry they wait to be satisfied, thirsty they long to drink. The African has a genuine human soul. The casual traveller who happens to see him in frenzied exuberance, making merry by a camp fire, knows little of the deep soul-strivings of his quieter moments: nor can the man who gets a glimpse of the fierce, painted savage dashing to war ever guess the tender thoughts, fine feelings or high aspirations hidden away in the secret recesses of his heart. The slightest suggestion of the African's alliance with the gorilla, illustrated by photos of the animal and the man standing side by side, invariably provokes indignation and contempt. When I look into the eyes of man, dark and degraded though he may be, I see there the stamp of the Eternal Father of mankind, who "formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," till he became a living soul. Only speak to him in his own tongue, and he will talk of God as naturally as a baby coos to its mother, he will fling open wide the gates to the eternal vistas that lead beyond this material world to the very threshold of heaven itself. There is something that tells him that this life is not all, something that convinces him that his Maker is enthroned high up beyond the ethereal blue; and then there is a whispering, sometimes louder, sometimes fainter, but a distinct inner voice that speaks of sin; and the savage, groping to find escape from this enemy of the soul, spills on the ground the blood of beasts.

The image of God can be traced in the lowest pagan—a marred image of course it is, deeply scarred by sin and rusted by lying low on the ash-pit of humanity. Nevertheless, under the rust and beneath the scars, there is the ineffaceable imprint of the Creator. As the fathers and mothers of the Wachagga creep out of their huts at dawn, they spit repeatedly towards heaven in token of respect. As they sit round their evening meal of bananas, and a stranger chances to pass, they welcome him to their frugal board. Why?—"Because," they say, "we did not make the bananas. God gave them to His children; and are not all men His family? Therefore must we share our food with our brethren." Every young man across the mountain-side, before leaving his father's roof to make a home of his own, bears on his body in circumcision rites the mark of the everlasting covenant God made with Abraham.

Justice

The uncontaminated African is so absolutely reasonable that his sense of fairness can be reflected only from above, where sits the Judge of all the earth. In Chagga warfare, for instance, it was illegal to approach a neighbouring clan without first arranging the place and time of the initial engagement, and the murder of an ambassador was a dastardly breach of intertribal honour. In the market-places every one recognises fair play. They cheat certainly—where do they not?—but the miscreant, if discovered, will have a crowd of indignant countrywomen soon hauling her over the coals for her deception. The Wachagga know as well as the European the right and wrong of business transaction and refuse to countenance fluctuations in prices because a customer happens to be richer or poorer. The exchange-value of each commodity is recognised by all, and, amid jesting and laughter and a constant hum of conversation, they barter their grain and fruit, milk and butter, eggs, fowls, baskets, and clay pots. In dispensing justice, there is constant bribery, but even here crime is tempered with reason. A man about to take a case to court will slip away secretly by night to the chief's house with a fat sheep, and ask for partiality in the prospective law-suit. If, however, the defendant has already reached the royal hut with a kid, the plaintiff is refused admission, and the early bird finds the verdict given in his favour, or his sentence considerably modified.

They have a developed idea of their duty in recompensing their parents, and from this has arisen their custom of buying their wives. It is not fair, they think, that a mother should have the stress and toil of bringing up her daughter only to lose her as she develops into womanhood. Her pains must be rewarded and the young man must pay for his bride. But that is not all: when children are born, the first boy belongs to the grandparents on the father's side, and the first baby girl is the property of the grandparents on the mother's side. As soon as the little ones are six or seven years of age, they are sent to live with the old people, so that the love and joy of youth may brighten their declining years. Not until they have fulfilled these obligations do they feel that they have done their duty and with a free conscience claim the remainder of the family as their very own. It may be a crude and pagan practice, but there is a touch of tenderness about it all and consideration for the loneliness that often accompanies white hairs.

Articles of Chagga faith

The untutored savage of Kilimanjaro has given us the basic principles of his faith in the Supreme Being in these words: "Ruwa has all power. He does not change: as He was in ages past, so is He to-day. Ruwa never tells a lie: what He says He performs. If a man sins, though in the dark of night, Ruwa sees him. If a host of warriors attack a man, they cannot kill him if Ruwa does not permit. When a sick man goes to the witch-doctor and sacrifices oxen and goats, he will not recover unless it is that Ruwa heals him. The spirits cannot cure him: they are but the ministers of the Almighty and are sent to do His work—to give the fruit of the womb, to spread pestilence and famine, to punish the wicked and to demand sacrifice. He sends them also to care for the poor and the fatherless. The thief and murderer cannot hide from His face: one day Ruwa will put them both alike into the hands of the Great Judge of mankind."

Laws of Purity

Concealed in the sacred chambers of a Chagga heart, there are hosts of fears and worries and deep probings of the spirit, which come to light now and again in the ceremonial rites of purification, in sacrifice and burial. In the gloom of a little hut lies a sick man, watched through the long hours by his father and brothers, as slowly he breathes out his soul to God. They carry out their dead, and every one who touches the corpse is unclean and needs purification. A hunter wanders over the veld to replenish the family larder, but, as he is stalking an antelope in the dense scrub, a leopard springs on his back, leaving an open gash, and the sufferer is thereby unclean; or a woman gives birth to twins; or a child meets a python at the river; or a girl slips from the high rock of chastity: these all are unclean and must be purified.

The ceremonial rite entails no little expenditure of energy, as may be imagined from the following necessary preliminary to the function. The unclean person, assisted by his or her relatives, goes out to find the blood of cleansing and the covering for impurity by collecting the skin of a gazelle, the blood and skin of a monkey, the tail of a lizard, the shell of a snail, the skin and abdominal contents of a hyrax, and the blood of a ewe lamb. Add to these certain herbs from the wilds, rainwater from the cavity of a forest tree-trunk and fresh water from the clear spring, and then one gets some conception of the sincerity down at the bottom of a black man's heart. Each member of the family must lend a hand; the little ones look for the snails and catch the lizards, the woman draws the water and gathers the herbs, the father puts his sharp knife to the lamb's throat, and the young men bring from further afield the products of the bush.

The master of ceremonies now takes the office of priest. Mixing up the whole concoction in a basin-like hollow outside the hut, he dips in it a gnu's tail and with it besmears his unclean brother. Then, looking towards the snowy heights of Kibo and sprinkling the liquid over the heads of the family, he bids the evil depart. This is repeated on four successive days at sunrise and sundown, after which they carry away the offensive mixture and cast it into a stream, saying to the waters, "Take this sin and carry it far away to the plains below." A person thus cleansed rewards the officiating elder with a goat, besides giving him half the carcase of the sacrificial sheep in question.

Sacrifice

Sacrifice among the Wachagga is not usually made directly to God, but to their deceased ancestors, who are supposed to act as mediators between them and the great, unapproachable Ruwa. Before a warrior leaves his home for the forefront of a battle he will hurriedly spill a gourd of milk on the ground, imploring the spirit of his father to shield him from harm and direct his spear to the target. If long illness convinces him that he has grieved the God of Heaven, he may sacrifice a bull or a goat according to his wealth. If affliction of a general nature visits the land, through reverses in warfare, epidemics of disease or wide-spread famine, there is a sacrifice of *Kisuku* goats. These include all goats which are black or white, red or spotted, and these the owners are ruthlessly ordered to surrender without the slightest compensation. The unhappy losers are assured that the *Kisuku* goats are not their own, but the property of a certain chief long dead. The medley flock is sacrificed and the meat divided between the master of ceremonies and those who divined the cause of God's wrath. Such oblations were usually offered in the sacred seclusion of the ancestral grove of the clan. For many years the Marangu chiefs led their beasts through the tangled forests to the burial place of their Wakamba forefathers, endeavouring by the medium of departed spirits to propitiate for sin. Occasionally human sacrifices were made. Mangi Senguo of Machame was known to offer on the altar his own son; but in this case the sacrifice was made without intermediary to God Himself.

Burial Rites

When a Chagga infant dies, the little body is plastered with cow-dung, and it is left far out at the edge of the banana grove or under the dark shadow of the dracæna hedge. A young man or girl, or any one who is very poor after being duly washed is wrapped in banana leaves and similarly laid out. Then at night the drawling sound of the jackal or the wild guffaw of the hyena warns the relatives that the body is being devoured by these mountain scavengers. "But what matter?" argues the barbarian, "our friend has gone. He is wandering across the dark desert that leads to another world, and his earthly house sooner or later must return to clay." The mother of a family is enshrouded at death in a goatskin and a goat is sacrificed on her behalf. A father is sewn up in an ox-skin, but a chief is laid reverently in a coffin hewn from a tree trunk.

When a man has breathed his last, the corpse is placed on exhibition in a sitting posture against the centre post of the house and his ornaments are replaced by dracæna leaves. Any other covering, such as a piece of cloth or cloak of hide, is now worn by the first wife of his youth, who sets to work to prepare an ointment of red ochre and fat and therewith to anoint his body. Then, addressing the dead in familiar tones, she says, "I anoint you with oil and red ochre, husband of mine. We dwelt together in woe and weal, in poverty and plenty, through calm and storm. Now we separate as you journey to God." Kneeling beside him with a bowl of milk and fat, she drops a little into his mouth, saying, "Receive, I pray you, some food for your long *safari*, that when you cross the great plain to the other land you may not falter or fall. *Salaam sana.* Go in peace!" In immediate sequence is the ceremony of spitting, called *ipucha ira*, in which the relatives spit on the lifeless form as a farewell salute to their comrade.

From the exterior of the hut, the grave is dug, sloping down gradually under the centre of the earthern floor. Then, when the shadows of night have covered the mountain, and the nestling villages are asleep, an ox is taken from its stall into the banana grove and sacrificed in the presence of the kinsmen, and the hide stretched out on the ground with wooden pegs to make a shroud. The heir is followed by the wives of the deceased, as he removes a rod from the house, a stone from the hearth, and cold ashes from the extinguished fire, carrying them away to a river. Here after dashing its waters over himself and the women, he pitches these emblems of the dead man's home into the gushing stream, saying, "Thus do we purge ourselves of this evil." A low, weird wail is kept up by the women, while the men shave their heads, and spit towards Kibo mouthfuls of beer, invoking a curse on any who perchance may be rejoicing in the departure of their loved one. The corpse is sewn up in the ox-skin by means of vegetable twine and a wooden needle or sharp thorn, and consigned to the underground tomb. A year or so later this is opened, the bones carefully collected with the soil in the immediate vicinity and buried among the banana plants. But the skull and one arm bone are retained by the heir, who ties them together with dracæna leaves, takes them to the ancestral grove and there hides them away among the sods, surrounded by large, flat stones, with the face towards the glistening white of the " House of God."

More recently, the Wachagga have adopted a general burial system for all their departed, which is said to have originated with Meriale of Marangu. One day a dog carried into his village a child's head and dropped it at his feet. This he took as a plea from the spirit-world that even children should be buried, and the unwritten law was thereby passed. Across the rugged flanks of the mountain every hamlet with its surrounding banana plantation encloses a family burying ground and sacred shrine. Under the soft shadows of the rustling fronds we must go gently for we tread over the sleeping dead.

A " Banana-man "—Incentive to Baptism

When missions had been at work on Kilimanjaro for a number of years, I was strolling through the lanes one evening and came on a group of men absorbed in conversation. They were discussing the relative values of various methods of burial. The chief of Kilema had just been buried according to ancient rites for royalty. A woman, too, had a few days previously been taken into a mission station in a dying condition. She was offered baptism, but in extreme suffering she answered, " Wait till I get better and then you can baptise me if you will." The poor creature died and in the native's judgment lost a priceless privilege in her refusal of the waters of baptism. " She had only to say 'yes' to the missionary," they argued, " and she would have been put into a beautiful wooden box with a metal plate bearing her name; she would have had her grave amongst all the Christians of the church and even amongst white men. But she waited till it was too late; she could no longer speak, so her body was rolled in a blanket and now she lies among her own bananas."

The people anticipate with shame such a burying place, where only the heathen, or *shenzi*, finds his last halt; he is commonly known as a " banana-man." Out of the batch of Wachagga in question, only one expected to be entombed in the banana grove, as the others had been baptised. I suggested planting a few flowers over his resting-place by way of recompense if he preceded me to the grave, but he replied, " No, Mother, that is not necessary." " Well, if I should die first," I continued, " you can bury me in the banana plantations of Marangu."

AUTHOR ON THE KIBO TRACK.

AN ALPINE ROCKERY AT THE EQUATOR.

To face p. 78.

With this a broad smile lit up his face, he was greatly elated and considered the suggestion as a mark of undue condescension and friendship. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that hundreds of natives seek baptism without any serious spiritual convictions, and adopt the name of Christian with only a surface veneer and no radical change of life. The practice reached absurdity when a native teacher baptised his own still-born infant of premature birth.

The Fall of Man

Not only in the stamp of Chagga faces and their religious rites has God left the mark of His finger, but in some of their myths they have preserved faint reminiscences of the Bible record of the fall of man and the story of the first murder. Around the fire at night, before the children go to sleep, their father will tell them a story, often the same one again and again :—

> " God used to talk with man face to face. ' You may eat all the bananas and potatoes ' He said to the old man of the village, ' but the yam or *ula* surely you shall not eat it, lest you die.' Then God left the people and went away, but every evening He came back to see them. Now on a certain day, a strange man appeared at the old man's door and begged for food. He was directed to the garden with the words, ' Eat and be satisfied ; take bananas from the bunch, or potatoes from the earth, but do not touch the *ula*, for God has forbidden us to eat it.' The stranger answered, ' Behold now the sun is high in the heavens. While it was yet early morning, God bade me ask you for a pot wherein I might cook the *ula* and eat it with you and your sons.' The old man, hearing that his visitor was a messenger from God, gave him the clay pot ; and together they dug up the yams and cooked them and began to eat. While they were eating, however, God's servant smelled an odour from the fire like that of *ula*. He came hastily, saying, ' What are you eating ? ' But they could not answer, so benumbed were they with fear. So the servant took the pot and showed it to God, who was very angry. He found them in the garden and said, ' Because you were deceived by a stranger and disobeyed my word, death will break your bones and close your eyes, and you shall not live.' Since then they have never seen Him, nor has He spoken to them any more, but people began to get weak and ill, and their eyes closed in death.

The First Murder

> "When the old man died, he left a son and two grandsons, both of whom were given their own goats. Every day the boys used to cut down branches for them in the forest. The goats of the younger son always bore twins, but his brother's goats bore only one kid. This caused jealousy and hatred which grew more bitter every day, but the father refused to interfere in the matter. One morning they went off as usual with their grass knives to collect fodder, and the elder son waylaid his brother on the pathway. God's servant heard the cries of the fallen and ran to the spot to find him lying dead. The servant was sent to follow up the murderer and to fine him seven head of cattle, seven goats and a daughter. These were handed over to the victim's father and the girl worked for his mother as long as she lived. So from that day to now, the price of blood has been seven cows, seven goats and one child."

The Pride of Man

Another tale, often repeated by the hearths of the mountain dwellers, was a long story of how man grew idle and proud and girls lived for nothing but vanity. Ruwa sent them repeated warnings but wickedness increased, until at last He destroyed the world which He had made.

They narrate, too, the supposed experience of several women, who one evening were returning from digging their gardens when they were confronted by a large rock in the middle of the road. Each in turn requested to be allowed to pass and the rock made way for the weary pedestrians, one by one. But the last loiterer said in her heart, "Why should I seek liberty to pass by here; I can push past easily myself." She darted forward only to find that the rock had swelled out to fill the entire breadth of the highway and she saw no means of joining her companions, except by clambering over the giant obstacle. When at last with difficulty she reached the top, she found to her horror a hyena waiting for her on the other side, and ultimately she was torn to pieces by this wild beast. "Thus," said they, "must the pride of a human heart bow to the supremacy of the Almighty."

Prophecy

As Kilimanjaro was allowed to catch soft whisperings of the past, which she repeated to her children in folk-lore, so it seems she was permitted to hear, however faintly, hints of prophecy and prepare her sons for future events. In Rombo there was an elder named Makaiya, who when dying called his children and told them this dream: "From

Kishongeni there came white men holding fire in their hands. They defeated us and broke the swords of the Wamkulia (N. Rombo). They united all men under one great ruler, like unto Horombo, and through our land they made a broad road. There I saw women walking unmolested with their staffs." Later during Mashina's reign, an old woman Manyaki Temu, dreamed that two people carried her away to a rise from which she could see the hill called Ashira. They said, "Behold, there dwell now on Ashira naught but beasts of prey, but a day will come when there shall encamp in its forests white men who come from afar."

After Horombo and Mashina had lain for some years in their graves, the first white man, Johannes Rebmann, reached the foot of the mountain, and to-day a German Mission Station, with its hospital, dispensary and commodious church, commands the hill of Ashira.

Kilimanjaro, for all her miseries, is no mere lifeless form on the battle-field of the world's struggle. How often on the fields of Flanders, over some prostrate form, there would bend a faithful comrade, waiting for some faint tremor of a heart-beat or sigh of breathing to say, "He's not gone yet! He may pull through; let's get him back through the lines." Chagga too lies prostrate from her weary years of strife and the stab of the Mussulman has left a gaping wound from which flows her very life-blood. But, stooping over the fallen race, we can still feel the throb of a living soul. Feebly she breathes her confidence in God, her sense of sin and need of cleansing, her aspirations beyond the tomb—She lives! Yet there is hope!

CHAPTER V

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE

An Awkward Handful

WHEN His Majesty, Ras Tafari, paid his state visit to Paris, he brought with him from Abyssinia many original presents for the leading French diplomats. One of these, a young lion, proved rather embarrassing to the honoured but unfortunate minister who received it. He dared not return it, he was at a loss to know where to put it, but the responsibility for the lively treasure was ultimately placed on the unhappy subordinates in whose charge the wild beast was eventually placed. So when Kilimanjaro was ceded to Germany, it turned out to be somewhat of a " handful," yet the fury of the untamed land fell, not on the possessors of this valuable colony, but on the pioneers of venture who first trod her slopes on behalf of the Fatherland.

The vanguard of this long line of lonely outposts was, despite all their reiterated faults, a few modest missionaries. All honour to the men who took their lives in their hands and battled against fearful odds to discover the untrodden heights of Kilimanjaro, but it was a German missionary, Rebmann, who first ventured in the wake of the Swahili-Arabs to the foot of this mighty fortress, and a missionary too, the Rev. E. A. Fitch, who first pulled up stakes and set forth to make his home among her wild peoples. After scientists and explorers had come and gone, taking back to Europe and America a wealth of valuable information, the Church Missionary Society formed a mission station at Moshi in response to the entreaty of its monarch, Mandara. In 1878 he had sent to the headquarters at Freretown, Mombasa, for " teachers and a book " ; and though the request was probably more for commercial advantage than in quest of truth, an Arabic Bible was forwarded. In 1885 it was supplemented by a missionary, and in May of the same year Dr. Julke proclaimed a German protectorate over Kilimanjaro.

The Aged Popinjay Proves Quarrelsome

With the arrival of the German officials in the interior and the activity of British men-o'-war on the Eastern sea-board, the slave traffic gradually disappeared ; the stage was cleared of the Moslems and was set for the next scene on the mountain side. The central character was the old warrior, Mandara, whose career was now almost at an end. He was aged and infirm, but his swarthy face bore evidence of a powerful, active mind, and an intelligence far beyond that of the average Bantu native. He had lost the sight of an eye during his younger fighting days, when retreating by night through thorny scrub; but his remaining one was keen and alert. In his time he had been the firebrand that enflamed not only Chagga but all the surrounding country. And though the despotic ruler had been somewhat curbed by contemporary rivals, he had still continued to amass fortune from every European who visited his kingdom, till greed and covetousness became a feverish, irrepressible passion. Little wonder, then, that he agreed to surrender his kingly rights to General Matthews in favour of a British protectorate, and a few weeks later concluded a treaty with representatives of the German East Africa Company, who offered a more liberal compensation. By international agreement, however, the rights of government were ceded to Germany; and her northern boundary was fixed by a line running from the Indian Ocean below Mombasa, round the mountain and thence to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Mandara sent a fine elephant tusk to Berlin and received in exchange an imperial present which rather increased his arrogance. At the edge of a steep ravine stood his windowless residence. Through an open doorway the sunlight revealed a large room divided in the centre by a brightly coloured screen against which hung a clock. An Arab armchair and a Swahili bedstead were the sole furnishings of this regal abode.

Beyond lay the mission house flying the Union Jack, and, higher still on a rich fertile headland, the German imperial headquarters, where a German flag fluttered in the breeze. Scores of Swahili porters made the camp scenes lively with their mirth and cheer. Mandara paid periodical visits to the Europeans in the hope of getting some coveted trinket, and when constant refusals provoked his anger he peremptorily ordered his soldiers to chase out of camp the women who were selling corn and bananas and sent others up the hillside to turn off the water supply, so that the porters were left without food or water! Then the white man had to contrive every possible means to pacify the irate monarch, sometimes by judicial palaver or witty good-humour and flattery, sometimes by yielding to his peevish caprices, or occasionally by taking the bull by the horns and boldly haranguing him in front of his men. The relationships in this central province did not augur too well for a peaceful future. The Eastern states as far as Rombo, on the other hand, were war-weary and subdued, paying homage to Marangu in tribute and labour.

Sina and Meriale

West of Moshi and higher up the mountain there lived in a hidden forest the brave Sina of Kibosho, who had gained supremacy over the

Western states and proudly held aloof from the whiteman. He was more of a true warrior than a commercial tyrant, and the patriotic instinct in him ran deep and strong.

To the East was Marangu, where young Meriale in princely dignity ruled his people and controlled his vassal states. Firm and just, he was respected by every one. His stately carriage, genial courtesy and honourable conduct commended him to Europeans, while to the natives he was friend, master and sovereign. He fully justified the lesson he was taught in Kibosho. It indeed proved true that "he who knows best how to obey, knows best how to command." There was not a department in the affairs of his country where his good judgment and tact were not felt. He had about twenty wives, but from the eldest, Ndaasho, the daughter of Mandara, to the last and youngest, they were all daughters of Chagga royalty. He himself in garb and manner always bore the regal stamp, and was never one to brook interference with his judgment. He had accepted a helmet bearing the insignia of the Fatherland, as a token that he was willing for the German Eagle to extend her spreading wings over his people.

Chagga Spirit

The Wachagga themselves were on the surface friendly to Europeans, but their long struggle in the past, clan against clan, succeeded by keen competition for gain with its attending horrors, had left a certain amount of suspicion lurking in their darkened minds. They could never really trust any one, not even a brother, and much less a white stranger. Of the separate clans, the Wamarangu were the most lively and high-spirited, those of Moshi the most daring, and those of Kibosho possessed a conservative, tribal pride. But the members of the down-trodden East were humble, taciturn and mistrustful; perhaps there lurked at the bottom of their wounded spirits the thought of future revenge.

Such was Kilimanjaro and such the Wachagga when the German Government undertook the protectorate of the country, and as one animated scene followed another on the stage, she learned that it was no innocent infant nation to whom she had become guardian, but a race who had begun to think for itself and could not so easily be persuaded to sit down and learn the lesson of subjection.

The German representative, having come to terms with Mandara, withdrew to the coast, leaving Dr. Abbott, an American scientist, as the sole occupant of their station while forces were being mustered adequate for the task of controlling this wild, mountainous district.

Mandara's Struggle with Marangu

Mandara at once seized his opportunity, in the temporary absence of the Germans, to make a bold stroke against Meriale, his most formidable rival. With the assistance of three subsidiary states, Uru, Kirua, and Kilema, he sent an army under able commandership to attack him by wily stratagem in broad daylight. Down the precipitous ravine to Kirua, across the tumbling stream of Nganga and through the dimly-lighted forest tracks, the battalions threaded their way. As women passed by carrying fruit to market they stopped their ditties and asked in surprise, " Where are you going ? " And the soldiers replied, " We are going to settle a little dispute with Mamba." Thus the news spread like wild-fire that Moshi had declared war on Mamba. But even the children knew that Mandara had broken intertribal etiquette in sending his troops along the main highway that led through Marangu.

Brushing past the guards on the frontier, they marched on high above Meriale's house, singing a song of revenge on the land of Mamba—when suddenly the whole phalanx split up into three divisions, taking three different paths ; one doubling back on the track westwards, another marching east, and a third making straight for the royal enclosure. A faithful sentinel dashed precipitately ahead of the enemy, and breathlessly announced to Meriale the advance of the Moshi riflemen : "*Bwana ! Angalia ! Wanakuja, Wamoshi. Wako nyuma sasa*" (Master ! Look out for your life. The Wamoshi are coming. Here they are just behind me). The regular guard took up its position, each man at his post on the wall, and Meriale with others prepared to ward off an attack from the covert of the upper storey of his house. As soon as the invaders emerged from under cover of the banana grove, numbers were shot down ; the others were forced to retrace their steps, only to renew the attack half an hour later. In the interval Meriale fled with his wives down to a wooded glen below, from which position he manœuvred the battle.

By evening the enemy columns had occupied his *boma* (citadel) ; and as the night fell and dark, threatening clouds rolled up from the east, blackening the sky, his warriors slowly and silently surrounded the stone wall. If he could but maintain a siege to prevent the enemy plundering his land, the situation would be saved. But heaven itself seemed against him in this grim crisis. From mountain to plain the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled incessantly, rumbling on the distant hills, and then breaking overhead with a deafening din. This was followed by immense hail-stones and sheets of water, as though the windows of heaven were broken open. All night through the furious storm raged, till the watchers outside the wall were numbed and helpless.

Hope died in many a heroic heart.—What would the morning bring when the enemy would rise fresh from fire and shelter to meet the storm-wrecked guards? They were in a desperate plight, and hour after hour Meriale discussed the situation with his leaders. Yet, within a few more hours, dawn would decide the issues. They must prepare for the worst; they would remove their women, children and cattle, so that every warrior would be available at the critical moment, when the enemy assumed the offensive.

Messengers were sent to the villages and, like true denizens of the wilds, the women crept from their snug little huts out into the cold rain at dead of night, carrying their babies in goatskins, and pulling along by the hand a boy or girl up and down slippery paths, over swollen furrows and roaring rivers in a mad race for freedom and life. The youths, with the spirit of their ancestors, drove the cattle and dragged unwilling goats through the mud at the back of the procession. The huge company moved on in silent suspense. The track they followed had become a rivulet and the children's feet were sore and stiff when at grey dawn the refugees found themselves at the edge of the matted jungle.

As morning broke in the east the watery clouds chased one another back to Kibo, and cold, pinched faces were greeted by sunbeams streaming through the dense growth. The travellers cut across country eastwards till they reached Mkuu, one of Meriale's vassal-states, where they received hospitality.

In Marangu fighting was renewed at daybreak. The Wamoshi escaped from their trap and plundered the homesteads bordering the Moonjo River, whose owners had not been able to flee with the others. Then as there was nothing left worth protecting, Meriale considered the lives of his soldiers and ordered a general retirement to Mkuu, where he took refuge for a few months. Mandara happened to have a large cattle camp in Rombo* which was forthwith commandeered. Thus the old man of Moshi was brought to his senses. He despatched envoys asking for peace and perforce invited Meriale back to his seat of power.

He Challenges Kibosho for the Last Time

Mandara having drawn a blank in the east now turned to the west in a last effort to regain his former suzerainty over the mountain before the Germans should return. "Peace?" he mused. "This is the peace of our realm: spear for spear, shield for shield, gun for gun, to be killed and to kill. This alone will buy our freedom!" He bribed the

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* It was customary for a Mchagga to divide his stock here and there over a large area, as a precaution against any epidemic wiping out the herd.

El-moran (fighting men) of the Masai to engage with him against Sina of Kibosho.

His own soldiers were divided into three companies; the *mrisho*, warriors of forty to fifty years; the *meruturutu*, or men of full strength, thirty to forty years, and the *kiruru*, or professional fighters of twenty to thirty years. Each company armed with knob-kerries played its part independently of the other and competed with the others in fighting skill, driving forward with an impetuosity which seemingly nothing could resist. While the Masai, with a great war-whoop, advanced at a trot, flourishing their cold steel blades, the Wachagga companies skirmished with the enemy on the flanks. With maddening frenzy they moved backwards and forwards like a pack of dogs attacking a lion. However, the Wakibosho had the advantage of higher ground, where they met each attack from the shelter of the wooded fastnesses. The brave Masai fell before them like bees in a cloud of smoke; and the club-bearers after each fresh onset left numbers of their comrades behind, till the shady hillside was like a blood-smeared charnel field.

As the moon rose over the plains, Moshi was driven back by the foresters, and silently the armies retraced their steps, helping some of their wounded comrades home but abandoning the more helpless to their lonely, tragic end. The Masai who reached their camp at midnight were only half the number that left home that morning—the other half were lying on the distant Golgotha by the black line of forest trees.

Mandara's soldiers had fought their last battle for him—for his end was drawing near: they called it *Ngatara* (i.e. the battle of sorrow). In the hamlets of Moshi, as baby boys were born to the warriors, many of them were named "*Ngatara*." Not long afterwards the old chieftain fell ill and died. Thus ended the eventful career of the cruel despot of Chagga-land, who had dipped his robes in the tears of her children: silently he was called away to another world, where "every man must give an account of himself to God."

White Settlement

One day soon afterwards a military caravan of German officers, officials and askari (black troops) and hundreds of porters climbed in a long line up the steeps that led to Moshi. With characteristic thoroughness they established forts in Moshi, Marangu and Arusha. The officials occupied stone houses and the soldiers slept within high projecting walls. The Church Missionary Society, in deference to the wishes of the German Government, handed over their station in 1892 to a German Lutheran mission, which also occupied Marangu and Machame. French Roman Catholics settled in Kilema.

And all the while thousands of keen savage eyes were scanning the intruders. With telescopic gaze they watched every move of the whitefaced strangers. Even his conversation behind closed doors some little bird would always repeat outside. From the personal boy it would pass to the porters, and thence to the Wachagga; for the African is no keeper of his master's secrets. As the natives gazed in puzzled wonder at the pale-skinned rulers, a long cavalcade of memories came back to them in details more comfortably forgotten: the last invasion of the yellow Arabs, their persuasive flattery, the lure of their gaudy barter-goods, followed by the gruesome nightmare of bloodshed, slavery and ravaging licentiousness. Was this all to be repeated? The Europeans who had already visited their hills had been friendly and gracious: they enriched the chiefs with handsome gifts; but perhaps on the other hand—who knows?—there was a hidden dagger. So they took the gifts, but remembered always the other hand under the cloak.

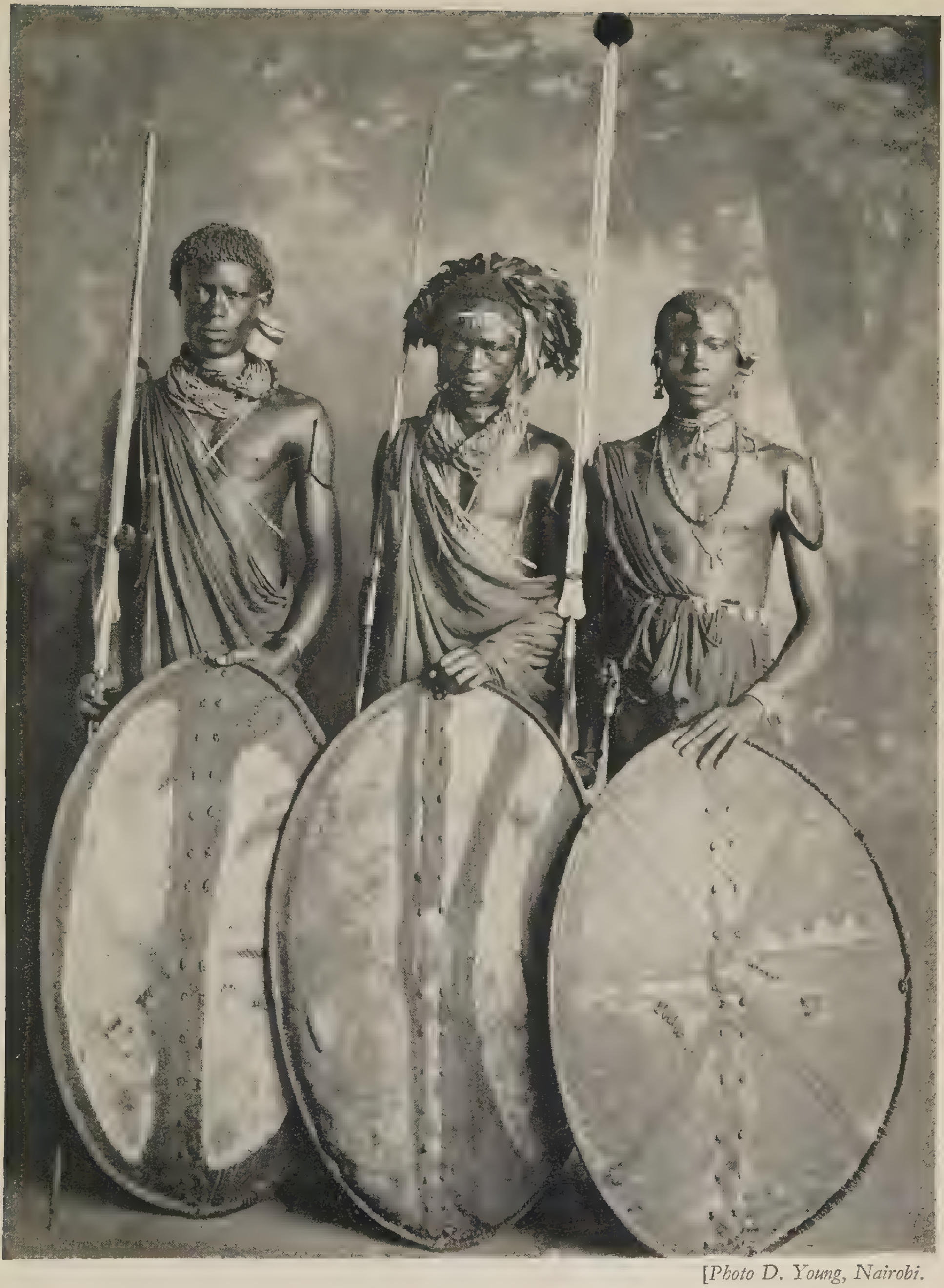
Forcing the Flag on Mangi Sina

It needed but a spark to set Kilimanjaro on fire with open insurrection against these white intruders. The first spark fell in February 1890 on Kibosho. With the independent pride of a barbarian fighting race, they refused the German flag, sending the envoys back to Moshi with the curt rebuff, "Tell the whiteman that we know neither Germany nor her flag." Not long afterwards, however, they had the opportunity of making her acquaintance under fire, when European officers with machine guns stormed the wall of Mangi Sina's compound. To the dauntless old chieftain who had led his soldiers to battle for so many years, it was a harsh introduction. He saw the futility of attempting to withstand trained riflemen, or the death-dealing monster which had broken down his ramparts. He submitted to the authority of the Government and his warriors were forced to lick the dust.

Junkerism Makes Things Worse

In Marangu, the commissioner provoked the anger of the mob by hanging his own private servant and a Chagga woman who was living in the fort, for a purely personal grievance, and this in the early dawn without even a form of trial. The resentment was modified but scarcely pacified by transferring the official to the coast.

Suspicion and bitterness day by day increased. In 1892 a German askari who was sent on an errand to Moshi slept at Kirua overnight, whence for assault he was chased to the borders of Moshi and there killed: Mangi Meli, now chief of Moshi, was ordered to surrender the



[*Photo D. Young, Nairobi.*

MASAI—CHAMPION WARRIORS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

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miscreants for trial, but stubbornly refused. As an excuse to find out which way the wind was blowing—for he could not understand the silence of the whiteman—he despatched two runners to return the victim's boots to the government office. But they were convicted as spies and shot.

A little later ambassadors from Moshi were received by Meriale, which led to grave suspicions that he, too, was involved with the others in a plot of treason. A military detachment marched unawares into his boma and put up a sham fight. But the chief, though urged by his counsellors to return fire, had the sense to hold in through the unnerving ordeal, and thus satisfied the commanding officer of his innocence. The government thenceforward entrusted to him their official secrets and informed him of their next offensive against the rebellious state of Moshi.

Savages Win the Day

Concentrating their forces, they led the attack from the plains, intending first to storm Mangi Meli's citadel. But the wily savages ambushed them on the uphill track, and directed their fire mainly against the Europeans to cause consternation. The government retaliated with machine guns where they saw evidence of any large band of warriors and wrought terrible havoc in their midst; but, for the most part, their danger emanated from innumerable snipers, concealed in dense thickets, in tree-tops, or under the dark shade of banana clumps. After a deadly struggle the barbarians succeeded in breaking the morale of the attacking troops by killing a German doctor and military officer and wounding one of the commissioners. Moshi had won the day, though at terrible cost. Not only did she drive the white strangers from her territory, but forced them to retrace their steps to the sea.

The black askari in dogged devotion will follow his officer anywhere, and generally fight to the bitter end to protect him, but with the fall of his master he becomes, like a fatherless child, hopelessly enervated and helpless. An attempt, therefore, on the part of the Germans to maintain their ground after the Moshi engagement would doubtless have spelt disaster. A very much stronger force would be necessary to cope with the hostile armies of Kilimanjaro.

As the defeated troops trudged over the plains on their long retreat to the coast, the elated chief of Moshi despatched a runner, who, from the crest of a hill bordering Marangu, called across with true Chagga irony, "Tell Meriale to meet his father (the Germans) at Himo and receive his spoil at the hands of the conqueror."

Africa's Toll-gate

Their difficulties of conquest were not limited to Kilimanjaro alone. Further south, within the borders of the Wahehe tribe, a caravan of 500 armed Swahili porters under the command of seventeen German officers with a machine gun noticed a body of Wahehe advancing towards them. Before there was time to grasp the situation, they had rushed past the main body of the caravan slashing at the unprepared coastmen. As a *ruse-de-guerre* they continued straight ahead, inducing the Germans to pursue. But while the outraged soldiers were giving chase, they were attacked in the rear by a company of old war veterans, who launched their spears at the back of the foe and pressed forward till they joined hands with their vanguard. Only then was there a chance of bringing the machine gun into use: but while preparing to fire they caught sight of a third company of the cream of the fighting forces, springing from under cover of the forest behind. The machine-gun was turned on them, and for a few minutes they were mown down in numbers; but their comrades leaped over the fallen and made for the remnant of the caravan behind the machine gun. Then followed a mad stampede for the shelter of the surrounding bush as a last hope of deliverance, but three men alone escaped to tell the story: the rank and file of five hundred had paid the price at the toll-gate of darkest Africa.

Meriale in a Tight Corner

In the absence of the Germans from Kilimanjaro, Meriale was placed in a critical position. The force of arms and military stratagem of Moshi and her allies, which had so successfully resisted a battalion of trained riflemen under European officers, could soon sweep Marangu and lay her in the dust. He knew this, and evil forebodings haunted him day and night; for his country naturally would be Moshi's first objective, as it had been in closest league with the foreigners.

But the difficulty of the crisis proved his worth. He rose to the occasion, broke into the deserted fort and ransacked every room for ammunition, which had been left in large quantities. In addition, there were piles of uniform, several drums and trumpets, and a stack of Arab muskets. Numbers of rifles were also found in the bed of the Una River, where they had been thrown by the troops in their flight. When he had salvaged these, he dressed his warriors up to masquerade as German infantry and thus lead Meli to believe that the fort had not been abandoned. The general in this mock drama was an officer's personal servant in whom the gift of mimesis was highly developed. He had often stood on the verandah in leisure hours, watching the askari being drilled in the quadrangle formed by the high stone wall. Now, using the German words of command, he proceeded to exercise his Marangu soldiers, who were rigged up in proper *askari* uniform, turned out regularly on guard, and, after the bugle-call at 3 o'clock, lined up for firing practice.

In the meantime conflicting reports were reaching Moshi day after day, some asserting that they had seen the white men crossing the plains on *safari* for the coast, while others maintained that they still controlled Marangu. As a test of the situation, Moshi sent an envoy to Marangu, saying, " Meli pays his compliments to Meriale and asks him for the ammunition left behind by the Germans." To this a message was sent in response : " I cannot take the possessions of the Germans and hand them to the chief of Moshi. Let him come himself and take them if he can." Still Meli was not satisfied. Determined to take his chances, he collected his men of war and advanced eastwards, arriving at Kilema by mid-day. Next morning his soldiers were to cross the borders and pillage the munition dumps. The vassal-officer of Kilema grew agitated. " Don't you believe a word of it, the white men have not gone away : they are there, every one of them. Wait till 3 o'clock and you will know for yourself," he said. The hour arrived : the bugle was followed by the beating of drums and repeated volleys from hundreds of guns. It was enough : the Moshi chieftain was convinced. The Germans were still in possession and doubtless preparing for a counter-attack, so he hurried back to strengthen his position at home.

Months elapsed and Meriale found the stock of gunpowder running low. In his anxiety he sent a messenger on a journey of 200 miles to Dar-es-Salaam, advising the Germans of his position and imploring them to return. They took him at his word and sent up a quantity of military supplies with the promise that they would follow later to settle the mountain.

Germans Return

When at last with strong reinforcements they approached the mountain for the second time, they were met on the plains by a caravan from Meriale bearing loads of food for the porters. From the hill-crests of Kilimanjaro the Wachagga watched the immense dark line bending westwards towards Moshi. Germany had come back in full strength. Mangi Meli was not prepared to ride in counter with such a formidable host and without hesitation made his surrender. He and his subordinate rulers were tried for their previous rebellion and heavily fined in cattle.

Then on a day appointed every mountain chief from east to west was called to give his formal oath of allegiance to the Kaiser, and Meriale was promoted to head chieftainship. As a final test of the disposition of the natives and the sincerity of their oaths, a standard-bearer was sent alone from state to state, announcing that the mountain was now under the authority of the German flag. He was not molested: the outlook seemed hopeful. But succeeding events unhappily proved this peaceful acquiescence to be nothing else than a calm before the storm.

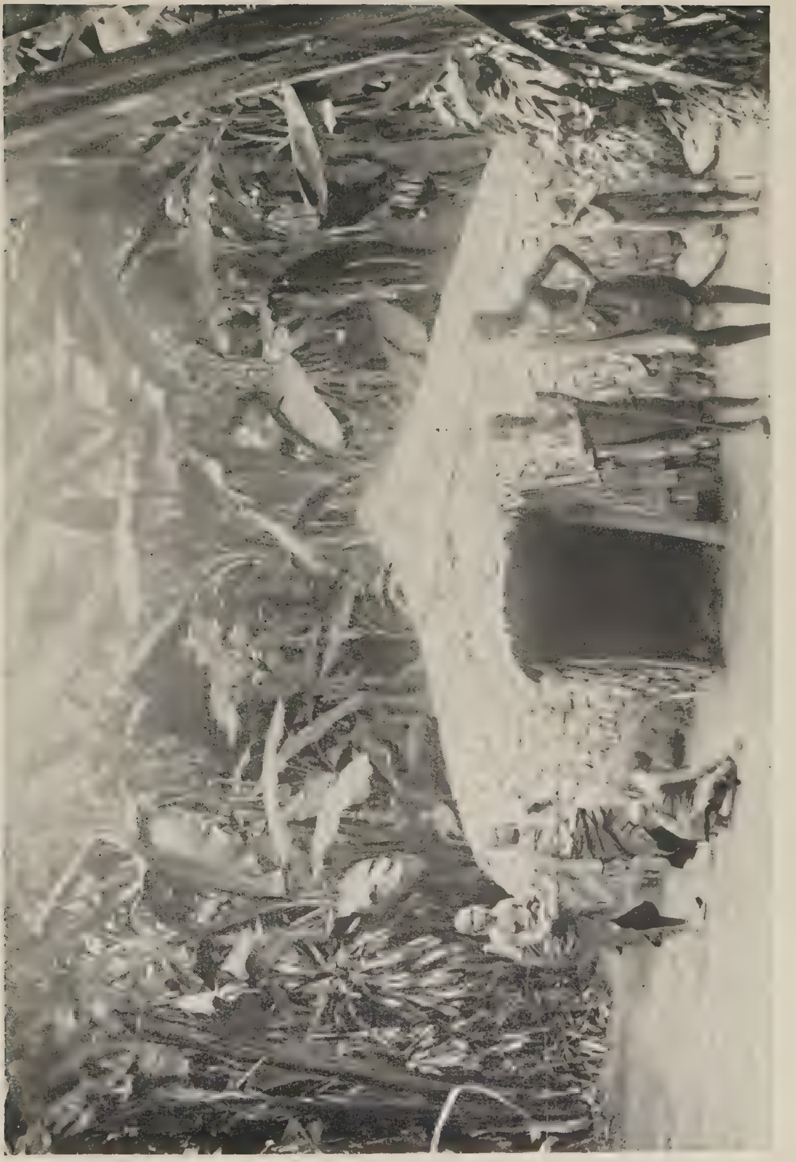
Rombo Breaks the Oath

A biological officer, Dr. Lind, had been stationed for some months below the forest belt of Marangu, when his research work led him to Rombo. While there, he and his companion were surrounded by spearmen and murdered, possibly more from sheer superstition than in direct defiance of authority. Then, lest white men should have the power to resurrect themselves, their bodies were calcined to ashes. Major Johannes, district officer for Moshi, led a punitive raid against the clan, who, after harassing his army with guerilla warfare, were ultimately forced to give up the murderers. These were hanged in public by way of warning, and the ashen remains of their victims removed to the Marangu station.

The wild, warlike Warombo, however, would not be daunted by the execution of their comrades. They unanimously refused to pay the legal taxes and were gradually forced into submission under martial law. The northern district of Machadi was the last to be crushed, for it was wild and inaccessible. Meriale's soldiers were ordered to march in the van of a large following of *askari* and cut down the banana groves with their swords. From early morning till after sundown they slashed away, and the last of the banana plants could be heard dropping one by one in the twilight. Thus deprived of their cover and sustenance, the defenders fled from their homes to the bleak headland towards Mawenzi, but their chief was eventually captured and half his kingdom confiscated as a penalty for his truculence.

Fire and Friendship

Some time afterwards, the district of Urere, having a grievance against Rombo proper, was proceeding to settle the dispute by spear and shield, when in the middle of the conflict she was surprised to find German troops backing up her adversary. Kabula, the chief, shouted over the lines, "Tell the Germans I am not fighting them; Rombo alone is my enemy." The *askari* were ordered to fire into the air in the hope of terrorizing the spirited Urere bands to give ground, but without avail: on they fought in barbarian style. The troops were commissioned to set the villages on fire and drive off the cattle. Only when



ARUSHA HOMESTEAD.

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Kabula looked back to find smoke towering above the banana fronds did he reluctantly yield without having settled the bitter feud.

The German officer called him to the camp for a palaver, but he refused to appear, sending his eldest son instead; for this the old man had to forfeit his office of dignity in favour of the son. Later, it was rumoured in Moshi that the veteran chief was plotting a revolt to regain his position. A German official took a detachment of *askari* by a secret path to arrest him, but, when he descried them advancing along the tortuous track, he ran forward to shake hands. A little informal chat was all the primitive monarch needed to make him ever after true to the imperial ensign.

Facing Death to Save Souls

The next storm broke on the slopes of Mount Meru, amongst the Meru and Arusha natives of Masai ancestry. Two German Lutherans were sent to open a mission station at Arusha and had encamped in the rank forest growth at the southern base of the mountain, where spreading acacias met overhead and lianas covered the network of branches to form a shady canopy from the glaring sun. The closely woven undergrowth had been cut away and in the cleared circle the missionaries' tent was pitched.

In the afternoons the sultry air was filled with the buzzing of flies and beetles, and as the day wore on to evening a dank mist rose from the jungle, and mosquitoes kept up their wearisome hum all night. Frogs croaked unceasingly in the pools. The watercourses showed in their soft spongy banks evidence of the presence of large herds of buffalo, while rhino spoor studded the less wooded foot-hills, and at night the reverberating roar of lions resounded through the jungle. The missionaries were facing the dangers of tropical bush and the foul malaria of the marshes in order to save the souls of the men whose villages and garden plots lay nestled in the folds of the mountain, and who herded their cattle on the yellow sandy plains that sloped for miles and miles away to the south-west.

On the edge of the plateau land overlooking the plains, but in the lee of a towering clump of forest, there stood a little bungalow at Arusha, surrounded by smaller native huts, where a district officer with his *askari* held a government outpost. One day news reached him that the savages had evil designs on the lives of the missionaries, and accordingly he invited them to take refuge in the stronghold.

When the *askari* in blue uniform bore the official message to the lonely camp, the heralds of the cross were unmoved. They had left behind their all in the Fatherland that these dusky tribes of Africa might know the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. How could they now shirk their watch-tower for a current rumour of foul play? With stoical indifference they chose to remain at their post.

The sun went to rest behind the dark, wooded mountain peaks, and the missionaries knelt in prayer for the sons and daughters of Meru. Then all was silent, save for the hoot of an owl in the high branches or the resounding roar of the king of beasts at regular intervals. Overhead the stars twinkled in myriads in the intense blue of an equatorial midnight sky; but thick darkness reigned in the forest, broken only here and there by a tiny quivering point of light caught by the edge of some glossy leaf. Through the blackness the soft tread of naked feet was bringing a band of Waarusha in the direction of the mission camp. With a buffalo shield slung over the left shoulder and a shining spear grasped in the right hand, the dark figures moved along in single file by a narrow bridle-path, threading their way in and out among gardens of sweet potatoes and rustling corn, and then stealing through the forest by a buffalo track to the open clearing. Here the long steel blades did their tragic work.

Morning revealed not only the mutilated bodies of the missionaries but a strangely mutilated harmonium. Quite possibly the latter may have been the basic cause of the sad incident, for it had been riddled with spears, and then broken up till it ceased to "speak." As the zealous evangelists had been playing hymn tunes at the tent door to attract the suspicious, taciturn natives, they on their part had been forming their own dark conclusions about the white-skinned wizards and the deadly sorcery of the "voice in the box." The black man could not think white, nor did the white man realise the effect of his simple music on a savage mind. Misunderstanding had thus led innocent men to give vent to their superstitious fears in gruesome murder.

Punitive Raid on Arusha

Wachagga spearmen were engaged to reinforce the German *askari* for a reprisal on Mt. Meru. From the time of Mapfuluke of Mamba, little bands of Wachagga and Masai had crossed the fifty miles of steppe to raid the hearths of Waarusha and Wameru. But no massed army had ever before trodden out together the length of these trackless wilds. As Kibo gleamed pink in the dawn, the advancing battalions of Chagga spearmen and rifle-armed *askari* under the command of German officers dropped down the long prominence from Moshi to the plains below. As the morning mists rose, there loomed in the grey distance the symmetrical form of Mt. Meru. The several tributaries of the Pangani River that lay between were bridged by fallen trees, and over these improvised arches the little army pressed on through the scrubby belt infested by tsetse fly. Then rising gradually nearly three thousand feet over rough broken land, where the termite has raised his castles high in air, they marched among kigelias, tamerinds, euphorbias, and over the clear foaming waters of the Sanya River. Here at night-fall they bivouacked between the majestic cone of Meru, over whose shoulder the sun had set, and the royal purple of the more distant Kilimanjaro.

The following morning, as the troops invaded the scattered hamlets, the inhabitants fled with their children into the rock-clefts and river beds for hiding, but even there war followed them, and the sparkling waters were stained with blood and the black boulders flecked with crimson. Whole villages were wiped out and thousands of cattle driven back to Kilimanjaro to be divided among those who had participated in the contest.

In the seclusion of their sylvan hamlets, the manhood of Meru breathed revenge, and awaited their opportunity for months till those months merged into years. As they turned over the rich volcanic ash of the plateau with little pointed sticks and watched the seeds grow, watered by the mountain rains and mist, they vowed that no stranger would ever snatch from them the coveted land of their birth, nor drive them from the low, mud huts which to them spelt HOME.

One day an Arusha warrior was sent to the *boma* with a sealed envelope. He and his companion were stark naked except for a goat-skin deftly thrown over the shoulder. Besmeared with mutton fat and red ochre and carrying spears, they walked into the fort, and were escorted to the courtyard where the official was seated. The letter was duly delivered to him, and while his head was bent over its contents, the second man, standing behind the chair, suddenly stabbed him. Then, fast as the wind, the savages cleared the wall and reached the cover of the dark forest. Warfare again broke out, and Mangi Rawaito was executed as being the ruler of the insubordinate state of Meru. (See p. 48.)

Insurrection Plot Leaks Out

Not many weeks had elapsed when the government doctor of Moshi was alone one afternoon with his personal servant, Thomas, a convert of the Lutheran Mission, when there leaked out hints of a massed Chagga-Masai insurrection. The question was thoroughly investigated and resulted in the momentous discovery that Moshi, Kibosho and Kibonoto with their subordinate clans (i.e. the whole of Chagga-land west of Marangu) had mutually agreed with the Masai to banish the foreigners. The time was come for the Fatherland to fight desperately, for an eagle adopts no half measures. The three leading rebel chieftains together with Thomas were summarily seized and sentenced to death.

One of them sent Meriale an elephant tusk as a bribe, begging him to dissuade the white man from taking the life of a chieftain in disregard of Chagga law: but the white men knew none but their own. Meriale, however, in view of the bribe, told the commissioner that the execution of a chief would only excite further outrages. He was officially ordered to pass from Moshi to Kibosho to nominate three rulers in place of the convicted; and, before he returned, the man for whom he pleaded had been hanged in the open. This bold stroke was followed by a complete confiscation of the armoury of Kilimanjaro and Meru. The spears and buffalo-hide shields, which had been the pride of the warrior clans, were commandeered and shipped to Germany.

A blend of flaming passion and cringing fear pulsated in the heart of the Wachagga. The iron hand of the white invader was stern and unrelenting. It was hard to bear, yet harder still to resist; so they bowed under the prevailing régime, to find by degrees that Germany as a master was kinder and more human than Germany as a conqueror.

The raw savages themselves sometimes used harsh measures to teach their own sons. On the Paré mountains it was not uncommon for a man found stealing to have his right hand severed, or for more criminal offences to have his tongue removed. Thus it happened that when Europeans settled among the Paré natives, they were able to sleep in security at night, with wide-open doors, without having goods pilfered. Under a pagan legislation the tribe had been instructed to respect life and property.

Compulsory Native Labour

When the Wachagga had learned their first lesson of submission, they settled down more happily under foreign education to learn the dignity of labour. Every able-bodied man was compelled to work and was well paid for his services. Roads were made through the pathless wilds, handsome stone bridges spanned the watercourses. Railways began to creep inland, which were eventually to link up the cocoanut palms of the sandy shore with the windswept highlands of Tabora and the ice-bound heights of Kilimanjaro. Saw-mills were set up here and there in the thick of the towering forests, where giant trees were felled and cut into smooth beams and ceiling boards of mahogany and teak, camphor wood and cedar. Bricks and tiles were moulded and baked in the kilns. These with quarried stones were used to erect government buildings including hospitals and dispensaries. As

MT. MERU FROM ARUSHA.

IMPROVISED BRIDGE OVER PANGANI RIVER.

To face p. 96.

Europeans flocked into the new colony, the virgin lands were cultivated and thousands of acres planted in rubber. Symmetrical sisal estates and cotton fields on the hot plains were followed by dark green coffee plantations on the higher fertile slopes. Machinery was imported from home for working the crops. Thus a flourishing settlement grew up out of the wilderness, and the natives were turned out as mechanics and carpenters, builders and furniture-makers, policemen and soldiers. They were clothed and well-fed, and every man had his chance to rise. The slave traffic had been quelled, famine done away and bloodshed abolished.

German Misuse of Power

In the administration of justice, however, black and white did not always have equal rights, for the government frequently upheld the European against the native in order to maintain national prestige. A German official named Märke, who had served in an imperial position on Kilimanjaro, retired from the service and purchased the Marangu fort and lands for private enterprise. He planted a large coffee garden, and, pretending that he still held his official position, demanded the free labour to which government estates were entitled. For three to four years Meriale sent his young men to cultivate the coffee farm, till he heard accidentally that Märke was no longer in government employment, and indignantly refused to concede to his further demands.

So, turning to Rombo, the ex-official made friends with its chief, and secured from him an adequate labour supply. Albeit from that time onwards he had his knife in Meriale. He was hated by the Wamarangu whom he had wronged.

One day a band of a thousand men in battle attire, with lion-mane head-dress and monkey-skin capes, entered his compound with Masai spears. To the uniform rumbling of a drum, they broke into a frenzied war-dance in front of the house, behind whose closed door he sat trembling in suspense till nightfall, when they withdrew to Meriale's stronghold. The chief was reported to be in league with the Masai against the Germans, whereupon he was arrested and the case brought up in court. Märke gave his agitated witness concerning the war dance, and affirmed that it was a conspiracy to overthrow the ruling power; but a missionary satisfied the magistrate that the imaginary Masai invasion was nothing more than a theatrical performance played by the youths of Marangu in contemptuous sport. So the prisoner was acquitted.

Time went on, and an old man was found sacrificing a bullock on the Marangu highway. This aroused alarm once more. Perhaps, after all, Meriale was secretly planning insurrection and by the blood of a bull was invoking the aid of the Almighty in his plot.

A Warrant of Arrest and a Timely Warning

One night two messengers set out from Moshi on secret errands. The first was a detective in plain clothes with a warrant for Meriale's arrest. He was instructed to follow the path along the uninhabited plains and to deliver the document at Märke's house the next morning.

The second runner was despatched by a European living over the hills to warn the chief of his danger. But to this day the name of the friendly German has been kept a close secret from the Wachagga. The boy who trudged sturdily that night over the moonlit ridges and shadowy defiles between Moshi and Marangu could have unfolded the mystery, but he kept his trust. Meriale, too, might have confided to his counsellors the message he received at early dawn, but which, in fidelity to the noble white man, he was pledged in sacred honour to conceal. In the grey, chilly morning, before the rising sun had dispelled the low-lying fogs, the bearer, tired with the long night march, halted at the door of the chief's house and called out, "*Hodi!*" (May I come in?) "*Karibu, mwanangu!*" (Draw near, my son!) came the hearty reply, as Meriale opened the door and with kindly courtesy drew up a stool for the young man beside his own. The fire had just been made up afresh on the floor of his spacious reception-room; and, as the messenger stretched his fingers over the kindling flames, he began in soft, animated tones, "My master has sent me here. He overheard yesterday that the government commissioner has determined on your life. Last night a detective left by the Himo road with a paper for your arrest; and to-day you are to be handcuffed and taken to Moshi and hanged. The white man bids you escape to the forest, and asks you to make, this day, a covenant of secrecy in your heart that you will never tell your closest friend who it was that warned you. Tell not even the birds, lest my master should one day suffer through saving you. *Kwaheri!*" (Farewell!)

The bright, cheery face of the dusky chief grew solemn as he sat motionless and alone, brooding over the unexpected message—"To-day you are to be handcuffed and taken to Moshi and hanged." It sent a chill through his strong, wiry frame. He wrapped up his sleeping mat and rug with a change of clothing ready for an emergency, and, out of the corner of the earthern floor, dug up his precious store of rupees, fastening them in a goatskin wallet. Then calling for a few of his most trustworthy comrades, he told them of rumoured trouble with the government, and asked them to stand by him in case of danger. Selfconfident and calm he awaited the development of that day's thrilling events.

Sentries had been posted on all the main tracks to keep a look-out for any one who might be on government service. Suddenly a man came running with the news that Märke himself was approaching on horseback. Meriale sat on quietly. Then, as the steed drew up in front of the house, he rose from among his subjects and stepped forward. "There is a little matter I would discuss with you," announced the rider: "Come to my house this morning at 11 o'clock." "Yes, sir," replied the chieftain, with apparent sang-froid, "I will be there; but I must change. I will follow you immediately."

The clatter of hoofs across the compound and down the road died away. Meriale knew what it all meant. There at Märke's house were the iron handcuffs to lock his wrists, and down at Moshi was the rope ready to cut short his adventurous life. There was no time to lose. Leaving instructions with his elders, he tore himself away from his home and hurried out—not towards the *Boma*, but in and out among the banana stems, through yam fields, across the foaming Una, and over the ridges of Mshiri, never stopping till he had covered the steep slopes of Ashira, and was within the bolted doors of the Lutheran Mission. Here he was guarded by a friendship which he could trust implicitly.

Imprisoned Officers Find a Successful Ruse

Soon after 11 o'clock two of Meriale's advisors, Simeon* and Nakara, and his generalissimo, Sianga, were announced before the residence of Herr Märke. The German looked stern and morose, as the men saluted and Simeon, the spokesman, began to excuse Meriale's absence. "As the Mangi was coming along the road," he said, "he tripped and sprained his ankle, and had to be taken back. He sends you his *salaams* and begs us to represent him and receive your message." "*Askari Njoo! Funga watu hawa watatu*" (Police! Here! Handcuff these three men!) came the stentorian command of the European. Soon the manacled trio in the custody of a couple of armed guards were being marched over the twisting, undulating path that led to Moshi. There they were summarily thrown into prison.

In the meantime soldiers were searching everywhere for the missing chief, spies were watching for him on each little frontier between state and state. Day after day and week after week the grim watch continued for the blood of Meriale, but no trace of the fugitive could be found.

At length Simeon got an opportunity of speaking to the officer of the prison guard, and said, "Master, the soldiers say that Meriale cannot be found. It would be nothing to me to find him and bring him here. I know all his haunts." With that the gaol doors were opened, and Simeon was set free with Nakara to bring in the renegade. Breasting the Moshi hill, the two men pressed on briskly towards their own native glens, breathing once more the air of freedom. As they caught sight of the white church on the mission hill, their hearts beat with keen desire: in yonder hiding place they would meet their loved and honoured ruler.

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* A son of Mangi Kinabo.

They were ushered into his presence, and there the hunted chief and his followers talked things over with the white man. They decided to follow his advice to cross the international frontier and seek British protection. It was a venture of faith for a black man, who knew next to nothing of international laws; but his trust in the missionary was unwavering. He looked into his kind, genial face and knew that his soul was true.

Flight Across the Frontier to Nairobi

The nearest British outpost was Taveta, but on every mile of that boundary Masai guards were stationed to intercept any possible escape. The only plan therefore was to make for Mwika, where the watch would not be so closely kept, and from there drop down some of the wooded gullies into the open plain, and thus pass over the frontier. As the day waned and swift darkness came on, Meriale stole out under the starlight with his comrades. Skirting the forest, he made his way to the chief of Mwika, where he remained for a day or two, while scouts scoured the neighbourhood and planned the best avenue of escape. News spread over the hillside that the government were offering thirty rupees for the head of Simeon and twenty for that of Nakara. Soon the hunt would grow more desperate; so in the cool, dim quiet of the night, Meriale took a farewell glance at Chagga-land, as Napoleon had once looked back on the white cliffs of France, and spat repeatedly in the direction of the distant dome of Kibo. Then with his little band he slipped down the wooded defiles and out to the expansive plains. There on the veld, surrounded by zebra and antelope, he was as free as the denizens of the wilds. The government was baulked; he was now beyond their reach.

Passing beside the deep, blue crater-lake of Chala, with its precipitous walls, he followed the winding course of the river Lumi till it brought him into the forest station of Taveta. Here he threw himself into the hands of the British and was granted protection. By the connivance of the Masai guards, whose fathers he had known, he was visited by many of his faithful subjects, with presents of fowls and honey, goats and sheep, grain and beer. Some who were loath to leave him built conical huts beside his own, till gradually as months went by quite a miniature Marangu was formed on the plains. But these mountaineers could not stand the humid heat and treacherous malaria of the lowlands, and died off like flies. (Lake Chala—see illustration p. 44.)

The commissioner advised the chief to proceed to the British Government headquarters at Nairobi. In those days a Greek, Mr. Filios by name, was running transport from Taveta to Voi, a station on the Uganda Railway intermediate between Nairobi and Mombasa. Meriale arranged to travel with him to Voi. As the cart-wheels rumbled over the fissured plains in sweltering heat, Taita boys were driving the oxen with long leather whips, urging on each by name, and yelling threats against any that were stubborn or lazy. Thus did the descendants of the foremost pioneers of the great mountain drive to freedom the last and greatest of her free-born chiefs.

Meriale stepped into the train at Voi and was soon speeding over the vast plains and climbing into the highlands of Kenya Colony (then B.E. Africa). Everything was new to him, but nothing more surprising than his reception by the government at the capital, where he was fed, clothed and housed for years without charge.

Meriale's Defence and Reinstatement

By international arrangement the Governor of Dar-es-Salaam went to Nairobi to investigate Meriale's case. During the trial the Mangi was still the stately warrior of the mountain. His wanderings and isolation had done little to daunt his spirits. He was accused of attempted revolution. In giving his defence he stretched out his thin, dark hand towards his judge and said proudly, "Long ago I had war weapons, European and Arab guns: my soldiers were strong and courageous. Why did I not fight against the government then? When they returned from the coast, did I not receive them and worked at their bidding night and day? Did I not help them control the land of Chagga? Why should I want to fight them now? The only weapons we have left to us are hoes. The time for me to have fought the government, had I wanted to do so, was when we had our complete armoury. Who is afraid of a bee that has lost its sting? You took my sting from me and then accused me of wanting to hurt you." The case ended, and Meriale caught the words, almost too good to be true, "*Bwana* (Herr) Märke will leave for Europe, and you may go back to Marangu and be chief once more."

The bitter injustice he had suffered in consequence of an ultra-imperialistic German policy had been faced, and the governor escorted him by special train to Voi and thence to Moshi, where he was officially reinstated as chieftain. A crowd of patriotic countrymen escorted him over the forested slopes of his native mountain, reminding him forcibly of the memorable day when Sina of Kibosho and his armies had led him along the same track to install him in the royal seat. It was in the month of March: the first of the long rains had just fallen, and the whole countryside had burst into spring, as though rejoicing in the return of its exile chief. The bananas were fresh and green, and bright, pink balsams peeped out from the mossy hedgerows. Sun birds twittered as they hopped from flower to flower, and crimson-winged touracos shrieked loudly, spreading their wings in flight. In Marangu the Mangi was met by a throng of dancing maidens with tinkling ankle bells, led by his old, grey-haired mother. When the enthusiastic mob reached the precincts of his house, they raised their arms and shouted in wild glee till their cry surged to the very skies.

Overwhelmed by Memories

The complacent ruler ordered the sacrifice of an ox in token of gratitude to God. While preparations were being made for the sacred rite, he strolled round the house, now dilapidated and abused with the wear and tear of years. From the back door was a narrow track leading directly to Märke's house. Here he halted and paused to think: then, covering his face with his scarf, he wept. Memories, rolling back like wild sea waves, had proved too much for the intrepid chieftain. Before him there passed the vista of the days when Swahili servants waited on him, one of whom worked his sewing-machine. His stores were filled with ammunition. His spare-room was open to guests. He talked with the great explorers. Agriculture flourished, and everything bore the stamp of his personal superintendence. He had a battalion of trained spearmen and a contingent of experienced riflemen. Fourteen houses now stood empty to remind him of the faithful subjects who once kept watch there by night. His compound was then brimming with life: he himself had led the dances. Oxen were slaughtered daily for his people—as many as sixty on a feast day. He was wealthy from the spoils of war. The Kaiser had presented him with an officer's scarlet uniform, and a gold cross and chain, for which he, in return, had despatched a pair of elephant tusks. But that white man, Bwana Märke, had chased him from his kingdom, robbed him of all his glory, and ridden roughshod over the feelings of his subjects. His cattle camps had been plundered during his absence till nothing was now left of them. Looking high into the clear vault of heaven with eyes still moist, he exclaimed, " Father, God ! " He could say no more. Then pulling himself together, he returned to

SIANGA—GENERALISSIMO OF MERIALE'S ARMY.

To face p. 102.

the crowd at the place of sacrifice, and offered in silence the expression of thankfulness for his safe return.

For the wounds, sorrows and humiliation he had endured he held Märke alone responsible and bore no grudge whatever against the German Government, whom he was proud to call "*Rafiki yangu*" (My friend) to the last. The officials and settlers in general reciprocated the same good feeling, and admired the stalwart ruler for his bravery and frank, outspoken manner. He had led his people through changing phases of national development with which few chieftains have been called to grapple and with far-seeing intelligence and admirable tact, he had been at once patriotic to his own clan, and yet loyal to the superior authority of the Eagle Ensign. Out of the dim obscurity of savage barbarism, he had shepherded his people through the withering blizzard of slavery and the storm of foreign invasion to the prosperity of a thriving colony.

The "Prince of Chagga" Relinquishes Office

Not very long after his return from exile, he became ill with dropsy, but continued his duties for years, rising from his couch for a few hours each day to attend the court-house and dispense justice among his subjects. As his strength was waning, he moved from the large, stone residence into a primitive grass hut, shared by his youngest wife.

The governor came from the capital to nominate his successor and camped in Marangu with a large retinue of *askari*. In an open space surrounded by a seething mass of gaily dressed Wachagga, His Excellency was seated with several officials at a table in the shade of a high dracæna hedge. Meriale, dressed in a handsome embroidered Arab burnous and red turban, walked across the compound, carrying on his arm the scarlet uniform and gold chain which he had received from Berlin. These he laid carefully on the table; and then, with his old, fiery oratory, he stood up his full length and said: "Receive herewith the robes of Kaiser Wilhelm II which he gave me to wear. See! I have not stained them. He gave them to me and I wore them while I did his work, but now I am tired and I go to rest the long rest of mankind." Then, calling his son, Mlanga, to him, he addressed the governor, saying: "This is my son, blood of my blood and heart of my heart. I was given him by God. Receive him I pray you, in my stead." So Mlanga was ordered to wear the braided uniform and was officially appointed to the chieftainship. The day was celebrated with feasting and song and the Europeans were entertained by native dances.

In the quiet and silence of the succeeding months, Meriale often called into his hut a mission convert named Nathaniel, a student of the teachers' training school in Marangu, who later became a government clerk. To him he related the history of their native mountain, and asked him in turn what it was the white men were teaching him in the seminary. As the young man opened to him avenues of strange, new thought, he bent forward eagerly to catch every word. He heard of the mysteries of the sun, the moon and the stars, of the revolutions of the earth, the source of the rain supply and the secret of the white cloth on the dome of Kibo.

Groping for Light

He listened with breathless attention to the thrilling details of the creation of the universe and the fall of man. Then, as his juvenile instructor went on to tell of Jesus, the only Son of God, who left the glory of His Father's home and came on earth to save the ruined race, he sometimes interrupted with deep, searching questions. He was nearing the brink of the dividing stream that separated him from the world to come; and the story of the Saviour of men was fascinating. "Did He come to save the Wachagga or the white men?" he would ask. "Can He love a man whom He has never seen? Has He saved you? Can He save me?" Thus as the day of life was waning, in the gloom of his dark, windowless booth, the old chief groped eagerly for the Light of Life. But the rest is wrapped in silence—no one knows whether his soul was illumined with the light that streams from Calvary.

The closing scene was told by Nathaniel, and I give it in his own words:—

> "I went to Mangi Meriale in the morning, and he said to me, 'I will not get better, my son. I think I am going to die. Do not forget to write what I told you of long ago, and show it to Mlanga, my son.' I saw him again at 3 o'clock, and I knew from his breathing he would soon give up his soul. An hour and a half later, his spirit left the world; Meriale, our hero, was dead. That night he was buried in a big, wooden coffin and dug into the ground. Good-bye, Father Meriale! May you reach safely the dwelling place of God!"

Thus it was that Nathaniel was spurred on to record the unwritten history of his people, the substance of which has been told in the foregoing pages.

Kilimanjaro Comes Into Prominence

Mlanga came into power at a momentous time. Towards the close of the year 1912, the steel lines from Tanga to the foothills of

Moshi had been laid, and the railway terminus, which was now given the name of New Moshi, became the future headquarters of administration. A few government offices and a European store, a hotel and bank, a post office and hospital, with a solitary bungalow here and there, formed a unique township nestling under the equatorial snows. The fiery-red blossom of one or two spreading flame-trees lent a splash of colour to the dull, brownish yellow of the veld.

Germans now thronged into the country in increasing numbers until every stretch of fertile plateau-land was dappled with cultivated estates of rich production, and the silence of the lonely heights was broken frequently by adventurous parties in the climbing season. Wayside inns were built on the track, and organised expeditions, supplying mounts and porters, were arranged by the proprietor of the Old Moshi Hotel.

The Great War

On August 3rd, 1914, General von Lettow was in Dar-es-Salaam making arrangements for a large exhibition, in the programme of which was the official opening of the Usambara railway, when his plans were suddenly cut short by a cable expressing the fear that Great Britain might join hostilities against Germany. The public display of the brilliant achievements of this young protectorate were forced to give place to practical preparations for a struggle to retain her hard-won ground.

From the coast to Kilimanjaro her territory was shielded by the high mountains of Usambara and Paré. The only break in this natural rampart was the five-mile gap between Paré and the base of Kilimanjaro (see illustration, chap. II, p. 30), where von Lettow proceeded to entrench and fortify himself against British offensive.

The first real blow was struck, however, at the other end of the railway against the little coastal town of Tanga. On the morning of November 2nd its few German residents watched a British fleet of two cruisers and four troopships steaming for the harbour and were astounded when the signal came offering them 48 hours for unconditional surrender. The District Commissioner prevented a bombardment by saying that it was an undefended place; but in the meantime von Lettow was informed of the situation. Requisitioning all the rolling-stock of the Usambara railway, he rushed his forces to the coast, wiring the command to hold on at all costs. The next day several thousand of our troops were casually landed near by at Ras-Kasone. On Nov. 4th they attacked the town, but met with a terrific hail of machine-gun fire and left their dead and dying strewn over the blood-stained beach and among the dark coconut plantations. That was the first of a series of

German victories which culminated in von Lettow cutting the Uganda Railway and approaching the outskirts of Mombasa. But in face of superior numbers he decided to return and defend the strategic pass of Taveta.

Towards this point, in the meantime, Maj.-Gen. Tighe had been making a railway and laying water-pipes over the barren Serengeti Plains. Taveta was the side-post of this dangerous gap, and eight miles to the west rose the Salaita hill like a sentry guarding the bolted gateway to the massive fortress of German East Africa.

On March 8th, 1916, General Smuts, commanding the East African Expeditionary Forces, by reconnoitring stratagem and skilful, misleading manœuvres, advanced the main body of his troops against the enemy's left flank and took the foothills of Kilimanjaro. Then, making his base-camp in a rubber plantation below Marangu, he engaged in a series of actions, gradually driving the Germans back through Kahé and over the Pangani River into the mountains and down the Tanga railway towards Usambara. Within twelve days of his arrival, Kilimanjaro district had fallen to his hands, and within ten months the whole campaign was ended. Then there followed a romantic chase after von Lettow, who dodged his pursuers through river, swamp and forest and over mountain crag. He was almost surrounded near the Rufiji, but escaped capture by the bold expedient of crossing into enemy Portuguese territory. He swore he would rather march into the sea than surrender. And when, some days after the armistice was signed, he heard the news and gave up his sword, it was within striking distance of Abercorn, at the extreme north of Northern Rhodesia.

Fighting the Deadly Elements

General Smuts, writing of the expedition, said, "Climate, geography and disease fought more effectively against us than the well-trained forces of the enemy." It was a deadly march through a land of great mountains and white plains, through foaming rivers and malarial bogs, across miles of waterless veld and leagues of mud, over barren, trackless wastes and impenetrable jungle of wild luxuriance. Officers of the Royal Artillery were compelled sometimes to scale trees in order to see anything of the targets on which they were directing fire. Men shouldered their way through thorny scrub till their khaki uniform was torn to ribbons and their bare limbs were lacerated and bleeding. The parasitic life of the villages and grasslands swarmed over them as they bivouacked by night. They fell a prey to the scourge of tropical diseases. The returns for a single week in the different hospitals amounted to 9,000 men, 4,000 of whom were whites. Mechanical transport got bogged among the reeds of the papyrus swamps and horses died by the thousand in the treacherous tsetse-fly belts, but our brave lads marched on, sweltering in the pitiless glare of a tropical sun, with reduced rations, lack of water, and fever raging in their temples. It was not a story of bloodshed, but of grim, physical endurance; not a war against Germans but a close fight with the deadlier forces of nature in the African tropics.

Résumé of German Rule

And against the same treacherous elements the pioneer German colonists had themselves struggled in the initial conquest of Tanganyika Territory. With perseverance, sheer hard work and good organisation, they had weaned the raw savages from their internecine strife and converted them into a vast community of valuable citizens, respectful and subordinate, useful to Europeans and contented with their lot. They produced honest servants, diligent and truthful, but incapable of welding themselves into a nation. They taught handicraft rather than book-learning and were disciplinarians rather than philanthropists. But, with certain exceptions, they were good masters, taking a personal interest in the welfare of their men, who served them with a fidelity arising from esteem. Generous with rations, liberal with wages, they were alike careful to attend to the smallest medical needs of their employees and to punish the slightest offence.

Remembering the British Dead

Fourteen short years free of insurrection had sufficed them to build up a flourishing colony. Then came the Great War. Another fourteen years later, on Sunday, November 11th, 1928, Sir Principal Phillips, writing to the *Daily Mail* from Dar-es-Salaam, said:—

> " Of all the commemorations of the Armistice throughout the Empire, none had a more impressive setting then the ceremony of remembrance at the harbour front of this capital of ex-German territory this morning.
>
> " The cenotaph overlooks the enclosed harbour, which presents a scene of extreme tropical beauty, and from its promenade are visible the hulks of German ships, sunk early in the war and now half-buried in mud.
>
> " The familiar ritual of the day was observed with great dignity and beauty and not the least significant feature was the presence among the spectators of a number of German residents, who wore the red emblem of Poppy Day and watched with grave faces the rendering of this tribute to the British dead."

PART II

CHAPTER VI

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

THE shuttle that worked to and fro on the loom of time during the years of the Great War wove into the very woof of national life a long, black thread of devastation and death. How we sighed in relief when it ended! How we secretly hoped to find a rich thread of gold flashing across and gleaming against the dark weavings of universal hatred! But our expectations did not materialize. We have all watched intently as the varied threads have been interwoven in their intricate design—desolation and want, unrestraint and selfishness, lust for gain and pleasure, followed by temporal prosperity and educational advance, religious indifference and moral decadence. But through the fabric runs a fine, gilt thread of an awakened conscience, which here and there forms an exquisite flower of gold on the duller ground-work.

A Garden Gone to Waste

It was towards the close of the year 1919 that I first passed through the ex-German colony of Tanganyika Territory, held by Great Britain under mandate from the League of Nations. If I remember rightly, there was only one train a week running from Moshi to Tanga, and it carried about half a dozen Europeans, each of whom started with a picnic-hamper for the journey. At most of the stations the absence of white faces was conspicuous. The natives were friendly and cheery, but dressed in rags. As the train drew up, little batches of men and women came on the platform selling ripe bananas and pawpaws, sugar-cane and limes. The railway buildings were impressive, whitewashed stone houses roofed with tiles; but the whole country we traversed was like a deserted garden. We passed through miles and miles of rubber estates, now overspread with trailing creepers and choked with tangled undergrowth which swept the carriage windows as the train brushed by. The jungle, too, stifled vast sisal plantations, whose valuable hemp was lost to commerce. The fibrous leaves were already impoverished for want of cultivation, and the plants had shot up their 15 ft. of flower stems, making a scene of tropical luxuriance all gone to waste. Sisal factories, once bee-hives of industry, were closed, and machinery which cost thousands lay rusting. Beautiful homes stood empty and forlorn, with broken windows and paths overspread with weeds. A garden summer-house had been eaten down by white-ants, and then buried beneath a 12 ft. rose bush in a mass of crimson blossom. All that remained witness to a large dairy-farm were the crumbling brick walls of the house, whose iron roof and ceiling-boards had been pilfered by the natives.

On the slopes of Mt. Meru, coffee farms were completely swamped by rank forest, so that the tender, glossy leaves of the coffee plants could not be distinguished from the maze of succulent brushwood and young trees through which my guide and I had to squeeze ourselves. There was very little sign of any commerce with the coast. At one station, half a dozen bales of strong-smelling, sun-dried fish from Lake Jipé were being consigned to the goods-van. But these, with a few bundles of hides, a box or two of fowls, and some baskets of oranges were all that the interior was supplying to the seaside market.

Mars Superbus

The cruel waste of war was brought home to me vividly when, with this picture of ruined Tanganyika estates fresh in my mind, I visited Germany in the spring of 1922. There in a garden café in the Rhineland, I chanced one day to speak with a frail, elderly gentleman, gracious and refined in manner, though shabbily dressed. He had been a banker once, but with his family had ventured out to Tanganyika Territory to try his fortune in farming. He was now a widower, seventy to eighty years of age; his sons had been killed in the War, his East African estates had been forfeited, and (as I learned later from the waitress) he had been reduced to living on scraps left over from the tea-room and doled out to him each evening free of charge. True, such a tale was common enough, yet I could not but think of the unused properties, now rotting out under a tropical sun.

Bandits and Bolshevism

In Moshi and Arusha most of the coffee farms had been bought for a mere song by Greek traders, who thus came suddenly into large fortunes. But these kindly, hospitable and easy-going people were not disciplinarians like the Germans, and the Wachagga were not slow to seize the opportunity to regain a measure of independence. The government was handicapped by an inadequate police force, and caravans were accosted by freebooters, who rushed down from the rock-clefts and gullies of Kilimanjaro and systematically held up *safaris*, capturing their loads. A white police officer found it necessary to dress up as an Arab and after the fashion of the "Mystery Ships," take a contingent of his trained *askari* as porters with empty boxes in the reported direction of the haunts of the highway robbers, inducing them to attack. As soon as the first shot was directed against him, every case was flung to the ground, and the soldiers returned fire and rounded up the brigands.

A British naval commander who was acting in an administrative capacity remarked that when he entered the capital he could have dropped a bag of gold in the street of Dar-es-salaam, and it would have been returned to him; but the wild unrestraint that followed in the wake of war had made it unsafe to leave a car outside for a brief hour at night without having the petrol drained off in the interval. Tanganyika, in a lesser degree, was suffering from the reaction that Russia had experienced when her Imperial government was overthrown. Besides this, thousands of Wachagga had gone to the front never to return. Homes had been broken up, and, where the father was absent, children became insubordinate. The younger generation were quickly conscious of a lengthened tether; and, sniffing the air of liberty, defied restraint, and made off on wild paths of lawlessness, disdaining alike government authority and their local board of elders.

With the exit of German settlers, they took possession of many vacated farms, picked the fruit, dug up the coffee, and herded their goats and sheep over the fresh green pastures of grass and weeds, which in the tropics so quickly cover ground that has once been tilled. Under these conditions, Europeans could scarcely expect to be welcomed to Kilimanjaro. The unfortunate purchaser of enemy property on the mountain had to face the disfavour of the jealous tribe who in the past has come through fire and blood to maintain her rights. Nationalism was at last stirring the Chagga heart.

The Call of the Wilds

Knowing little of Kilimanjaro and less of her peoples, I found myself, by a long chain of circumstances, drawn in 1924 to make my home on her sunny slopes. Africa has always had a special charm for me. I was nursed on her bosom from my infancy not far from Nairobi. I loved her expansive wastes, her strange, romantic hills, her portentous days and weird dark nights, and not least her dusky people. As a child, in the early days of the British East Africa Company, I had been carried across the Nairobi plains when the site of the present capital of Kenya Colony was an uninhabited waste, a sepulchral field of human skulls, bleaching under a brazen sky. I had lived in a rough, clay house on the rolling hills of Ukamba, where my parents faced danger and privation, loneliness and hardship, in order to carry out the last commission of the King who was crowned with a crown of thorns. By a daring enterprise of faith in the God of Elijah, they had worked for nearly a quarter of a century, unconnected with any society; and when the last penny of their capital was expended, God himself intervened and supplied their wants, till they made their station self-supporting by fruit-growing. Converted from infidelity, my father had burned out his life in zeal for Christ in Ukamba, and three graves had been the price which Africa had demanded from our family circle as the cost of bringing freedom to her sin-bound sons and daughters.

Bolted Doors Open a New Venture

Ukamba was home to us more than any other place in the world. We knew the people and their language, and they loved us with a deep devotion. But it happened that in 1924 my widowed mother, my sister and myself returned to find the door of Ukamba barred against us; and, in one of those mysterious ways which seem more fathomless as we try to sound the bottom, we were led to Kilimanjaro—perhaps partly in answer to the prayer of Bishop Hannington, recorded in his diary: "*Mar.* 19, 1885.—May God give Chagga to His Son."

And so one blazing noonday found us leaving Nairobi by the down train for Voi, across the Athi plains, where ostriches, hartebeest, gnu and gazelles complacently stared at us as we jogged past. A stifling breeze came in through the carriage window from the parched ground as from an oven. Evening wore on, and our serpentine track bore us across a charred prairie,* beyond which the fire still gleamed towards the rolling hills of lower Ukamba. Bright blue jays and white storks were hovering around the line of flame catching myriads of locusts and grasshoppers thus dislodged by the heat. The sun sank in a purple haze, the cool, night air was wafted across the veld, and darkness enshrouded the landscape; but the wild laugh of a hyena from the gloom without, the plaintive howling of a pair of jackals, showers of ruby sparks from the wood fire of the engine, and clouds of red dust pouring into the compartment were all reminders that we were travelling through Africa.

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* *Note*:—The veld is periodically set on fire by the natives towards the end of a dry season to secure fresh grazing for their cattle with the ensuing rains. The intense heat of the ground over which the fire had passed accounted for the very high temperature of the wind.

It was nearly midnight when the train stopped at Voi Station at the base of the Taita Hills, and we changed for Moshi. The Kilimanjaro train was not to start till morning. The carriages were standing back in a siding, and there we settled in comfort. Crickets, mosquitoes and frogs filled the air with their continuous music, but we soon went to sleep, and did not awake till the sun had risen, and the sing-song chant of Taita boys sweeping the station premises stirred us to the activity of a fresh day.

Westward Ho!—Over the Veld

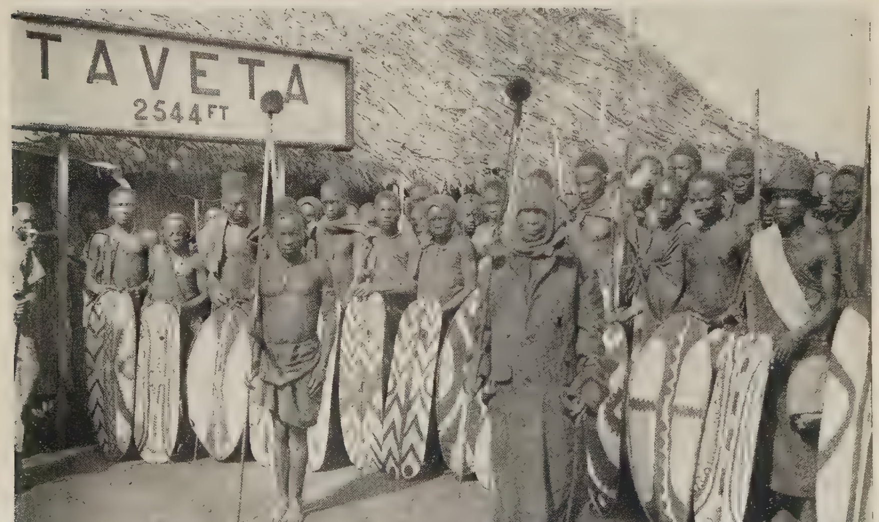
Breakfast was served in the station restaurant, and before long our train was puffing slowly in a south-westerly direction, every hour taking us further from the tribe we loved. In the trail of the famine-stricken Wakamba and the down-trodden Taita pioneers, we were moving towards the great, snow-capped Kilimanjaro. Beside the railway lines ran the red, beaten track by which Meriale had returned from exile to his Chagga homestead. So we, too, had now heard the irresistible call of the mountain, and, though not led by the same motives which lured our swarthy predecessors, we followed in their wake across the plateau.

A lonely expanse of dull grey vegetation stretched on either side. The grass was scanty, growing in single tufts, between which could be seen the bright red laterite soil, sometimes built up by termites into narrow tapering columns six feet high. The trees stood far apart, and then clumped themselves here and there with smaller shrubs. The prevailing flat-crowned mimosae gave place occasionally to stately baobabs or monkey-bread trees; but for miles the same monotony reigned, broken once or twice by a thorny shrub covered with a mass of yellow blossom, or a flowering lily growing out of an ant-heap. Neither antelope, bird, nor murmuring brook disturbed the quietude of the boundless wilderness, whose silent grandeur both charmed and impressed us.

Leaving the Ndara mountains away on the left, we turned almost due west towards Bura. Now the scenery changed; fresh, verdant hills rose up on our right; banana bowers and corn fields bordered the little rushing stream. At Bura station a merry crowd of Taita girls, wearing masses of green beads and strips of calico daubed with oil and clay, were soon doing a roaring trade with the native passengers, in sugar-cane, paw-paws and plantains. We had with us an Mnyamwezi servant, Jumaa, who in Nairobi had begged for work, and was engaged to accompany us on the journey. He had been very attentive all the

TAITA SWEEPERS AT VOI STATION.

A KILIMANJARO RAT.



WATAVETA WARRIORS AT TAVETA STATION.

To face p. 112.

way in handling our luggage and cleaning the carriage, and now saved us from the scramble and din of this noisy mart, bringing us an armful of luscious fruit for a few pence.

Beyond the Bura Hills the thorny desert grew more and more grim, and as the sun ran its course through the heavens the air became hotter and hotter. Not a single river watered these Serengeti Plains. At one lovely little station we walked silently a few yards from the platform to see the graves of the fallen soldier lads. A wooden fence divided them from the surrounding wilds, but the coarse grasses of the prairie like the poppies of Flanders had grown up over them rank and tall.

Taveta

The vast waterless veld came to an end at Taveta Station, but even at half past four in the afternoon the heat here was terrific; the sun glared like a ball of fire. The local inhabitants belong to the Wakwavi section of the Masai race, and are closely allied to them in appearance, but, having no cattle, they cultivate the rich, alluvial lands that border the Lumi River; and in the towering forest that has sprung up on its banks they have built their secluded hamlets. On leaving Taveta, we entered a park of tropical splendour watered by broad, sparkling, snow-fed rivers, whose brinks were overhung with dark, tall trees. Kigelias dangled their long, grey fruits from a height of twenty feet or more; and rhino trees were smothered in a mass of vermilion blossom. Between these the rafia palm spread its glossy leaves. All nature revelled here in wanton profusion. Little clearings by the water-courses were planted with beans and corn, sugar-cane and paw-paws, sweet potatoes and millet; beside the gardens stood square native booths, where women were grinding their grain for the evening meal, or plaiting palm-leaf mats, and men were chatting in Swahili, some squatting at the edge of their verandahs, while some reclined at ease in deck chairs.

The Spell of the Mountain

The sun dipped in the west, the night breeze stirred through the trees, and, as we put our faces to the open window to catch the cool, soft air, we saw above the clouds the faint pink snows of Kibo. Heavy cumulus clouds had wrapped themselves round the mountain so that only the dark foot-hills were visible; and then away in mid-heaven gleamed the glistening crown of ice that scarcely looked as though it belonged to our lower world at all. It would, I think, have been possible for a casual, uninformed traveller to have passed along as we did that evening, with keen eyes intent on the surrounding scenery, and yet never to have noticed the dainty fairyland that loomed 17,000 ft. higher up against the sky, dazzling in its daring.

Arrival at New Moshi—The Gate of the Mountain

We reached our destination at New Moshi terminus in the pitch black of a moonless night, and had our passports examined by a police officer. A crowd of natives surged outside the station-barrier with hurricane lamps, some to welcome their black brothers from the train, and some clamouring for the porterage of our luggage, which was quickly snatched by a dozen willing hands and carried to a little hotel near by. Our Greek host, with whom we conversed in Swahili, could not be surpassed for kindness and generosity. The accommodation* was primitive, the beds in need of repair and the cement floor broken up in parts. The white-ants from their subterranean homes made nightly ravages on the visitors' luggage. But everything that could be done for our comfort was done with grace. We paid two shillings a day each for our lodging; and Jumaa was allowed to prepare our meals in the hotel kitchen and serve them on the verandah. Thus the days passed quickly and pleasantly, while for two months we made Moshi our headquarters, and took our bearings. The Government officials showed us unwonted kindness and hospitality. As it was in the middle of the cloudy season, with chilly nights and temperate days, we were able to travel without fatigue over the length and breadth of Kilimanjaro and its "environs."

Moshi occupies a very central position and is the gateway of the whole mountain mass, which rises precipitously above her and whose front is pierced by picturesque gorges and deep ravines. Viewed superficially, her verdant slopes consist of one great banana garden from Useri on the east to Kibongoto on the west, but broken at Kibosho and Uru into profitable coffee farms, whose Greek owners each resides in a neat stone bungalow, drives a car and has the latest machinery for working his lucrative crop. But in reality the country, which thus appears solely a mass of banana groves surmounted by a rich forest belt, proves on careful examination to have concealed in its hidden recesses many thousands of Chagga hamlets.

A Market Scene

The black citizens of Moshi are a cosmopolitan crew representing nearly every tribe in Tanganyika—Wanyamwezi, Waswahili, Wachagga, and Waparé, on all of whom the Arab influence has clearly left its mark. They speak good Swahili, and adopt generally the coastal dress of shirt, loin-cloth and turban, or white *kanzu* and red tarboosh, whereas in Kenya Colony the natives copy their European masters and sport a khaki shirt and shorts. The *sokoni*, or native quarters, lies about half a mile from the European section of the town. Low, rectangular, mud houses with sloping verandahs are built in rows to surround a large, open square, in the centre of which stands the raised market place. The colour and babble of the miscellaneous concourse of people that gather here is characteristic of the whole colony. Half-nude maidens from the country bring in their bananas for sale. Paré boys swing along with baskets of rice. Swahili women wearing blue *kiniki* (cotton cloth) gracefully draped about their shoulders sit patiently beside their little pile of flat cakes of bread which they have baked in the early dawn. An old, grey-haired Mnyamwezi is selling his sugar-cane, and a youth beside him is arranging his onions in twos and threes at a fixed price. Cobs of milky corn, some fresh from the stalk and some roast, find a ready market. Sweet potatoes tempt the hungry, while egg-fruits, red peppers and tomatoes attract the wealthier Swahili-Arabs and Indians. But the hum and bustle is always greatest around the meat stalls at the further end, where the personal servants of Europeans, with superior airs and a little impetuosity, push through the waiting crowd of customers, and demand the best joint for the *Bwana* (Master). The *dukas* (shops) are owned mostly by Indians and display an endless variety of gay clothing and footwear, cigarettes and mouth-organs, beads and wire, garden tools and hurricane lamps. The sewing machines are singing all day long, making shirts for the men and trimming plain cloths for the women. Long-eared goats of good milking strain wander about in the early morning, picking up orange peel and banana skins; and when the night dews have disappeared, hundreds of these beautiful domestic creatures are rounded up by the shrill whistle of herd boys. They nibble their way down towards the river to feed on the green brushwood and slake their thirst from the clear, rushing waters. As we made our daily visits to the "town" we often had the great pleasure of conversing with the Moslem inhabitants. As their Holy Koran makes mention of Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ) it was not often that they did not dash indoors to bring out a relative or friend to listen to further information about the Man for whom Mahomet had such respect.

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* This once humble inn has since been admirably renovated and extended.

Do you know that Isa Masiya is expected to return to the faithful?" we told them once.

"Yes, we have heard that, but for what purpose will He come?"

"He will come as King. Once He came and gave His life for the cause which His Father had created Him to preach. He was murdered because He spoke true words. But nevertheless the sacrifice of His life did a very strange thing for all men on the earth."

"What was that, Memsahib?" asked an enthralled listener.

"He died that we might be free for ever and that we might rise again at the last day to live in Eternal Peace."

"Mahomet also promises us Paradise."

"But, my friend, Mahomet cannot save you from sin and create in you a new, clean perception of life."

And so we pass on, leaving their hungry souls to talk over in bated breath the amazing story of the Passion. Not once were we turned away, and seldom did any one raise his voice in opposition. It was the same story everywhere. As Greeks sipped their coffee on the verandah of the hotel, motored us out to their homes or entertained us under their roofs, that same burning theme mutually held our conversation.

Marangu to Become our Home

After two months we seemed to be part of Moshi itself, knowing every one, from the courteous administrative officials to the blacksmith, the Indian shopkeepers and the native community at large. But every day we looked out on Kilimanjaro and hoped that we might settle on her populous ridges. The only available ex-German property in Chagga land was a seven acre plot in Marangu, which included the wayside inn used for mountaineers on expeditions to the snows. This we purchased, and arrangements were made to move into our new highland home. A Greek builder remarked to us, "So you are really going to settle with the Wachagga! They are the worst natives in East Africa—and the Wamarangu are the scum of the Wachagga."

We had hoped to have our Nairobi servant, Jumaa, with us in our fresh venture. He was a big, good-natured man of cleanly habits and respectful disposition. But we were rudely taken aback when several "boys" in the hotel complained that he had been borrowing small sums of money from them all and begged us to enforce repayment. He confessed to having borrowed the stated amounts which he had lost through gambling. Added to this, there came an intimation from the civil authorities in Nairobi that the police had been for some time on his tracks for arrears in rent. He had found in us temporary respite from the arm of justice. So Jumaa had to go! His month's wages were almost due, and, after his miscellaneous obligations in the hotel had been met, he was dismissed with the small balance to his credit.

He sat sulkily on the verandah, however, and refused to move without his full quota. A broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, he was more than a match for the hotel waiters, but time was left to do its work. Evening wore on to night; he grew hungry, and while the visitors were at dinner, he slunk away under cover of darkness without a word. A day or so later we brushed up against him as he was boarding the train for Voi; and, with a cheery smile and "*Kwaheri Mama!*" (Good-bye, Mother!) he parted from us on the best of terms and went off happily with his new employer to try his luck in another venture.

Radcliffe Holmes

Two Chagga boys, Morris and Moses, took his place, and one of them was sent on ahead to clean out the bungalow ready for occupation. A lorry had already been engaged to convey our goods and chattels as far as the Una river, beyond which lay our future home. The servant came back to say that European travellers were encamped in the house and would not be leaving for another week. We found that the gentlemen were none other than the renowned Radcliffe Holmes and his party on a photographic expedition, who found that the dark rooms of the brick bungalow and the clear, cold water of the adjoining spring combined to make an excellent base for developing their negatives. A little persuasive note from the *Boma* nevertheless induced them to vacate and move their headquarters to another empty house in the district.

Forward!

The road was now clear. Furniture and the heavier goods were lashed on to a motor lorry, and the smaller hand-luggage sent by porters over the high mountain track in charge of Moses. We shared a private car with the bank manager and his sister, who were going to Marangu for a holiday. Soft, downy mists wreathed themselves gently round the ice-capped crater, but above stretched the stainless blue of an unclouded sky. As we launched out from the friendly town of Moshi into the heart of Chagga, little did we know what the future held in store for us, and better so; but it was with mingled sensations of hope and secret misgiving that we drove away from under the massive heights of Kibo across the wooded plains towards Marangu.

Over rolling steppeland, where Masai in primitive, ochre-bedaubed dress were pasturing their sleek-skinned cattle, we passed by rustic bridges to the River Himo. A large sisal estate was followed by cotton fields, where men, women and children were together harvesting the fluffy pods. Here the blue-green of a castor-oil plantation and there acres of golden corn appeared, interspersed at intervals with strips of woodland. The latter included gigantic, grey baobabs from whose branches were suspended native honey-barrels, short, thick olives, overspreading sycamores and cotton trees. These gave cover to troops of baboons and wild boar which frequently raided the cultivated areas and did a great deal of mischief.

At Himo the car broke down, but happily the lorry was behind and came to our aid. With our fellow-travellers we mounted high on top of the goods. The old wagon swayed and creaked as it rumbled over the rough track. Even by lying full length on the boxes, we scarcely prevented our heads being grazed by the projecting branches of rubber trees from a wild, neglected estate. As the incline grew steeper, the lorry with its heavy load could not take the hill, the more bulky cases were flung to the ground, and we were obliged to walk the last mile or two of the beautiful road, beyond which towered the glorious grey peaks of Mawenzi.

A furrow of running water tumbled beside us under tender, green ferns, and from the hedgerows aloes shot up their flame-red flower-spikes. The overhanging plantains gave place to dark coffee bushes, splashed with masses of fragrant, white blossom like freshly fallen snow. Swarms of wild bees were gathering their store of honey, and sun-birds twittered in the trees above. Past a farm house, displaying a show of brilliant magenta Bourgainvillea, and up along an avenue of wattle, we came to the short, spongy turf of the Una banks, where the rest of our belongings had been stacked. Here a lively throng of inquisitive Chagga youths had gathered around. Threading our way through the babbling crowd, we crossed the river by stepping-stones, climbed the steep hill, and followed the winding path past the old government fort, whose derelict walls were draped with moss. The white-washed garrison church surmounted by a little wooden cross stood in solitude on our right. Further along the sloping hillside, a sparkling spring bubbled out of the earth. After supplying an artificial channel with its cold water, which swirled under the brambles by the roadside, it splashed into the ravine below.

Our Humble Home

On a rocky projecting spur high above the road stood a rather dilapidated tiled bungalow, walled in on one side with stone, resembling somewhat a miniature Italian fort. This was henceforth to be our home. From the verandah a maze of rustling fronds stretched away to the

OUR HUMBLE HOME.

AND THE ROAD LEADING TO IT.

A BANANA GROVE.

NAAMAN ON THE FOREST TRACK.

To face p. 118.

dim plains, where the Paré Mountains formed an amphitheatre of delicate purple, and Lake Jipé lay at their feet like a silver wand. Here and there little wreaths of blue smoke curled heavenwards, denoting the scattered hamlets of the natives. The position was delightful but the house not so perfect. The doors were without keys, the window-panes broken, the roof leaking badly and the verandah in holes, while all that remained of the kitchen premises were the bare foundations, the remainder having been carried off by the Wachagga.

A former mountain guide and German *askari*, named Gideon, had been living here as caretaker and charging Europeans for a night's shelter to provide himself with a little pocket-money. We shall not soon forget his unsolicited kindness that evening. A dank mist was blowing down the mountain, and we were sitting wearily on our portmanteaux round a fire in the middle of the dining-room floor, when he brought in a kettle, cup and saucer, silver spoon and bottle of milk for our tea. He was invaluable, too, during the busy hours that followed, helping to unpack the goods at the river and sending them to the house by a batch of rowdy children. But night fell, and swift darkness, accompanied by signs of a coming storm, drove us home, leaving many of the cases unguarded on the open track. The bleak, wild night of rain and wind which followed came as a blessing in disguise, for though the water leaked in through the broken tiles and poured into the wooden cases, wetting our mattresses and rusting our tools, it acted no doubt as a deterrent to the thievish natives who might otherwise have been plundering the goods.

The Use of a "Witch's Eyes"

Early next morning the Moshi porters filed up on the verandah and were paid off. Moses complained that three of them had given trouble on the road, refusing to carry their loads. Their wages were therefore cut, and an extra allowance given to their comrades for discharging double duties. But the delinquents would have none of it and boisterously clamoured for full pay. Not far distant, a group of Wachagga watched with intense interest the outcome of this dispute: our prestige among them might be determined by the present issues. Finding their frequent demands ignored, the trio were silent and sullen for a time: then my mother, with field-glasses to her eyes, walked slowly and deliberately towards them. They sprang to their feet and fled down the path and away out of sight, never to return. No doubt they had seen the binoculars used during the war and had attributed to them some magic, destructive power.

Settling In

By the evening of the second day our household stuff was safely stored in a large room formerly used as a shop and separated from our three-roomed cottage by only a yard or two. At one end of the dining-room was set a cooking stove, with its flue through the window; a piano in the further corner, a table and a few chairs completed our sitting-room furniture. Then, as a necessary precaution for our general safety, we started fitting locks to the doors, but, while absent for half an hour taking lunch, one of the duplicate keys was slipped from the store-room lock. It came as a gentle warning that nothing was secure except within bolted doors, so the lock was quietly replaced by a new one.

Crowds of girls and youths applied for work, and we set them with hatchets and hoes to clear the terraced orchard at the back, where lemons and oranges, custard-apples and mangoes were overgrown with grass and choked with parasitic plants. We engaged five old, grey-headed Chagga masons to build up the kitchen, and others to mend the roof, cement the verandah, construct a fireplace and erect a wood-shed and bathroom. Thus the precincts of the house were daily a scene of ceaseless activity. But we found regularly as we checked the tools at night that many were missing. Labourers engaging on a month's contract would work for an hour or two in the morning and make off with a new hoe or bright, steel axe at noon, and we were helpless to stop it.

Petty annoyances multiplied. A crowd of Wamarangu, cleaning the road that led through our property, were found to be chopping away the edge of the furrow that supplied us with water, and, on being asked to desist, promptly obeyed. The next minute, however, they had received contrary instructions from a tall figure in the centre (who proved to be none else than Mangi Mlanga, the son of Meriale) whereupon they slashed away more vigorously than ever, till the water was streaming across the path, and the lovely little ferns and balsams that clothed the banks were ruthlessly cut away. With all our varied experience in Africa, we had never encountered such defiance from any natives: clearly our garden was not our own. But, when a British official called on us a few days later, the haughty, young chieftain was commanded to make good the damage and build up the water channel. This was done, but the water supply from our head spring was constantly cut off and diverted into the main stream—and that at a time when we needed the water for mixing the clay for building.

An Unlawful Squatter Evicted

During all this time our Moshi servants, Morris and Moses, stood by us faithfully. They alone seemed to be our friends in the midst of foes—and naturally enough, too, for it was Marangu, not Moshi, property on which we were settling, and land-ownership had become a touchy point with the Wachagga. Perhaps we made things temporarily worse by our subsequent actions. A few yards from the entrance to our home a debauchee with her pale, half-caste daughter had planted her hut and dug her garden on our ground, and the servants were constantly being lured into this den of vice by the offer of free, hot suppers at the close of their day's work. We decided that she must leave and accordingly ordered her to quit her grass booth; but she assumed a very defiant attitude and stood her ground. It was a case of open rebellion. Here we were, three women alone on the mountain, thirty miles from the nearest British officer to whom we might appeal for help and with no means of conveyance. The case seemed desperate.

Taking the reins into my own hands, I sought to enforce obedience. I crept into the dark, filthy dwelling—I have not seen worse before or since—and removed from out of the grime the few, scanty effects, handing them to a boy at the door; a clay pot and a water-cruse, a wooden spoon and a calabash of grain, an ox-hide and a few loads of firewood. At my first approach, the woman fled, but when the unpleasant operation of clearing out the dingy hovel was almost completed, and I was unfastening a heifer from its tether, a man of about thirty-five came on the scene and affirmed that this was his mother's hut. I expected him to show more opposition than he did; he appeared somewhat stunned and perplexed. "Now carry these things away," I said, "and come to-morrow with your mother and I will settle this affair, but she may not sleep under this roof another night." He refused to move. I saw plainly that the moment I withdrew, the hut would be re-occupied, and my efforts to evict the unlawful squatter would be baulked. I therefore took the precaution of removing the sheet of iron, which was used to block the narrow doorway at night. The man began to realise that I was in earnest and took the ejected goods to his own house. One thing only remained, a store of maize cobs, hanging from the branch of a large tree near by. "These, too, must be removed," I insisted. "How can I climb up there to unfasten them?" he muttered in a surly tone. "If you cannot climb," I replied, "I can shoot them down for you with a gun!" Without another word, he was up the tree like a monkey, untying the rope and lowering the suspended granary to the ground.

The following day at the appointed hour the man turned up in a more congenial mood to have his cause examined. The old masons, who by reason of grey hairs had attained to the dignity of judges in the tribe, were called to witness the proceedings. Eliciting from them the cost of building a new hut, we handed the amount to the presiding elder, who slowly counted it out on the ground for the young man. Then, on a sheet of note-paper, ornamented with a large red seal to add import to the document, there was scribbled an acknowledgment of the money. To this the recipient was asked to attach his thumb-mark in place of a signature. The leading Chagga veteran now rose to the occasion, though I had called him merely as a witness to the payment. " Put your thumb to the ink, my son," he began, " and press it here on this paper." He obeyed. " You see that mark now, that is your name, and hereby the white-woman is giving you twenty shillings to purchase your old house. With this money go and build a new one. You may take your bananas from the garden: you may transplant the young shoots, but tell your mother she may never sleep again on the floor of the hut which has been sold."

Further Trouble

The atmosphere cleared for a week or two, and the sick came daily for medical aid. But a man caught red-handed stealing fruit was ordered ten strokes of the *kiboko*,* which the house-boys duly administered. And—possibly in retaliation, I do not know—the servants had the wall of their mud house broken into and their entire belongings, including wearing apparel and a quantity of cash, stolen in broad daylight. A native detective was sent up to investigate the case and was engaged in questioning certain suspected persons, when one of us, while strolling down the road, happened to espy an old woman turning off our water supply. We had been vexed and inconvenienced all too often by the closing of the furrow, but had never found the culprits. Now, however, was an opportunity to maintain our rights, if indeed we had any, especially as we had first-hand witness, and a representative of the British police force was present. The old lady was told that she was to accompany the detective to the government offices for trial, and in the meantime she was consigned to the only locked room where she could not do any material damage—the empty chicken house! No sooner had the door been secured than she started to kick it violently, shouting to the passers-by to come to her rescue. Then in a different vein she sang lustily for half an hour, with the double purpose of showing defiance and attracting attention. Presently a mob of some fifty or more with sticks and clubs hurried up the front path, led by the young chief, whose aunt it was we had thus imprisoned. Intoxicated with blind rage he raced up to the house. Crossing the verandah with his excited retinue, he made a dash for the chicken house, saying, "Unlock this door, or I will force it open." "Do so if you like, friend," he was told, "but you, too, will then be taken to Moshi to account for your illicit behaviour this day." The fury of the bystanders rose, and in their mad frenzy they urged him to high-handed arson, shouting, "Give us the word only, and we shall bring to the ground this white man's dwelling. You are a chief: now order your subjects and they will obey." He demurred a moment and then without answering them, resolutely walked back to the front of the house and, sitting on the wall, began to write hurriedly on a scrap of paper.

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* A whip made from the hide of the *kiboko*, or hippopotamus.

A Worthy Chief and the Mob at His Heels

His discretion at this juncture won our admiration, and, lest he should suffer contempt at the hand of the mob, whom he had disappointed by his silent restraint, we invited him into the dining-room to finish his correspondence, at the same time writing ourselves to the district officer to inform him of the strange happenings of the day. As he sat there at the table, we had our first opportunity of scrutinising the swarthy figure of the chief. Mlanga was tall for a Bantu and had a stately bearing and gracious manner like his father: his forehead was high, his countenance open, but his face was bloated with excessive beer-drinking. He was weak and of nervous disposition, sensitive, good-natured, yielding easily to any influence. A slight lisp, which was scarcely perceptible in ordinary conversation, was accentuated under provocation. There in our home he seemed considerably softened towards us, and we were not unfavourably impressed with him. His thin, damp hand betrayed in its warm grasp deep emotion.

But the crowd that surged round the verandah was hostile and sullen in the extreme; and even when the chief took leave of us, promising to convey the prisoner from the lock-up to the police station in his private car, the jeering rabble lingered on the lawn and attempted to prevent us passing to the highway.

One of the younger masons nervously whispered to me, "You must go very, very gently with the Wachagga; they are not like other black-men. If you would teach them, it must be slowly and softly by degrees: they cannot learn a big lesson in one day. I have heard their threatening, and, *angalia* (beware), your goods are in great danger! They call you '*Bibi Simba*' (The Lioness)." "Well, listen," I said, "and I will tell you a little *hadithi* (yarn)." Twisting Aesop's fable to suit the occasion, I began:—

> "There was once a lion caught in a net of thick rope, and, try as he would, he could not get away. He roared through the

> forest, but his mate did not answer the call. Presently he saw a tiny mouse popping its head out of a hole near by. 'Come and rescue me, my friend,' said the lion, 'and I will repay you one day.' So the mouse crept very timidly up to the knotted mesh and began to nibble through the rope till he had made a hole big enough for the monster to escape. Ever afterwards the little creature made his home beside the lion's den, and, when a wild cat or an owl threatened its life, the grateful lion defended his faithful young friend."

The man clapped his hands and laughing merrily exclaimed, "Oh, *Memsahib* (Madam), you are a real Mchagga."

Boycott

Some days later we had a communication from the government to say that the chief had been severely reprimanded for the riotous conduct of his subjects, and we had no real trouble regarding our water supply after this. But force does not rule the world. It controls and checks evil only up to a certain point, but no further: it cannot change the heart. The clear water flowed uninterrupted past our gateway, and the cynical crowd never again joined in an uproar or threatened our safety. But their boisterous opposition turned to—what was infinitely worse—secret hate. They left us severely alone, ceased to cultivate our garden, refused to carry our mails and boycotted us at every turn. We had milch goats and no one to herd them: we had rickshaws, but no one to run them. Scarcely could we get firewood sufficient for cooking purposes or milk enough to meet our needs. The Wamarangu made it so uncomfortable for our house-servants that they, too, left us and returned to Moshi. We had a burning message to give, but no one wanted to hear it from us.

I am ashamed to say it, but it is true—we knelt down and asked God to remove us from Kilimanjaro and allow us to go back to Ukamba. If our entire capital had not been sunk in the house and furniture, I have little doubt that in the extreme depression and utter loneliness of the few succeeding months we would have sought to evade the weight of our cross and to have looked elsewhere for a less thorny path.

Inveterate Thieves: Suspicious Enemies.

A few of the riff-raff of Marangu, most of whom had never entered a European dwelling in their lives, looked for housework. Some came out of sheer curiosity, but many in the hope of getting away with the value of their month's wages after a few days' service. We kept everything under lock and key as far as possible, but such a race of thieves we had never before encountered, taking clothes from the line, eating raw beef as they brought it from the slaughter-house at the Una River, stealing our eggs and cooking them in the kitchen. We fenced the garden and planted it with potatoes from Nairobi, but they broke through the fence, dug up the tubers and then replaced the tops in neat rows as formerly. A youth bringing our week's butter supply from Moshi demolished the whole two pounds. The oven door was padlocked, pilfering was punished with judicious chastisement, but still it continued almost undiminished. We employed more girls than boys, and some of them took days to learn how to turn the door handle, and long before they had mastered the art of cleanliness they were off again enjoying the wild freedom of their unkept, mountain hamlets.

We started visiting the villages in the neighbourhood, working gradually to win the affection of and gain a hearing with the tribe, but the chilly reticence of watchful enemies made it the hardest thing in the world to be winsome, much less to preach. Entering a compound one evening, we announced our arrival with the usual, "*Hodi!*" (May I come in?) but instead of the polite, coastal response, "*Karibu Mama*" (Draw near, Mother), a coarse, gruff voice from within growled, "What do you want?"

"I have only come to see you and to have a little *mazumgumzo*" (chat).

"Whom do you want to see?"

We mentioned his name, and the man, screening his identity in order to avoid us, crawled out of the low doorway murmuring, "He doesn't live here—go down this path to his house." Others never answered at all, but left us to retire with thwarted purpose. A few listened indifferently or assented coldly to all we said, but behind their ready acquiescence there was neither passion nor sincerity.

We were once called to see a man supposed to be dying, and found him writhing in agony from sun-stroke, for which he was immediately treated. In a week or so we learned that he was on the way to recovery, and, seeking the first opportunity to visit him, we climbed the steep hillside to where he had hung his little hamlet near the track to the snows. As we approached the booth the most unearthly groans and sighs reached us, and the brother met us, saying, "He's very ill indeed—he is too far gone to be seen to-day." However, we persistently urged the importance of further helping the sick man, and at last he was dragged out from the hut to the cool shade of a large banana clump, still moaning and rolling his eyes in a weird fashion. Something made us suspect that we were witnessing a mock play rather than a tragic reality; and so it proved, for on examination the pulse was found to be normal, the forehead cool and the tongue a clear, ruby red. The cause of this deception, we learned afterwards, lay in the Chagga custom of the witch-doctor claiming a goat from his patient on recovery, and we were suspected of coming to look for our fee.

We visited homes where boys and girls lay dying, stretched on a few handfuls of dried grass in the close, hot atmosphere of a room occupied by several cows and half a dozen people. Seldom were any tears shed, but, in their primitive way of showing affection for those of the same blood, they sat motionless by the unconscious form and periodically tried to force the patient to take nourishment—not infrequently by this means hastening death through suffocation. The insanitary and repulsive condition of some of the Chagga dwellings defies description.

Black Comfort !

Sometimes we longed to be alone with the twittering of the birds and the pure freshness of nature in the verdant forest, but it was too far away. Our nearest retreat we found in the abandoned fort close by; and one day, after particularly trying circumstances, we were sitting on the turf in the deep shadow of the garrison church facing Kibo and gathering there new strength for our task. But presently an *askari* came on us unawares and, saluting, handed us the patrol-book for signature. European residents were expected to report on the prevailing conditions of the locality, mentioning if necessary any insubordination of the natives.

Business was over in a minute, and the big Kavirondo soldier, with a face as black as soot and teeth as white as pearls, hesitated before continuing his round. Looking down in a kindly way, he asked, " Why are you sitting here on the grass when you have a house over there ? "

" We are resting here because it is quiet, and we love looking at the snow up yonder."

" But you are three women alone: where is the father of the family ? "

" God took him years ago," we replied.

" Ah, yes ! " continued the simple old savage, doing his best to comfort us, " Well, you see, I have some chickens at home, and when I take it into my head to have one I *kuchinja* (kill) it and no one can say

REVEILLE IN MARANGU.

MANGI M'LANGA AT HOME.

BAPTISM OF THE INNOCENTS.

CHAGGA HUT AMONGST BANANAS.

To face p. 126.

a word to me. And we are all God's chickens, are we not? So He snatches one from the flock when He chooses." His condolence was crude enough, but we appreciated the sympathetic heart from which it came.

Policy of the German Mission

As we got into closer touch with the Wachagga, we found that the tribe as a whole was devoted to the German Lutheran Missionaries, who had adopted the reverse of the policy of the German government in that they strove to build up a native church organisation independent of European supervision—and to a large extent they had succeeded. So, when the missionaries were forced to leave their stations after the war, the Chagga pastors and teachers carried out their ministerial and educational duties without salary. "We are praying for our old missionaries to return," they told us; "they knew our language and were like a father to us in times of trouble."

Rotten at the Core

Certainly it was self-evident from the prevailing conditions in the church that a guiding power was needed to take control. Corruption had eaten into the vitals of the professing body of Christians. Two native pastors living close to us, after preaching on Sunday morning, were regularly drunk in the evenings, and as we strolled quietly on moonlight nights we often met the teachers and deacons staggering home under the influence of intoxicants. A timely rebuke was answered with raging insult. The churches and schoolrooms were packed for the Sunday services, but, as soon as the religious worship was over, the young people of both sexes joined in a heathen dance in the surrounding compound to the accompaniment of singing and the loud beating of a drum. This continued in unvarying monotony till the evening. The children were disrespectful alike to their elders, their chief and to Europeans. There was a sore lack of discipline on every hand and no one apparently in a position of real control. It was common to hear of boys stoning their parents and making off with a sheep, which they sold for ready cash to squander at will. Morality was at a low ebb, even within the church circle itself, and a theory of salvation by baptism was freely propagated, which seared the conscience of those who thus signified their attainment to grace. So crime was rampant among the church members, whose religion earned a bad reputation with the seriously minded, untutored barbarians.

One of the principal deacons was Simeon, a wealthy coffee planter, who had figured largely in Meriale's escape from the clutches of Bwana Märke. Before his baptism Simeon had been guilty of burning one of his wives alive in the fire and now was little improved, for he attempted to spear his own married son, and that over a petty dispute regarding the use of a water-channel which irrigated each of their gardens in turn.

American Missionary is Chased with a Hatchet

Pending the return of the Germans, some American Lutherans had taken charge of the hill-station of Mamba, but these good people were greatly handicapped in being unable to speak the language. They did what they could nevertheless to investigate affairs and minimise error, suffering indignities at the hands of the natives sufficient to exasperate any philanthropist. At the same time they encouraged the natives to adopt European dress. For their part, the Wachagga were only too glad to don any gaudy finery that the Indian shop-keepers might make for them, and a roaring trade was done in flimsy, cotton garments, and flashy handkerchiefs and socks.

One day a burly fellow, named Kunda—a " Christian "—living on mission land, was found to have concealed in his hut quantities of tools from the carpentry shed and clothes from the missionaries' wardrobe. A man who was sent to recover the stolen property, on stating his errand, was chased from the premises with a hatchet, the thief pursuing to within earshot of the mission house. Here a hand to hand struggle took place amid repeated cries for help. The assailant had his opponent on the ground when the American came to the rescue, revolver in hand. But in an instant Kunda let go his captive and drove the missionary right back to his very door, brandishing the axe and shouting, " *Rudi wewe, mpumbafu!* " (Go home, you fool). For this he got a few months' imprisonment, but the church was unable to remove him legally from mission ground owing to his long residence on the estate.

Some time afterwards trouble arose from the same quarter. Reinforcements of German and American missionaries had just arrived and occupied the Marangu station, when they were called to assist in rescuing a Chagga girl from Kunda's hut. One of them had attempted to do so alone, only to experience a repetition of the former disagreeable encounter with the dangerous ruffian. A little band of white men, therefore, armed with rifles filed down the narrow path to the edge of his enclosure, where they demanded the release of the girl whose cries could be heard from inside the hut. Kunda rushed out to find several guns levelled against him, but he was too dare-devil a type of man to be thus frightened into surrender. He had become sufficiently acquainted with the law to know that civilians had no right to use* arms except in self-defence. So in wild frenzy he harangued the missionaries, dared them to fire and, menacing their lives, tried to drive them back. Finding that they could not accomplish their end, they eventually withdrew and asked the chief to take steps in the matter. Even he and his officers had a similar warm reception, but at last Kunda one evening was arrested by guile and committed for trial though finally acquitted.

The Coffee Craze Leads to Agitation

An incident that caused even greater stir in the district centred around Märke's old coffee estate. The natives had already learned something of the substantial revenue which the coffee berries yielded annually, and over the mountainside they had been planting every available corner of their holdings with the valuable shrubs. Their avarice led them to tear up banana plants which formed the source of their staple food supply, to substitute coffee seedlings. With the increase of population they had been breaking the sods further and further up the hill, almost to the border of the forest, at 6,500 ft., embracing hundreds of acres of pasture-land. Thus their cattle were committed more or less to the inertia of cruel confinement in the dark, ill-ventilated bee-hive huts, where often they became blind and wasted. Men guarded their land rights with increasing jealousy and wherever possible encroached on their neighbour's property, if only to add an extra row of coffee to their existing plantations and thereby gain just so many extra shillings to spend on dress and pleasure. Money-making became a wild craze.

And so it came about that, when a Britisher who had bought Märke's estate was checking the surveyor's landmarks, he discovered that the Wachagga had trespassed across his boundary and had planted some hundreds of coffee trees on his farm. They repudiated his claim, and, when to their amazement they found that he was uprooting their trees on the disputed patch, a wave of savage fury swept through Marangu. The withered plants were taken to the Mangi, and in face of their agitation, Major Orde Browne, the Provincial Commissioner from Arusha, found it necessary to visit the people and allay their outraged feelings. Although the planter was in the right, he was severely boycotted and for months was unable to work his farm.

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* Kunda knew that under Indian Penal Code it is illegal to use in defence a more formidable weapon than that of the assailant.

Such instances multiplied around us, and by personal and general observation we were more and more impressed with the fact that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Gratifying as it is to secure justice, it is infinitely higher and nobler to forgive. The greeds and lusts of humanity had only been intensified by warfare, and their feverish hatred inflamed. What they needed now was a cooling balm transcending every remedy the world could offer. Immortal love translated at Calvary was the only solution to the enigma of the raging passions of men. And if ever Kilimanjaro was to feel its power through human agency, it could only be by the path of sacrifice, endurance and prayer.

CHAPTER VII

ORA ET LABORA

Love grows but stronger when assailed :
Love conquers where all else has failed.
Love ever blesses those that curse ;
Love gives the better for the worse.
Love unbinds others by its bonds,
Love pours forgiveness from its wounds.

A. S. Booth-Clibborn.

To give a true impression of the scenes that unfolded themselves in our personal experience of Kilimanjaro, I ask my reader to come back with me to the morning when Mangi Mlanga and his furious followers surrounded our house. While the storm of hate was raging, a little woman left the verandah and somewhere in a back room, unseen, knelt down and prayed for the salvation of our chief and for the Wachagga our enemies. The whole picture is adjusted only as subsequent happenings are brought into focus with that critical event. It was then that love and prayer, more powerful factors in the world than all the marshalled forces of justice or retaliation, began to operate. We had come to a nation of children difficult to manage, but reformatory-school methods had failed. We decided to work and pray for the Wachagga, whether they hated us or not, whether they boycotted us or not, whether they responded to our message or not. If we could not reach the masses, en masse, we could speak to individuals as man to man, and, though on one hand we might be brow-beaten, on the other we might reclaim lost souls.

We visited the woman whom we had evicted, and were surprised to find that she received us amicably and showed no resentment.

A Point of Contact

The chief's younger brother, Itosi, begged us to teach him English and, though we disapproved of the natives learning our vernacular, we grasped this further opportunity of influence. We ourselves could not speak Kichagga and only had a smattering of corrupt Swahili such as is used in Kenya Colony, but while the ambitious learner accomplished his own ends, he also improved our knowledge of Swahili. This was to be our medium of intercourse in Chagga-land, where it is spoken by all except young children and the very aged. From the lips of the African it is very melodious and has a merry ring about it.

Secrets Divulged—Gaining Confidence

Late one afternoon we entered the village of our pupil, who drew out several chairs for us and himself squatted on the ground with a crowd of his companions, spinning yarns of the old fighting days, of Meriale's adventures and of the power of witchcraft. They said they could point to the very rocks where Kikorwi once had lived—the Giant Snail which had power to heal a wound or restore breath to a lifeless corpse. They took us into Meriale's house, now slowly tottering to the ground—two pillars gone, the balcony falling in, and a tree growing out of the verandah. Together we entered silently the vacated hut where the great chief had been buried and wandered to the ancestral shrine, where his bones were encased in a cash-box. Then through their gardens they led us to the mouth of an *arisi*, or underground cavern, where in former days the Wamarangu, when out-numbered by their foes, had fled for safety with their wives, cattle and little ones. The unhappy refugees, they told us, were sometimes smoked to death by tobacco fumes, when their place of concealment happened to be discovered by the enemy or disclosed by a traitor. Although the entrance was now partly blocked by a quantity of loose soil washed down during the rains, it was plainly evident that the opening was large enough to admit of the passage of cattle. It is commonly believed that the cave extends for a couple of miles towards the banks of the Una.

The confidence that led these young men to divulge their tribal history was a sign of softened hearts; but we did not always find the same reception. As the winding lanes led us past hamlet after hamlet, we systematically visited each in turn, sometimes to find an unexpected rebuff and seldom sincere interest or true friendliness. The latter, however, evinced itself more as time went on. If we were welcomed to a village, the owner often showed his appreciation by escorting us home to the gate and calling some tiny tots to carry our stool, lamp, books or pictures. Occasionally when pugnacity repelled us we passed through a village in silence.

I remember coming to the home of a young fellow, a butcher by trade, who scowled on us fiercely, muttering, "What do you want?"

"We are bound for the next village higher up," we replied (feeling that our intrusion here was resented) and his son led us through the bananas to the entrance of the adjacent enclosure. Before we parted we had a talk with the child, and he ran back no doubt to repeat everything to his father. For weeks, even months, that young man was always at the outskirts of the little batches of listeners that collected on the road. How he traced us was a marvel! At sunrise we would be chatting with a group of old men and suddenly find him standing behind. A mob of school children would congregate to look at a coloured picture, and he would join the throng; or at night by lamplight as men and women stopped to talk with us, he would stroll down some wayside path and stand back in the dark shadow of an adjacent hedge, where he could catch every word.

My "Black Brother"

Then one day he plucked up courage to take the offensive and discuss with us the problems of life that weighed on his mind. We found ourselves on common ground. He belonged to the same great family as we, alienated from the same God by a sense of guilt. He was groping to find his way back as I myself had done in my 'teens. The doubts that once clouded my dim horizon now clouded his, and the poignancy of an awakened conscience that wet my pillow with tears came to him as a dagger-thrust, though it wrung no tears from his eyes. Heaven had only one answer to his strivings and mine—THE CROSS.

The March of Civilization

The Chagga race as a whole stands just where the English once stood, and *they may yet become what we are to-day*; but, whatever its destiny, development will be more rapid. In the last decade one turn of the wheel has brought class distinction hitherto unknown among these primitive peoples. High up from the broad, beaten track that half encircles the mountain, the Mchagga still lives in his conical grass hut with his wife and family and lies down to rest at night on an ox-hide: his flocks and herds dapple the green slopes that fringe the jungle. He cannot read or write but lives in happy contentment in his naïve simplicity.

One Sunday morning we sat beside one of these humble shacks under the banana fronds, in company with two or three women who had emerged from its shelter. One was old and white haired, but her little black, wondering eyes beamed brightly from under a wrinkled brow. Apparently uninterested in our topic of conversation, she suddenly arrested the attention of the woman sitting next to her and pointing to my Mother said, " Look ! Isn't that like the neck of God ? " It was the whiteness of the skin that impressed her. No doubt she had in her mind a vivid picture of a Creator of immaculate whiteness, whose glistening house of snow rose up in sublime dignity beyond her plantation.

The frank honesty of mind which these people exhibit would make some of us blush. A war-worn veteran with strong determined face softened by age, welcomed us to the door of his tiny dilapidated booth. He spat on his hand and then took ours in warm reception. We spoke of God : he pointed to the sky. " Do you ever speak to Him ? " we asked. " Speak !—He is the first One to whom I speak in the morning " —and he spat towards heaven once more his own form of inarticulate prayer.

" Do you sacrifice still to Him ? "

" Mama " (Mother), he replied, " my goats and sheep are finished and I have but one cow left. The last sacrificial vow I paid was in my young fighting days. I went to war with Meriale and the Germans against Arusha. We came back with a very great spoil, and I was given two goats as my portion of the plunder. These I sacrificed to God. I had been surrounded by ten Waarusha who intended to kill me, and I escaped out of their hands, so I gave to God this my thanks for His deliverance."

My Lord, the Husband !—and his Spouse

The simple pagan that clings to the forest zone lives his life almost entirely apart from the more enlightened community lower down, that have stepped into the rear of the great march to civilisation. Deriding the intelligence of their humbler brothers, they no longer dream away their lives in idle complacency. They have risen from the long sleep of centuries to realize that the world is in progress and they are being left behind. Their wants have multiplied, and in the wake of growing ambition there has followed keener commercial activity, increased jealousy, more highly strung emotions and more liability to succeed in the race of life or come down crash in the attempt. But, because men have had greater facilities for progress than the women, civilization in Chagga-land has tended rather to widen than to bridge the gulf between man and his helpmeet.

The man, we observed, lives in a dwelling quite superior to that occupied by the inferior specimens of the race—the women and children ! He enjoys often greater luxury than the Irish peasants in the white-

OUR SERVANTS IN CHAGGA VALUATION.
Left—5 cows. Right—2 goats.

NATIVE VILLAGE IN ZANZIBAR.

A CHARMING THIEF.

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washed cabins of Connemara. His square house, not infrequently built of stone, has two rooms in one of which stands a raised bedstead of local workmanship, with a string mattress and an overlay of vegetable-down from the wild cotton trees. In the other he has a clay oven where he bakes his bread, a table and chair, an ink-pot and writing-pad, an alarm-clock, a tea-pot and a tin of Brooke Bond's best. A few odd china plates, cups and saucers, silver and cutlery are supplemented in a few of the grander houses by expensive European beds and wash-stands, drawers and pictures and a wardrobe of Arab and European vestures of distinctive quality. A tea-kettle and aluminium saucepan, a hurricane lamp and primus stove supplies the gentleman with his *cuisine*. Except on invitation, the wife is not allowed to enter her husband's apartment, and when he goes for a walk the door is secured and the latch-key dropped into his breast pocket. Should he be taken ill, he is nursed by neighbours of his own sex, who keep vigil with him by turns day and night till he recovers.

But the poor woman sleeps in a beehive hut the size of a cottager's living-room with the children, cattle and fowls in an atmosphere thick enough almost to cut with a knife. If there are several wives (for the Wachagga are polygamists) the favourite resides nearest her lord, and the others with their offspring build on separate plots of ground, perhaps one or two miles distant. The jealousy among these women is very keen—so different from Ukamba where a man may have anything from two to thirty wives living agreeably in the same enclosure and combining together to hold their own in suffragette fashion against the interests of their hen-pecked husband.

A Girl for Two Goats!

As girls, the women may have had equal educational facilities with the boys, but, as soon as the damsel is married and fettered by the shackles of domestic life in savagedom, she has no longer a chance in life's warfare. Law denies her the shield of justice. She is the property of her father or, at his decease, of her eldest brother to be sold at their discretion to the man who bids the highest price. Five cows is an average; but we had a maidservant, a quiet conscientious girl though somewhat dull, whom her brother said he would sell for two goats. "The purchaser then," he argued, "will have no room to complain that he struck a bad bargain in buying so stupid a wife."

Woman's Burden and Modern Respite

If the husband has advanced sufficiently to be a shop-keeper, machinist or trader in hides, stock or cloth, he will probably not soil his hands by assisting in the cultivation of the garden; and the Chagga women have no enviable task in terracing their sloping ground and producing a rotation of crops from the stony and often impoverished soil. Even where such extremes of selfishness do not exist, the man rarely bears his share of the burden of life.

The main advantage the weaker sex have gained so far by civilization is the rest of the seventh day, which is strictly kept by all nominal Christians. Then taking full advantage of their release from the monotonous tread-mill of toil, they will spend the best part of an hour in the early morning at the edge of some water-way—(the furrow below our window was a favourite centre)—washing their heads and scrubbing their hands and feet with pumice-stone out of the bed of the stream. This done, they plaster the face, legs and arms with rancid butter and finally throw gracefully around their bodies a fancy Indian cloth, or pull over the head a braided cotton dress, completely covering their grimy garments of the week. Sometimes with shoes and stockings and even parasols, these maidens, old and young, flock to church and parade the highways for one day in seven. But a newly-arrived American missionary lady remarked after her first visit to the large native church that she did not know how she could get used to the smell of the decayed ointment (!) and unwashed garments that choked the building.

Dark Path of Endurance

When, however, the streams of people congregated for worship in Kichagga, we slipped down to the villages of the non-church-goers. Leaning against the door of her hut, a beautiful woman smiled one morning as we approached. Her smooth hands and long fine fingers, her high forehead and Caucasian nose marked her as one of noble birth, but only a single well-worn cloth draped her figure. In her soft eyes there was a pathos and sadness which we could not explain. Slowly she turned over confidingly the pages of her history. She was a daughter of Meriale and her father had sold her for fifteen cows to the chief of Rombo. But she had no children, and her husband ill-treated her most cruelly, beating her and striking her on the head till at last she ran away. After her unhappy experience of being wife to a chief, she begged to be re-sold to a common man. "Never!" retorted the proud monarch. "I will barter my daughters to none but royalty!" It was arranged that the chief of Kibonoto should take her free of charge and pay for her later only if she had a family. A baby girl and then a boy came to her about the time of her father's death, but the drunken ruler abused her savagely, and, because no price had been paid for her purchase, she made this an excuse to flee to Marangu with her two children. " And will you go back again ? " I asked.

" The men are just arguing my worth," she replied, " and when the cattle are paid I must return. You see I didn't want to marry him, but they made me go : a Chagga woman can't refuse. Can you refuse in Ulaiya (Europe) ? "

" Yes ! As often as we like," I said.

" Oh that's splendid ! " she ejaculated : and then folding her hands she looked thoughtfully to the ground, brooding over her harder lot. I would have given the world to have snapped her chains. " But," she said, " I'll go back willingly for the children's sake : I love my children." The next time we passed through the village she had gone—back to her dark, lonely path of endurance.

Our First Visit to Mlanga

It was some months after our arrival in Marangu that we had the courage to call on our aggrieved chieftain, Mangi Mlanga, for he continued to evince animosity and was personally responsible, we believed, for the taciturn attitude of the people generally. We happened to have the pleasure of a visit from Professor and Mrs. Hedley of the Brisbane University, who were anxious to take a few snapshots of the chief and his counsellors. On a shady lawn encircling the courthouse we found the swarthy ruler sitting in the centre of a crowd of natives, with knees drawn up to their chins and heads half buried in their blankets for the sake of warmth. On approach, Mlanga did not stir : but when the new-comers had been introduced and he learned that they had travelled from a far country to see Kilimanjaro, his interest was at once aroused. He led us down a long straight avenue of dracæna to his two-roomed bungalow and gave us seats on his front verandah, which was latticed by a mass of vivid bourgainvillea creeper (see illustration, chap. VI, p. 126). In the centre a fancy, painted door opened into a central passage, on the left of which was his bedroom with an iron bedstead, mattress and mosquito-net, and on the right a storeroom in which the official registers and files were sacredly guarded. On the dusty, ill-kept verandah stood two great beer-barrels, each carved from a solid tree trunk. They were empty, but quantities of loose barbed wire prevented interference with the valuable liquor they generally contained, to which Mlanga like his father was alas too easily addicted ! After a prolonged toilet, he appeared in the scarlet, braided coat of a German military uniform and spotless white flannel trousers, creased *au fait*. Three cameras were operated while he posed for a photograph, and as we bid him "*Kwaheri*" (Good-bye) he made us promise to let him have a copy of the picture.

Weeks flew by, and as the heat and drought increased day by day we found ourselves enervated and depressed and so arranged for a few days' respite in the cooler uplands above the forest. We wrote to the chief, as local representative of the British administration, asking him to keep an eye on the house in our absence in case our young and all too untrustworthy servant should fail us. He sent a curt reply, saying, "Look after your own property: that is your business, not mine!" I confess we were stunned. Besides, my sister and I had already resolved to pay our respects to him and to give him his photo which had arrived from Australia: but how in face of such discourtesy, not to say rudeness, to carry out our intention was an embarrassing proposition. We prayed but hesitated. We sang a verse, "Tho' the foe may rage and gather as the flood," etc., and then decided to beard the lion in his den. I am not sure who was the more nervous, the chief or ourselves. Certainly I never before felt such a coward. The chief appeared very much perturbed as we announced ourselves at the stone steps of his verandah, where he was conversing with about a dozen men. "Good morning, Mlanga! We have brought you two pictures of yourself," I began, drawing from an envelope a snapshot which he accepted rather timidly. "Bwana Hedley has sent you that all the way from Australia; what do you think of it?" "Mzuri Sana!" (Very nice!) he said, never attempting to raise his eyes from the print. His subjects gathered up closely to inspect and made a few remarks under their breath, approving of the rather flattering likeness of their ruler.

A Mysterious Picture

"And now," I continued, "here is another picture of you"; and we unrolled a beautiful coloured reproduction of a painting of the Prodigal Son kneeling at his father's feet. In the distance could be seen the stately old home from which he had wandered. There was silent suspense for a minute or two as every eye was riveted to the scroll and the question passed from lip to lip, "Which is the Mangi?" One suggested the standing figure. But he had a long white beard—No! That was an older man. Now by a strange coincidence the artist had given to the prodigal son a tattered garment with coloured work around the neck, practically identical with the robe the chief was wearing that morning. One of the bystanders noticed this and pointing to the kneeling figure said, "Of course that is he: don't you see his *kanzu* (Swahili garment)?" Encouraged by the providential discovery, I went on to tell in their own tongue the old story of a wayward son, who sowed his wild oats in a far country and sank in penury and despair. The audience stood spellbound as I related the sequel :—

> "One day as he sat by the swine troughs, he thought, 'What a fool I've been! Even the slaves at home have plenty, and here am I dying of hunger. I'm going back to my father: I've disgraced him, but perhaps he'll forgive me and take me as a servant.' And so with tottering steps he started the long tramp home. 'But when he was a great way off his father saw him.' Day after day those tireless eyes had watched across the distant plains: never a meal was laid but an empty chair stood vacant for the prodigal's return—and here he was! The old man ran along the winding path and flung his arms around his child and cried, 'My boy! My long lost son!'"

By this time the chief was trembling from head to foot with deep emotion —the story had struck home. Wistfully he thought of a Heavenly Father's yearnings over a black prodigal, and as we left he thanked us with a warm hand-grip.

Apathy

Our prospective expedition to the forest was thwarted by a sudden storm that broke on Mawenzi, but with the distant rains the atmosphere cleared and made the daily routine easier. What we needed even more was a thunder-storm to shake Chagga from her apathy—a divine charge of electricity to disturb the elements, to cleanse away the dust of guilt and heat of strife that a pure, fresh breeze might blow into the life of Marangu. Any encouragement or signs of interest shown here and there were like tiny glittering stars in a sky that was black as ink, like the oases in a measureless desert of sand. Had it not been for the kindness of the German missionaries who brought us our mails, we would have been cut off from communication with the outside world altogether. We could get no mail-runner. With our own hands we had planted vegetables after sundown, even by lamplight, only to find them stolen as they matured—onions and carrots, tomatoes and strawberries. From our banana grove we scarcely ever cut a ripe bunch. Noiselessly in the moonlight the savages carried them off while we slept. An avenue of eucalyptus gums was for pure devilment uprooted by audacious youngsters, not only once but again and again after replanting. They raided our garden for oranges and lemons when they found us away; indeed our housemaid and cook often helped in the plunder.

A Charming Thief—and other Interesting Servants

For variety of character and interesting personality our house servants would be hard to beat. One of the most charming girls was the greatest thief.* Though she was often punished we truly loved her; she was intelligent, clean and dainty above the average, in fact she looked quite pretty as she drew water from the well and flitted about the house in her loose folded cloth. She had a ringing, musical laugh, but finally we had to dismiss her as an incorrigible criminal: stealing was her second nature, and yet with an innocent smile she could look up and say, "I have been baptised: I couldn't possibly steal!"

Then we had a dirty old woman, Christiana (!), who looked and smelt like a witch. But as she practised the vices of the fairer young culprit without her accompanying graces, she too had to go. A young man tried his hand at cooking. He was an adept. But from his garments to his kitchen utensils he had no idea of cleaning anything. Imagine! I pick up a spoon that has been washed and complain that it is dirty: the boy takes it from me with an air of injured surprise, gives it a good lick, wipes it with the tail of his grimy shirt and exclaims, "*Safi tu, Memsahib!*" (Clean enough, Madam!). I can still hear his big feet shuffling along the verandah bringing us tea. We had in the garden a lovely big tortoise which he stoned. We docked his wages two shillings and he never returned. Later he attempted to stone his own parents. His brother and sister who replaced him were the most diminutive though not the least useful of our domestics, and the girl scored for cleanliness, intelligence and hard work. But they were fitful and irregular in their services, coming to work and stopping at home as it suited their pleasure.

The best maid we ever had was Hannah, the daughter of Gideon, the mountaineer. She was truthful and honest, but we remember her best for an attribute which girls in Africa rarely possess—the beautiful gift of modesty. Where in others this protective wall of womanhood had been broken down by savagedom, it was in Hannah a bulwark of strength. However, an attack of pneumonia cut short her valuable assistance.

A Bad 'Un

A very careless looking individual came to the verandah one noonday and handed me a letter. "Who is this from?" I asked as I tore open the envelope. "It's from myself," he said. I append a facsimile of the note:—

"Dear Lady, Marangu.

Good morning!

I am Nyassaland boy. I try to write this letter for you

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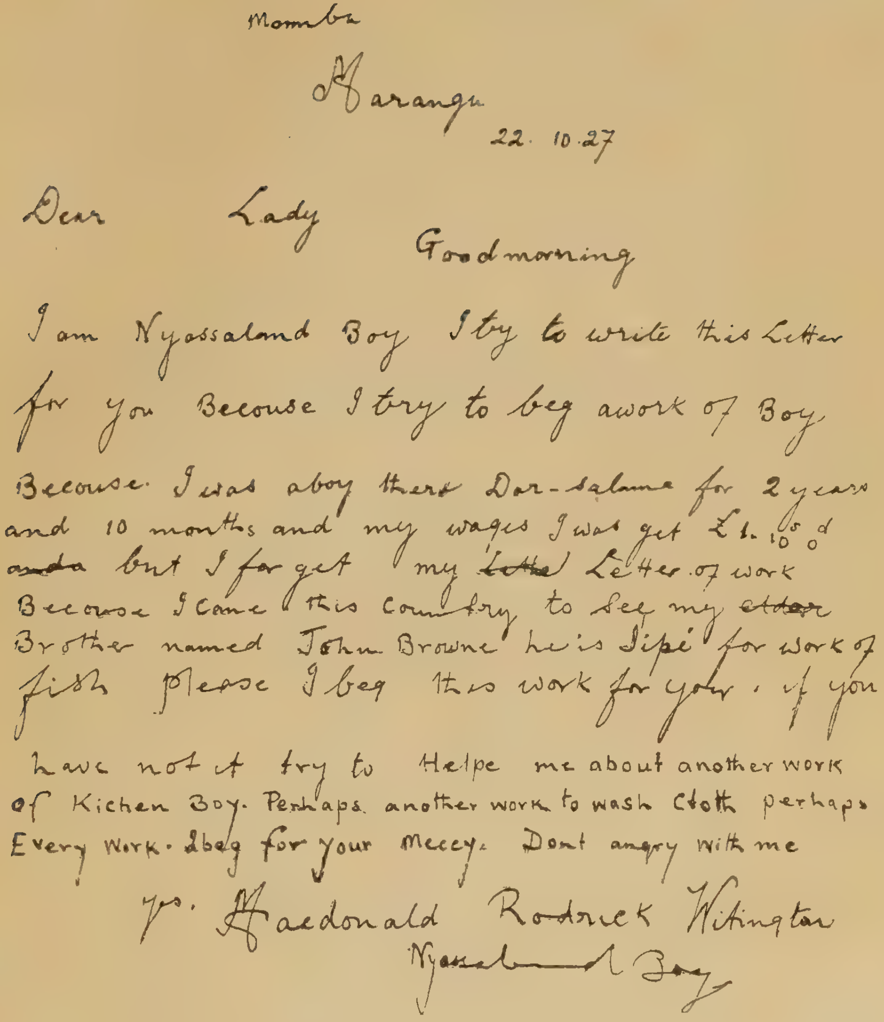
* See illustration p. 134.



Mombu

Marangu 22. 10. 27

Dear Lady

Goodmorning

I am Nyassaland Boy I try to write this Letter for you Becouse I try to beg awork of Boy

Becouse I was aboy there Dar-salama for 2 years and 10 months and my wages I was get £1. 10s 0d ~~anda~~ but I forget my ~~Lette~~ Letter of work Becouse I Came this country to See my ~~elder~~ Brother named John Browne he is Sipé for work of fish Please I beg this work for your. if you have not it try to Helpe me about another work of Kichen Boy. Perhaps another work to wash Cloth perhaps Every work. Ibeg for your Meccy. Dont angry with me

Yr. Macdonald Rodrick Witington
Nyassaland Boy

FACSIMILE LETTER FROM MACDONALD RODERICK WITTINGTON.

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> becouse I try to beg awork of Boy. Becouse I was aboy there Dar-Salama for 2 years and 10 months and my wages I was get £1.10.0 but I forget my Letter of work (testimonial). Becouse I came this country to see my Brother named John Browne he is Jipé for work of fish please I beg this work for you, if you have not it try to helpe me about another work of Kichen Boy. Perhaps another work to wash cloth, perhaps every work. I beg for your meccy. Dont angry with me.
>
> Yrs,
> Macdonald Rodrick Witington.
> Nyassaland Boy."

" But we don't know you," I said, " you may be a bad fellow."

" Why do you think I am bad ? " he asked.

" Because you look it," I replied—and he certainly did : a short, thick-set figure in shorts and shirt with a bright coloured handkerchief knotted at one side of his neck, a round face in which sparkled a pair of roguish eyes. His forehead was low, surmounted by a tangled mob of woolly black hair like a golliwog ; his mouth was large and his protruding lips moved pliantly as he talked, showing to full advantage a splendid row of white teeth and generally, too, the tip of his restless tongue.

We gave him a trial and found him most entertaining but absolutely useless as a worker. On the second day he stole a spade which he unsuccessfully hawked round the villages for sale—the Wachagga being diffident to purchase such a distinctly European tool. Men were searching for him, when later in the evening he boldly turned up at the house expecting accommodation, but we dismissed Mr. Dick Wittington at short notice.

Next morning, news of a burglary in a shop at the Una River caused some stir in the locality, and a little chap—not more than ten years—confessed that the Nyassa-boy had in conspiracy with him and several others committed the theft during the night. While the children had been posted as spies round the shop, the ringleader himself had broken through the mud wall and emptied into his pocket all the money he could find, promising to share his booty with the juveniles at daybreak but shamelessly breaking his contract. He was followed up in his rush to the railway, arrested and detained in custody at the chief's quarters. The following day he was to be sent to Moshi for trial and slept that night bound between two guards. At midnight they awoke to find him loosening the rope, which they forthwith secured more firmly. However, before dawn their enterprising prisoner had made good his escape. From a station down the Tanga line he wrote to a missionary in Marangu asking him kindly to forward his letters to a given address !

"Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"

The best part of a year was already spent, and we had reached no nearer our goal. Our energies had flagged, we had become enervated, and even meals had grown irksome. As soon as one difficulty was overcome another cropped up from somewhere. Nor were conditions improving much in Marangu. An Indian store-keeper and his wife half a mile from us were attacked one night by a man who crept into their kitchen and hid until he thought all was safe. Then, rising from concealment he made for the cash-box but was intercepted by the owner, whom he slashed with a *panga* (broad knife). In the scuffle that ensued the little Indian woman was terribly cut, but her screams attracted the attention of a neighbour, and the assailant fled. Nearly every day some fresh story of savagery was rehearsed in our ears. A man living close to us cut off his wife's ears, because she had left him after a heated dispute, threatening to return to her former husband. He tracked her down and thus disfigured her. Another man was clubbed to death: a son speared his father: a woman committed suicide rather than face a hated marriage. And constantly there rose to our bedroom window the pitiful cries of a child suffering from a father's cruelty, and the raucous babel of an excited mob from one of the frequent native drinking bouts. This on one side: frivolity and hypocrisy on the other—and we only standing water against the rising tide.

An Evening Prayer

At the close of a particularly tiring day we sat in the gathering twilight on the Una banks and wondered how much longer we could endure the strain. There in the silence we bowed our heads and prayed that before the close of our first year a change might come in Marangu or that our exhausted energies might be spared the pain of a protracted struggle in this harvestless field.

Shortly afterwards my mother was taken seriously ill, and my sister and I watched by her bedside night and day. We saw little then of the outer world that moved around us, but under the disguise of swagger, coldness and rascality our hearts saw in the Wachagga the first signs of responsive kinship. From month to month along the dusty road that skirted our wall the ceaseless hum and hammer of reiterant conversation filled the air the whole day long: but now the crowds moved silently past the gate; children crept on tiptoe up the pathway, bringing milk and eggs, and older folk came to the verandah asking tenderly, "*Mama yetu hajambo leo ?*" (How is our Mother to-day ?)

A Trip to Zanzibar

When mother was well enough to be moved we took a trip to Zanzibar—that island of tropical beauty and slave-market notoriety. We loved the music and colour of her busy harbour, the jovial mirth of her dusky citizens and the swinging songs of the boatmen as they splashed their oars and glided to and fro across her gleaming waters. It was a change once more to be walking down her narrow shady streets with their old flat-roofed houses of dazzling white and to study the rag-tag and bob-tail of this great port of East Equatorial Africa—Swahilis and Arabs, Goanese and Indians, Parsees and Europeans—representing every form of dress and with a confusion of tongues that beggars description.

But this was not our destination. Hiring a car we left the bustle and heat of the town and, past crowded native quarters characterised by rubbish-heaps and the stench of rancid cocoanut, we drove twenty miles across the island through groves of mango and fragrant clove plantations away to the little fishing village of Chwaka. There in a government bungalow at the very edge of the great blue sea we rested.

Where Nature Smiles—Even on Convicts !

From a cool verandah we watched the Indian Ocean gently fringing the yellow beach with foam, and saw its waters changing colour a hundred times a day, from the golden of the rising sun through blue and green, purple and grey to a shimmering rosy pearl at sunset. Just below us the egrets moved about the sandy shore gathering shell-fish, and with the ebbing tide women, too, wandered barefoot in search of the larger crustacea. We lay at night and watched the palm fronds playing across the face of the moon and listened to the cry of the fruit-bats as they swirled about the bungalow looking for mangoes. At daybreak canoes would paddle across the bay to the end of Coral Island and come back at noon with their catch of lovely, fresh fish. Beneath the shadow of helmet or sunshade or under a cold, clear moon, we bathed in the shallow inlet, and the sting of the salt sea renewed our vigour and whetted the appetite. Hermit crabs gave us endless amusement as they crept out in the twilight from the ragged base of some old palm tree and ran helter skelter over the shore, carrying their houses with them. And when a spring-tide left the bay all but dry we walked half-way to the coral reef and came across the most lovely, coloured jelly fish, pale green and brown or blue and purple, of every shape and size.

Water and fuel was supplied to us daily by convicts from the Chwaka prison, and one allotted to us as our personal attendant was the best servant we ever had. Life was pleasant for these gaol-birds, for whom imprisonment held no social stigma. They certainly knew how to make the best of their term of punishment. Work done, they converted empty petrol tins into drums and skipped down the broad avenue playing some savage ditty to their gaoler. In the evening one of them might be seen unguarded, chasing a goose among the cocoanuts into the prison yard. Their rations were generous: 1 lb. of rice, beans or millet per diem and fish three times a week. In short, their life, if not quite so free, was scarcely as rigorous as that of the thrifty fishermen of the island, who were up long before dawn pushing their boats out to sea and who during the sultry heat of the afternoon sat reeving fresh rope, mending their nets, patching their sails or weaving lobster baskets of cane.

Moslems Want " The Book "

Many an hour we sat talking with these Moslems on the beach, and within the precincts of their village. The mention of *Isa Masiya* (Jesus Christ) was like a magnet for drawing the crowds, and the atmosphere of these evening gatherings was pregnant with the spirit of searching enquiry and apparently void of hostility. Even as the Mohammedan *mullah* passed by us into the Mosque, the audience did not stir, and many were the questions asked by young men and old patriarchs as they stopped us afterwards in some quiet nook.

One evening an elderly man, whom we had noticed on several occasions in the crowd, asked us if we had no book about Isa Masiya. " I know He was a prophet," he said, " that His mother was Mary and his father was Joseph, but you know *all* about Him. Let us have the Book that we may read it for ourselves. Perhaps by it we shall get the Spirit. Our life here is like a box too heavy to carry: we want the life of the Spirit. We shall read your Testament and look in it for a picture of ourselves." Then followed a long discourse on Christ, His betrayal, His trial before Pilate, His crucifixion and resurrection, how His disciples saw Him ascending in the clouds and heard the angels promise that in the same way He would return. A crowd larger than ever collected and listened with absorbing interest till it was quite dark and we had to go. They begged us to come back the following day.

The oftener we visited the village the more burdened we became for these people. Unhappily we had no Swahili literature to distribute, and our only Swahili Bible was in the Mombasa dialect, but we thought of getting typed sheets, with quotations from the Old and New Testaments relating to the life and mission of the Lord Jesus, and circulating these in the village. I asked Haji, a young Arab clerk in the government office, Chwaka, if he would translate for me in Arabic characters. "With pleasure, Madam!" he answered in perfect English. The Goanese Secretary in the other corner of the room looked up and said jokingly, "You're going to make him into a Christian." "All the better," I answered. The Arab then took from his desk a Swahili copy of the Koran and said, "Here is my Bible translated from Arabic by a missionary of the Universities Mission!" [This hardly needs comment.] The next day Haji wrote :—

> "Madam,
>
> I am awfully sorry, I cannot undertake the translation work of the Christian Bible, as my holy Koran prohibits me doing so.
>
> Hoping to be excused,
>
> Yours truly,
>
> K. A. Khabil."

Why Trouble?

In the afternoon we called again at the office to 'phone up a printer in town, who might, we hoped, translate as well as print for us the article in question, but drew a blank. The Goanese could not understand such persistence. "But the people here are dying without hope," we told him, "and you profess Christ and should be using every opportunity to spread His fame."

"You don't expect me to become a missionary to Chwaka, do you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well I am in the government, and as the Sultan's servant I am not supposed to oppose his religion. Anyhow missionaries both Catholic and Protestant have been in Zanzibar for very many years and they have done nothing, so you can't expect me to do anything." He begged us to sit down and asked us many pertinent questions as to eternal issues and the meaning of everlasting life. Finally he accepted with gratitude an English Testament and with it, he said, the offer of Eternal Life.

Another day we found Haji in a very worried frame of mind, and as he glanced up and down with shifty eyes he exclaimed: "I *must* not believe in Jesus as God, because my father, my grandfather, all my ancestors believed in Mohammed; but I pray to Jesus at sunset." "Then as you pray," we suggested, "ask Him, if He is the Son of God, to reveal this to you." "Yes," interjaculated the Goanese with ardent faith, "God can do the impossible; while you are sitting here at the desk He could send an angel to tell you that Christ is His Son." "But," said Haji, the veins growing full in his temples, "I must not think about Him too much, else I might dream that He is the Son of God." It almost seemed that mentally he was already convinced but in his heart he was afraid to believe.

The Darker Side

As the days passed by we saw and heard more of the darker aspect of life in Chwaka, which the following entry in my diary will help to explain:—

> "*September 5th.* To-day we sat on the balcony and watched a stream of men and women coming from a circumcision festival. The men were dressed in immaculate white *kanzus* and embroidered caps, and as for the women, I never saw such a turn-out in my life. Every colour under the sun was reproduced in their fancy cloths. They passed in groups with frilled trousers, muslin blouses, pink bonnets tied with ribbons, black beauty-spots on their faces, stockings and shoes, high-heeled and low-heeled. Their faces were as brazen as brass and the look in their eyes made me shudder. The Swahilis themselves say that there is not a pure girl to be found: we are of the opinion that what the women are the men are also. The village is a den of vice, and Heaven has cried against it: slowly the people are vanishing, the babies nearly all dying in infancy. 'The voices of boys and girls playing in the streets—and the voice of mirth and laughter' could never describe Chwaka. There is a taint of sadness and gloom on every brow. Each heart knows its own bitterness. It seems almost that the pure white garments they wear are only a mockery, for they cover hearts as black as hell; and the washing of their hands and feet and faces, as they go to the mosque to pray, seems only to call back to them in derision. 'You cannot wash away your guilt.'"

While I was making a sketch of the village one early morning, the occupant of a house close by drifted into conversation with my

THE AUTHOR (CENTRE) WITH HER MOTHER AND SISTER.

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mother. He had a Christian name, was educated at a mission school but acknowledged that he was now Islam by faith. As they reasoned together, he said in despair, “ God help us, Memsahib ! We don’t know what to believe ! ”

Pioneers of Dark Africa

Our hearts bled for these dark children of Zanzibar, whose fathers had been snatched from their native soil by the slave-drivers and who with shattered hearths and broken family ties had been initiated into the lecherous life of the Cities of the Plains. We paid homage to them for the part they played in the opening up of the Dark Continent, for the blind faith which led them to respond to the call of any foolhardy white explorer and to follow him into the interior, where wild beasts, bloodthirsty savages and malignant disease lurked in the unknown depths. As we laid our laurel at their feet, we would gladly have given our lives for their soul-emancipation.

Arcadian Pemba

Thus after six weeks in Zanzibar, when with renewed energy and stimulated zeal we turned to retrace our steps homeward, it was not without a touch of sadness. At that time thousands of natives were being transported free of charge to the island of Pemba for the clove-picking season, and hundreds more were paying their own passages on the off-chance of getting a job. There came back to us afresh memories of 1915 when on a moonlit night of exquisite beauty the sultan’s coasting steamer anchored off the Friends’ Mission Station on the island, and an Irish missionary gave us hospitality in his lonely home among the waving palms festooned with lianas. We recalled our stroll down the scented avenue of cloves, our long chat on the balcony that overlooked an unruffled, silver sea, then a few brief hours of sleep cut short by a loud hoot from the boat as the Captain’s warning to come aboard. By 4 a.m. in the light of a glorious full moon we had left this shore of happy memories, the darkies carrying us pick-a-back fifty yards through the water and then, under the steady beat of the oars, taking us past rustling reeds and wild ducks’ nests to our waiting ship.

It was in those waters that British warships had tracked down Arab dhows with their freight of human cargo and liberated the captives. But often the slavers plunged into the sea rather than face the issues of imperial justice.

We cannot leave the coast without expressing here our debt of gratitude to the Senior Commissioner of Zanzibar, the Goanese of Chwaka and the proprietor of the Park Hotel, Tanga, who each in his sphere showed us no little courtesy and kindness.

Our Watch-dog

Although during our absence from Marangu we had had rather an alarming note from Naaman, our caretaker, saying that the front door of the house had been forced open by a former employee, we arrived to find everything in perfect order. On the inside of the door Naaman had fastened a bell to give warning of any possible intruder, while he himself had like a watch-dog lain outside on guard on the cold verandah. The garden, too, bore evidence of his care and was looking fresh and green from unexpected rains in the middle of a long dry season. Perhaps indeed another shower not less unexpected had visited the drought-seared heart of Chagga.

A Turn of the Tide

The natives welcomed us back and greeted us with an astonishing warmth of manner. One night we had been visiting a German family of nobility, chased from their Polish estates by the Bolshevists and now living in extreme poverty on Kilimanjaro. Darkness overtook us unawares, and at a little native store by the Una River we begged the loan of a lamp. The owner politely escorted us home and on the way astonished us by saying, " Mother, we don't know what has come over Marangu but it is completely changed : it has awakened out of sleep. Some time ago if you were to mention Jesus Christ an Mchagga would turn from you and stop his ears : now every one is speaking of Him. Wherever I go, through the bananas, on the road or in the huts at night, little groups of men and women are discussing the Bible. The mission is selling Swahili testaments daily ; every man wants his copy ! " This unsolicited report was most refreshing. The Book that once made England great had at last found a place in the homes of Kilimanjaro. A ray of hope gleamed across our clouded horizon and we took courage.

For nearly a year we had periodically visited the government school and addressed the boys (a large proportion of whom were the sons of Chagga chiefs), but the claims of Jesus Christ on their young lives were being all the time countermanded by the evil life and influence of the native teacher in charge, who bore the name of John the Baptist. Month after month we had prayed for his conversion but he only grew worse and worse. Then came a solemn crisis: for the children's sake we asked that his hardened heart might be broken or that he might be removed. Within a week he was suddenly transferred to the coast, and a fine fellow, an Mchagga from Moshi, replaced him and lived the Christian life that he professed.

A Mohammedan—Without an Advocate

One hot Sunday morning, strolling into the silent school compound, we found the junior master all alone. He said he was a Mohammedan. " But Islam offers no Saviour," we pleaded. " What are you going to do when you face the Judgment Day without an advocate ? " He hung his head thoughtfully, acknowledged his need and took from us a copy of the New Testament which he promised to read every day.

A week or two had elapsed, when, in company with the senior teacher, he came to see us and said, " Will you explain how I can have Jesus as my Saviour ? " And then he went on to say, " Many, many months ago I had a dream: I was chained by the devil, hand and foot, and was struggling vainly to extricate myself, when an angel cried from heaven, ' Send for the Memsahib at Sengia (the stream beside our house), and she will help to loose your chains.' With that I woke up terrified; my forehead was wet with cold perspiration. ' It's only a dream ' I thought, and tried to forget it. But when you came the other Sunday and offered me the Testament I knew it was the angel of God that sent you. Now I want to come to Christ if He will have me." We assured him that He would, and we knelt down in prayer together.

One of his older pupils who shared the same bedroom told us afterwards that he had never seen a man love the Bible as that young Moslem loved his Testament. Far into the night he used to read it aloud, till they both pillowed their heads on its thrilling stories. Though afterwards he stumbled and ' followed afar off,' the boy could never forget that it was he who led him to love Jesus Christ.

The Fire ends a three-years' Feud

Walking alone one day, as I lingered at the bend of the road by the steep gully, I was overtaken by our English scholar, Itosi, who spoke of his brother's baptism. We had been watching from our window the great procession of drumming and dancing, as the people had escorted him to a drinking festival in commemoration of the event. But I turned to Itosi and said, "I should like *you* to be baptised with *fire*." He did not understand. I tried to explain that John came baptising with water, but his Master baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire. We talked of nothing else till we reached our destination. Next morning he was at our front door; he wanted "the fire." We asked him if he was willing to quit all sin, confess all wrongs and to forgive; if so, he might claim Christ's forgiveness and the baptism of fire.

This led to the disclosure of a bitter feud between him and his brother, Mangi Mlanga. Originating in jealousy over the chieftaincy, it ended in a complete break, and for three years they had not spoken to each other.

"Then you must go and ask your brother's forgiveness," we insisted.

"He wouldn't see my face if I did go: the old men would turn me away."

"But you can write to him," we suggested.

"It's no use, Memsahib, he would tear the letter to pieces."

We read together, "If thy brother hath ought against thee—first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift"; "If ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you." That was enough.

Late that Sunday evening we were on the chief's verandah, when to our surprise Itosi arrived, cap in hand, and saluted his brother. There was no response. At last breaking the awkward pause I said, "Mangi Mlanga, is that your brother?"

"He is."

"Do you think if Meriale were here he would like to see two of his sons at enmity?"

"No."

"Well! I think Itosi has something to say to you; will you let him say it?"

The chief rose without a word and beckoned his brother to follow him into the house. We heard afterwards what transpired. Itosi confessed his wrong and asked forgiveness, to which Mlanga replied: "I will call a meeting of the elders next Saturday to investigate your case: after that I will forgive you. But come and see me again to-morrow." "The next day," said Itosi, "was a never-to-be-forgotten, experience. I told my brother that Saturday was a long way off and asked him to forgive me at once, so that we might love without hesitation.

'No,' he said, 'I have one thing against you which the elders will tell you; but, however, with all that I, too, have wronged you. I was astonished when you came to me on Sunday; I thought about it all night.' Later the Mangi sent for me, freely forgave me all and on Saturday, instead of pronouncing judgment on me, he publicly accepted me as his brother before all the people." Thus Itosi was reinstated in the social life of Marangu. His old mother took my mother's hand in both her own and with tears in her eyes said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

The Chief—at Calvary

The Spirit that conquers the world had conquered Mlanga. Nothing softened him more than his brother's humility, but we wanted him personally to experience the power of Christ. He knelt with us one evening on the earthern floor of his verandah and in the gathering gloom asked for the Light of Life. A few days later he came to the house seeking to find Christ, for the Light had not yet dawned. "Why do you want Christ?" we asked. "Well," he said, "when God has been following after me for so long and I've resisted Him, why should I keep Him waiting any longer?"

"Do you believe," we asked, "that God can save you and keep you clean?"

"Surely!" he said. "The Government has power and has given me authority; how much greater then is *His* power!"

Yet he had no assurance and seemed desperate about his salvation, till he came to the promise, "He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life." I think that settled it for him. He quickly thrust out his hand with a sincere, "*Asante*" (Thank you) and rose from his seat as a man acquitted by the judge.

Judge Tenderly for there are Fearful Odds

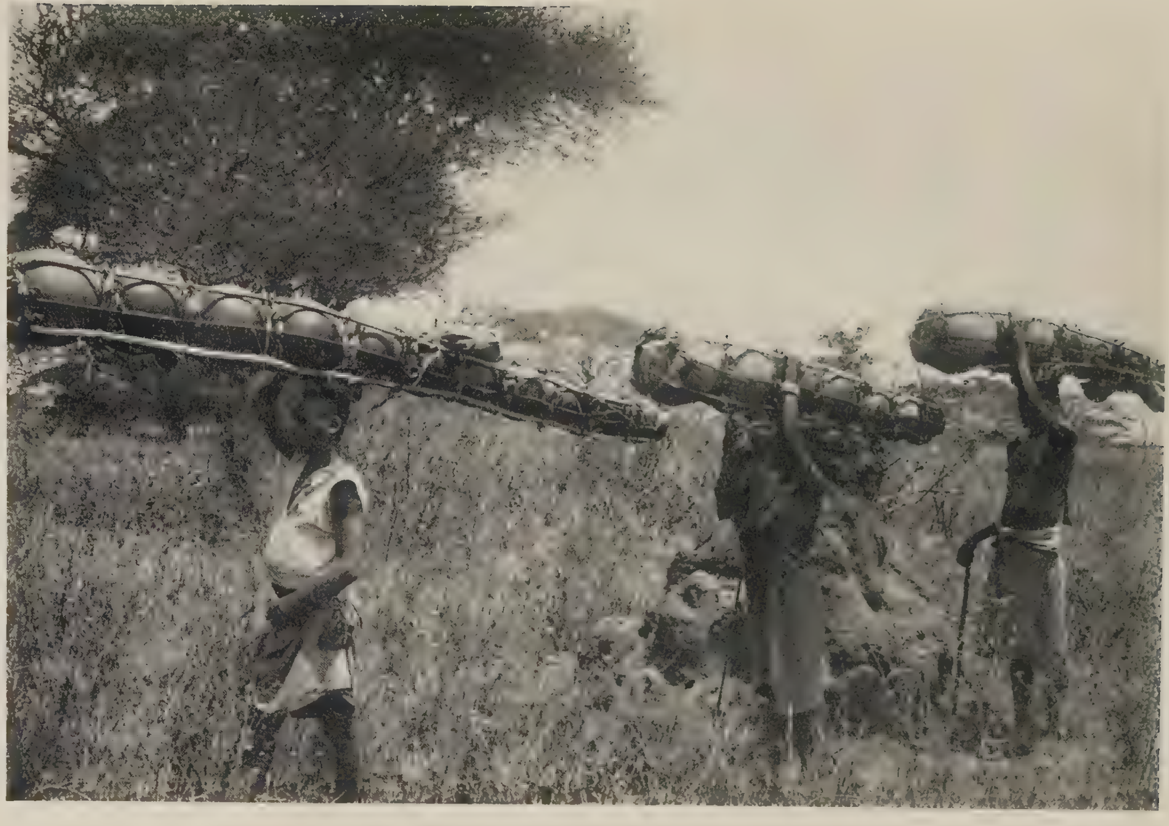
But I wonder whether my reader can peer through the history of Kilimanjaro unfolded in the foregoing pages and form some little conception of what an Mchagga has to face when he comes to the decisive moment of surrendering to the Christ of Nazareth. He has just become a disciple of One who was the very embodiment of Truth and Purity and Love, and the world turns sharply and demands from him the same virtue. How unreasonable to expect a mariner rescued from the baffling waves to put his hand to the oar with the same force as the brawny sailor fresh from home and shelter. Still more wildly absurd is it to judge the African by our own principles. See what we have behind us—a long cavalcade of noble traditions and loving influences, a father's warning and a mother's tears, a thousand deterrents on the downward track; yet how have we slipped! And shall we expect the soul turned back from the gates of Eternal Ruin to bear no scars from his fearful combat with the powers of darkness? It takes as much of God's grace to pluck one man as a brand from the burning as to make another into saint or prophet.

Mlanga had six legal wives, purchased by Chagga law, and most of them as bad as savage women could be. He was thus confronted with his first mountain of difficulty, concerning which he sought our advice. In the Catholic and Protestant missions on the mountain a man is accepted for baptism only when he divorces all his wives save one (generally the youngest). The other women are wrenched from their children and dismissed only to be re-sold elsewhere by their fathers. We did not feel that we could persuade the chief to adhere to this regulation—which seemed to us like damning the souls of five women to save the soul of one man,—but we gave him all the New Testament references relative to the subject of marriage. The natives told him he was no Christian until he was baptised; he accepted their taunt, yet never doubted his transaction as a prodigal with his forgiving Father. A British official said to him one day, "I hear you've turned Christian, Mlanga!" "No sir," he said, "I'm not a Christian, but I am Christ's man—I have not had the water put on yet."

A little boy with a pale brown face and round twinkling eyes, his eldest son, told us that his father had grown more gentle, that he knelt down to pray every morning and amid scorns and jesting read the Bible to his wives each evening. The rowdy, drinking rabble that once thronged his verandah from dawn till dusk withdrew, leaving him to tread a lonelier, narrow path. He was cleaner and calmer, more patient and forgiving. His subjects averred that he had abolished the practice of bribery from the law-courts. On the trees by the roadside he put up text-boards for us and placed at our disposal the platform of the court-house after the cases had been tried. In this way we had an exceptional audience.

In the Court-House

The building was large and cool; its wide, banana-thatched roof and surrounding verandah rested on rows of forest poles, planted fairly



PARÉ POTS FOR KILIMANJARO MARKET.

To face p. 152.

closely together and interwoven at the base with fine rods forming a kind of basket-work wall, plastered with grey mud. Over this, the pure air and light flowed in freely, and spectators watched from without the lively prosecution of Chagga trial. The court itself was divided by a central aisle; on the left, huddled together on palm-rib forms were the patriarchs of Marangu (as jury), in blankets and European hats, and on the right sat a medley of men, women and children, implicated as plaintiff, defendant or witness, in one or other of the forthcoming cases. On the platform behind a table the chief occupied the position of judge, supported by his clerk, headman, and a few professional orators as counsels. On the turf outside lay a couple of youths guarding a few goats and sheep, which the accused might be called upon to hand over in lieu of a fine.

The dusky forms kept streaming in till the house was full and the busy hum of noisy voices filled our ears. Then all at once the chattering audience was silenced by a word from the chief, "*Haya, tayari!*" (Ready, begin!) The plaintiff, a middle-aged man bleeding in several places, was led by an officer to the front of the platform, where he faced the old men, and accused his brother of having attacked him with a knife in jealousy over an inherited property. Almost every phrase he uttered was acknowledged by the chief elder, in a weird longdrawn "Ee—" (Yes) produced in the roof of the mouth without any perceptible movement of the lips. It was so startling at first, for we could not discover from whom the cry emanated, though seemingly from a man who was frantically breathing his last! Similarly the master-patriarch responded to the defendant, until he doubted the veracity of some statement, when he stopped short and said, "That's a lie!" This was followed by a roar of condemnatory voices all over the room. Ultimately, after the evidence of several witnesses, the Mangi imposed a fine of thirty shillings, which under "the First Offenders Act" was reduced to ten shillings and was paid to the secretary. Their dispute settled, the two brothers made friends and walked home together.

In the second case for hearing the accused was a woman, who maintained the sitting posture and spoke very vehemently, pleading "Not guilty." Apparently the woman is not allowed to stand, for at one juncture, when she attempted to rise, rough hands at once pushed her to the ground. The *vox populi* was very strong against her, and, when at length she was found guilty under the moral code, her goat was dragged into the court-house and auctioned on the spot. From the proceeds a fine was deducted and the remaining cash handed to her. This she threw on the ground and went out in a rage.

New Government Order is Rejected

The final legal proceedings of this, our first day at court, centred round a government order recently issued in the interests of hygiene, forbidding the Wachagga to sleep with their cattle. The chief read the official document; then the whole audience adjourned to the grassy compound outside and in scattered groups engaged in loud and heated arguments on the subject. After an hour or more they re-assembled and, one after another, in decisive rather than copious language, discussed the pros and cons of this new order, which struck at the root of all their native ideals. Every speaker gained the rapt attention of his audience as he emphasised each point with the beat of a short club or the sweep of his sinewy arm. The argument that carried most weight was given by a very spirited old Chagga warrior, once the trumpet-tongued general of Meriale's army. I managed to get a rough sketch of his profile from the platform (see illustration, chap. V, p. 102).

> " The *Bwana Mkubwa* (District Officer) orders us," he began, " to leave our cattle and build new houses for our women. Tell him that he keeps his money in a bank: the manager sleeps overhead and two armed askari guard the bolted door. The cattle are Chagga money," he remonstrated, " guarded by our wives. Why should we leave our banks thus unprotected and move into new huts. Let the whitemen first recall the *askaris* from their post, and we too shall leave our treasure unprotected."

This resolution carried the day and was duly communicated to the government, where it found a sympathetic consideration and was the means of leaving these conservative mountaineers unmolested by the enforcement of so disagreeable and foreign a regulation.

Heaven's Tribunal

The lawsuits were over and the lively crowd were about to disperse, when the Mangi ordered silence and gave us the platform. The same eagerness which had riveted the attention of the Wamarangu in the discussion of their domestic propositions now held them gripped as we spoke of the Last Judgment. For the benefit of the elders the discourse was translated into Kichagga. Our interpreter was a man of large, clear-cut features and slow determined manner. Every sentence he gave accurately and reverently in his own tongue, until at the close the whole gathering with uncovered heads bowed in prayer.

The next day he was accosted by a crowd of his compatriots who said, "You were preaching to us yesterday: when are you going to follow these things yourself?" "Slowly I'll follow," he said. "I can't go straight away and be baptised. My heart is like a dark forest; I'll cut the trees down gradually, and perhaps one day it will be a garden." Unwittingly this son of Kilimanjaro had uttered a truism concerning his own race. The dark forest still casts a deep shadow over the sin-stricken land, and it cannot be expected to vanish in a night; but one by one the trees are falling, and God's sunlight streams through the gloom.

Tanganyika Chameleon

CHAPTER VIII

THE LURE OF THE WILD

Dulce Domum !

AS the days passed by, these new and wonderful scenes of tropical beauty seemed almost to grow upon us, so that our very life was permeated with the glories of Kilimanjaro. The hedges of dracæna and fruiting brambles, those mossy banks strewn as if by the hand of a fairy with pink balsams, the refreshing smell of wild mint and the song of the water courses amongst the banana plants—such was the new landscape which became our home—*our* " England."

The children toddling along the roads would often chat to us in a jargon of Kichagga, confiding to us their joys and sorrows, and, though we could not decipher all their baby prattle, a mutual affection was recognised ; so, fearing to silence them by the discordance of a foreign tongue, we responded to each sentence in the usual Chagga way, " Ee, mana " (*Yes, little one*). The elders welcomed us to the court-house, where our acquaintance with the blackest deeds of the race seemed only to cement the bond of unity. A criminal dragging towards the law-courts his goat or sheep—the price of sin—would acknowledge with a bland smile his wrong-doing, expecting us to sympathise.

African Covent Garden

The wide, dusty market-place with its disarray and confusion was also a favourite rendezvous. We got used to the ceaseless roar of voices as women bartered their wares, and the humming of busy sewing-machines as men slipped yards of cotton cloth under the needle. It was here that the agricultural productions and local handiwork of Kilimanjaro and Paré were constantly displayed in wild disorder. Half-clothed women squatted carelessly on the ground, each with her own merchandise, till the whole surface of the compound was covered with their dusky forms and varied wares—eggs and chickens, cobs of maize and bags of millet, gourds of milk and half-gourds of butter, sweet potatoes and onions, bananas green or ripe, red peppers and native salt, beans and sugar-cane, eleusine grain and ground nuts, cassava and arum roots, pineapples and oranges, hoes and hatchets, knives and grass-hooks, brass and silver rings (clever imitations of European jewellery), baskets and rope from Kahé, clay-pots and rice from Paré. (See illustration p. 152.)

Threading our way through this medley of goods and stepping carefully over dark, bronze legs, we reach on the further margin of the crowd a row of cloth-sellers—measuring the material by the cubit, from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. On purchase it is taken at once to the machinist, and, whether it be a girl's cotton dress trimmed with fancy braid or a man's khaki suit, it is cut out and sewn together with wonderful rapidity. The women, not yet having learned to use a needle and thread, bring their garments here for repairs. Youths lounge about idly dreaming for hours: here and there one smokes a cigarette, another makes a fringe on his loin-cloth, while in a more secluded corner squatting on an ox-skin a little group of gamblers are hazarding a day's wages on a game of cards; and behind them stands a wild-looking dog, one ear cocked and the other hanging down, awaiting the result of his master's stakes.

Once or twice a week does the market place thus become a beehive of African life, and then for a day or two lies silent and deserted, strewn with endless débris—discarded maize sheaths, bean pods, banana skins and half-munched sugar-cane; and with it all remains that strange, unpleasant Chagga odour so characteristic of the villages. By order of the chief, the exchange mart is moved regularly in turn to Mamba, Kilema and Mwika.

Our " Village "

But a miniature shopping centre commands the eastern boundary of Marangu, where the furious torrent of the river Una is broken by an improvised bridge of loose stones, periodically swept away when the waters are running full. It is built up again at the close of each rainy season. Overlooking this rocky bed through which the foaming waters play, four little thatched houses supplement the trade of the agricultural markets, two as butchers' shops, one as a general store and the fourth as a wayside inn, called by the Wachagga " The Marangu Hotel." Often when caught by a shower have we taken refuge in this village and watched in amazement the combined crudity and ambitiousness of life which this interesting corner unsparingly reveals.

Naphthali, the general clothier, egg-merchant and ironmonger, sports a varied collection of hoes and hurricane lamps, boots and socks, shirts and ties, woolly caps and red tarbooshes, tea and sugar, handkerchiefs and watches, cigarettes and matches, and shoddy blankets from

Manchester in a hundred gay designs. On his doorway hangs a beautiful picture of the Duchess of York, and underneath, the text in Swahili, "Flee from the wrath to come."

The dealers in fleshmeat either kill their own cattle or buy from the Masai on the plains, but not infrequently on payment of two shillings they let the shop for the day to any private individual who wants to dispose of his own ox. The slaughtering is most primitive. After being tied by the hind leg to a tree trunk close by, the animal is stoned until it falls, whereupon the owner rushes up with a hatchet and delivers a great thwack on the head, stunning the poor beast and finally cuts its throat. The blood is caught in a basin and drunk fresh and warm on the spot. The unwashed tripe is devoured in savage glee by a gang of hungry boys, who are always in the wake of a "kill," buying up a few scraps or stealing a bone as they find opportunity. With fine, wooden pegs the skin is stretched on the ground, and, while the hide-dresser is removing any superfluous, meaty membrane from the taut surface, a circle of little chaps gathers around him, ready to devour the coveted refuse. A hunting party of vultures now and again sweeps to and fro in search of plunder, and green flies, half-intoxicated, buzz over the blood-stained turf. The meat is roughly removed from the carcase and sold, free of bones, at 7 lbs. for a florin, most of the bones going to the "Marangu Hotel" for soup. Picture a dark-featured, way-worn traveller entering here for a night's rest: he gets free sleeping accommodation on the floor beside a fire and may order anything he fancies *à la carte*, from broth and bananas for a penny, to sixpence for a substantial dinner of meat and corn with tea or coffee. The lush grass that clothes the rustic shambles is a rich green, and in the spring of the year, when the leafless, ashen branches of the rhino trees are aflame with masses of fervid red bloom, blazing against the buff thatch of the roofs or the distant blue-grey of Mawenzi, the colouring is exquisite.

The Reveille

Life in Marangu begins at daylight and continues till dusk. Wreaths of smoke curling up from the scattered huts first show that the occupants are awake and have re-kindled a fire from the smouldering embers of the previous night. As soon as the first streak of light brushes the east, women hurry to their garden patches with a little short hoe balanced on the shoulder, and batches of men stride along briskly towards the European plantations on the lower slopes of the mountain, where at sunrise a gong announces the roll-call of the labourers. If it is Monday

MARANGU MARKET—WOMEN'S CORNER.

MEN'S SECTION

SISAL—EAST AFRICAN HEMP.

CHAGGA COFFEE PLANTATION.

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morning, the loud blast of the Mangi's horn* at grey dawn, re-echoed by several others across the hillside, gives the signal for every able-bodied man to turn out on government service for the upkeep of the roads and bridges. Following the melodious, awakening call, an appointed officer in each district stands on some high prominence and summons his countrymen in a rapid, far-reaching cry, "Awake, awake, awake: 'tis morn! With hatchets and hoes assemble, ye men. To the banks of the Una to meet your chief!"

Up by the steep slopes and along the hedgerows women and girls tear down succulent herbage and grass for the cattle, while those at home prepare fodder for the sheep and goats by slicing banana plants into a wooden trough in the open; others milk the cows, churn the butter or feed the youngsters. For the next two or three hours the road echoes to the merry voices of marketers passing to and fro to the public mart, while higher up on the mountain-pastures the jingle of cattle bells and the cry of the herdsboy to his goats announces that another busy day has begun its course. As the sun rises higher and higher, the wind drops, and the still, heated air grows more silent: the birds cease their chirping and the few stray pedestrians converse more drowsily. The children are at school and the grown-ups at work, either cutting firewood in the forest, pruning coffee trees, pulping and drying the red berries or cultivating and irrigating their gardens.

The Banana

Every married man has his own piece of ground, inherited from his fathers or allotted to him by the chief as a free grant on the occasion of the purchase of his spouse. A portion of the holding is reserved for coffee and cereals, but the plantain easily takes first place as indispensable in the life of an Mchagga. Inside the yellow skin he finds the wholesome fruit, which by fermentation can be brewed into a thick beer: from the green bunch he plucks his vegetable, boils or bakes it, and soon he is chewing something uncommonly like a potato. The unripe fruit, too, may be dried in the smoke of the fire, then ground to powder and made into a hard biscuit: so it supplies his family with bread. The juicy plant forms the staple feeding for his cattle, goats and sheep, and with the fallen leaves they make beds of litter. The tough, withered covering of the banana stem is used by the Mchagga to thatch his house and to make such string as he needs in his simple life. If he wants to bring down water from the furrow across the road or manure the soil, the cylindrical trunk of the plantain supplies him: the centre is removed and he has a perfect water pipe through which the streamlet pours into his garden. Cut it in halves lengthwise and it will serve as a wheel-barrow, which can be dragged with its load of stable manure anywhere through the network of trees. A new-born baby carried by its mother along the heated roadway is protected from the glare of the sun by a pale green banana frond. Should a sudden storm overtake a traveller, he cuts from a grove near by one of the broadest leaves and has at once a 5 ft. umbrella from this Kilimanjaro "tree of life." The successful cultivation of the plant entails the periodical thinning out of the young shoots to admit the free passage of air and sunlight, the overturning and fertilising of the soil and the constant stripping of all surplus decaying sheaths from its columnar stem. But it repays its owner at every turn, so that the busy hours spent in work under its deep shadows during the tropical noonday are not by any means wasted.

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* The horn as a mark of chieftaincy was probably brought to East Africa by Persians, who borrowed the symbol from Assyria. A Babylonian cylinder represents Nin, the Assyrian Hercules, wrestling with a bull by the horns, and later crowned with horns attacking a lion. Thus the horn was used as a sign of physical strength, then of governmental power. It has been for centuries part of the regalia of Chagga rulers, who use the twisted horn of the kudu. It gives two or three beautiful, plaintive notes, which carry for many miles in the clear air of Kilimanjaro.

The Close of Day

As the sun sinks lower and daylight grows softer, the savages are once more on the move, returning with a chanting song from the coffee or cotton picking, slipping down from the jungle with loads of firewood or carrying home a beer-barrel they have been carving all day from a solid log. Others dabble their feet in the river, washing away the hot, dusty soil, and a long string of maidens come to draw water, gracefully balancing the earthen pots on their heads. Along the winding footpaths women wend their way with faces buried under gigantic loads of fodder. The road thunders to the noise of children playing with their home-made scooters or joining in their age-long hoop game.* The latter no doubt originated as practice for warfare: a wooden hoop is set in motion and attacked with spears from a distance. As soon as the spear (or rod) is shot through the centre, the first successful marksman, now reckoned a murderer, is run down by the mob.

While the mothers are preparing the last and only meal of the day, the men repair to one another's houses for general palaver and beer-drinking. "Night time is chatter time," says an African proverb: soon after sundown the family gathers in the twilight around a common pot and there at one end of their close, warm hovel, slimy with the reek of smoke, they laugh and babble over a meal of bananas and milk or beans and corn, while the cows in the other corner are munching fodder.

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* I saw this game practised by full-grown men on the Ukamba Hills.

This to an Mchagga is the essence of all the fond memories of his mountain home!

A Sanctuary

Our little bungalow and its wild garden, thank God, was always a place of refuge from the squalor of these primeval dwellings. Carnations and chrysanthemums breathed fragrance nearly the whole year round: golden-shower creeper climbed the stout pillars and shaded the verandah: ivy clung to the walls: verbena spread itself like weeds in the front plot: scarlet-coloured bourgainvillea, red and blue salvia and Easter lilies mingled themselves with endless varieties of roses against the red brick wall. One of our Chagga housemaids acquired if only a feeble love for flowers and planted a tiny patch beside her own wretched home. The Masai is the only member of the Central African races whom I have ever known to have an intuitive appreciation of his indigenous, native vegetation. As he drives his lowing cattle across the veld he will stoop to pluck, here and there, a flower that has escaped the tread of their heavy hoofs and, after carrying them in his hot hand and sniffing them for half an hour, will choose one or two favourites—bright blue or red—and thrust them as an ornament through the holes that pierce the rim of his ear.

Wild Charm

To me, Kilimanjaro—for I spent my early childhood in Africa—offers just as much natural charm in its delicate short-lived, wild flowers as the blue-bells, dog-roses or honeysuckle of the British Isles: her fantastic trees attract me as do the pleated leaves of the beech woods, though hers is indeed no dainty fairyland. Her reeds are coarse and tall, her grasses cut like knives, her thorns are hooks of iron and her lilies wound with cruel spikes. Vines like twisted strands of cable bind together her matted forests: she drapes her trees with lichen and clothes her boulders with moss. The wide, parched, savannah forms her footstool and the green forest her velvet mantle: her proud head she lifts toward heaven, and her face is veiled with the snowy clouds.

The Arid Veld

Everything around this wonderland has its own interest. The dry plain stretching away to the horizon with its uniform, tufted grasses looks like an ocean of diamonds when the rising sun lights up its miles of dewy gossamer. The sparse vegetation is everywhere a silent witness to a fierce struggle for existence against prevailing drought, which may last for months. The buttressed trunks of the kigelia, banyan and baobab, with their smooth, glossy surface and almost leafless branches, strive to retain their moisture by offering the least possible surface for transpiration. The banyan supplements the usual organs of nutrition by long aerial roots, thrown down like so many plumb-lines to the ground, and drops its leaves at the beginning of the dry season. Sycamores and willows also adopt the deciduous habit. Figs and olives protect their leaves from excessive evaporation with a thick glossy cuticle, and the mimosa by developing a fine, bi-pinnate leaf.* Succulent plants such as the euphorbia are armed with skins as tough as leather; and closer to the surface spring up the tuberous and bulbous species whose moisture is stored underground. In the forest, ferns and epiphytic orchids shrink from battling with the tangled undergrowth and allow the stronger members of the race to supply them with their necessary juices.

The fig liana goes furthest of all in its parasitic greed. Springing up beside a tree on which it intends to fix itself (not infrequently the olive) it creeps up the stem, spreading itself like molten lava round the entire girth until it nears the top of the supporting trunk, when it throws out its far-reaching arms into the air and, after mingling its branches with those of its victim, continues the desperate struggle, until finally it emerges victor, carrying in its bosom the dead trunk of the tree whose life-blood it has sucked away.

Protective Colouring

In the animal world, too, the same fierce combat rages. To attempt to describe in detail the fight for life would demand infinitely more space than can be afforded in this publication. But the remarkable phenomena demonstrated in the protective colouring and perfection of mimicry as a necessary precaution for self-preservation sufficiently indicate the constant struggle of one creature against another. The flashing black and white of the zebra, one might suppose, would court rather than baffle detection: but this is not so. At a distance the two colours mingle into a dull, unobtrusive grey. At close quarters, too, among stunted shrubs under the shade of a mimosa, their slanting stripes blend perfectly with the diagonal rays of light that pierce the fine network of twigs. In the same way the spotted pelt of the leopard is disguised in a dark forest by the vertical bars of light that dapple the branches.

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* The tender leaves of the Sensitive Acacia are protected from animals by drooping at the slightest trace of moisture from their breath, thus exposing their needle defences; while the "wait-a-bit" provides myriads of ants with a free home in its hollow thorns in return for their help against grubs and destructive insects.

The Elephant

Even the elephant has no difficulty in concealing himself in the maze of black tree-trunks and labyrinth of intertwining creepers. His soft, padded feet serve him well in case of danger. A friend of mine was out with others on an elephant hunt and stopped to tie a broken boot-lace. Suddenly he heard a faint crackle and, looking up, saw an enormous ear almost overhead. He was within three yards of an elephant he had tracked for weeks! Crouching instinctively, he signalled to his companions to return and indicated the whereabouts of their quarry. The three hunters fired simultaneously, but there was no response except the ringing echo of the shots in the deep wood. Pushing their way cautiously through the tangled undergrowth, they found a patch of trampled vines and deep fresh spoor. But the elephant?—Perhaps by this time he was half a mile away, striding with his heavy feet through the jungle as softly as a mouse in the autumn woods.

The Hartebeest

The *kongoni*—a reddish-brown hartebeest might attract attention on the white, hazy plains, but its presence is cleverly camouflaged by the earth-mounds of red, laterite soil which the termites have built up here and there, curiously like the animal in shape and colour. The legs of the kongoni cannot be seen for grass and the irregular humped masses of clay may well deceive the huntsman, particularly when fraud is carried to a fine finish by the spiky leaves of a lily, crowning the summit of the heap or growing at the base, like the horns of an antelope erect or grazing low.

King of Beasts

But the lion, no matter where he moves in his tawny coat, is always in complete harmony with the colouring of the bush. He acknowledges no limitations: he ranges the whole wide prairie for his plunder, travelling as much as fifty miles a day, now stalking a zebra among the mimosae, following a gazelle on the open plain or stealthily pursuing a water-buck in the long, dry grass of the river courses. Motoring one day across the veld towards Moshi, my brother drew up on a flat stretch of thorny scrub-land to change a punctured tyre. Thus engaged, he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was surrounded by no less than thirteen lions. Crouched low among the sparse grass tufts, they had been a component part of the undulating wilderness itself, till aroused to suspicion by the sudden halt of the car. Their tails were now lashing their flanks, and the hoarse snarl of a full-grown male prompted a well-aimed shot from the front seat. One fell and the others bounded off, disappearing from view—not for long, however, for they returned soon afterwards in bold affront. Again he fired and a second was dropped to earth. But the sight of a lioness creeping up with teeth bared not very far from the back of his car made him realise his uncomfortable position. He grew all hot and cold for a moment: then, taking his seat and starting the engine, he levelled the barrel of the gun at her and let fire. She was badly hit, yet three bounds might land her on the hood or in the box-body behind. In an instant he was escaping her fury, racing at fifty miles an hour over the ground, heedlessly running on the tyreless rim.

He was entertained for the night at the nearest District Officer's station, and a wire was despatched to the local automobile club warning motorists of the danger on the track. At daybreak the following morning the Commissioner with *askari* and spear-armed Masai accompanied my brother to the scene of the encounter. The half-eaten remains of the two dead lions lay strewn over the ground, just as the hyenas had left them. An organised search was made for the wounded lioness, which they found crouching behind a hillock of yellow clay awaiting her chance of revenge. There was no spirited hunt, for the blood-lust of the Masai was soon gratified by a dozen spear-wounds in their victim. The accompanying photo of the kill shows that the lioness had a distinctly spotted pelt, though cross-breeding with a leopard is unknown.

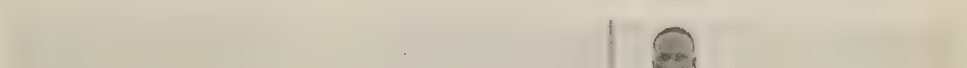
The Crocodile

Two other among the larger animals—the crocodile and the buffalo—are worthy of consideration in their remarkable adjustment to their habitat. When the crocodile lies basking in the sun on the river banks, it is concealed by its knotty, mud-coloured skin which so aptly suggests a fallen log. When lying under the muddy water or at the edge of a dark, shady pool, it might easily be mistaken for the rock bottom of the river, until the fearful impact of a sudden blow from its tail stuns the unwary antelope as it stoops to drink, or alas the woman who bends to fill her water-pot. Seizing its victim in a death-like grip, it dives and swims away, leaving no wake by which it might be traced. An Mswahili woman not far from us was one day rescued by her friends from the jaws of this terrible reptile, which they fought with stones and sticks: but, only after it had torn the flesh completely from her arm, did they manage to drag her from its relentless grasp.

The Buffalo

And the buffalo?—How can this hefty, black ox of the wooded hillside and papyrus-fringed fen disguise his identity? I have wandered

SPOIL OF THE PLAINS—WATERBUCK AMONGST RAFIA PALMS.



THE LAST OF THE THIRTEEN LIONS.

To face p. 164

many a time in his trail through reeds and grasses 6 ft. high and alternating clumps of forest strewn with large black boulders. It is a well-known fact that the buffalo often lies down by the side of the track to await his assailant, and one can never tell whether that dark hulk a few yards distant in the grass is a cold unwieldy rock, the stump of a fallen tree or a buffalo about to charge. A German couple who encamped beside us had a week's hunting *safari* beyond Arusha with an experienced Boer guide. They wounded a buffalo which at once plunged into the adjacent morass. Following the blood trail, the Dutchman was beating about the reeds when in a moment the infuriated bull rose snorting out of the mud, hoisted him high in air and left him for dead with an ugly gash down his thigh.

Subterfuge and Hypocrisy

So much for the camouflage of the larger beasts. But true mimicry is best seen in the smaller creatures which have no other means of protection than hypocrisy and sham, whose whole life is a prolonged falsehood to save them from an untimely death. In the forest, where birds and monkeys, lizards and spiders are daily foraging for insects along leafy branches and twigs draped with lichen, the insects assume to a ludicrous degree protective adjustment to their environment. Leaf insects of the locust and mantis species are hidden away in the foliage, their brilliant wing-cases stamped with a perfect leaf in jade, golden-yellow or copper-brown, imitating fresh growth or crumpled autumn specimens in every stage of decay. Still more perfect in its delusion is a walking twig clothed apparently in bark with circular streaks, mould-spots and internodes like the actual branch. Moss, lichen and fungi, too, have their counterparts in animal form, the lichen insects going the length of imitating holes by means of jet black markings on the back.

But among the thousands of impostors which find fraudulence their one condition of safety, the greatest masterpieces of deception are those to be found clinging to the rocks and grasses. On the banks of a stream frequented by birds, the boulders will be flecked with white droppings, and if you sit long enough in one spot and keep your eyes on these dappled stones, you will find a pseudo-bird-dropping suddenly slip across the rock and then remain motionless as before. A little defenceless insect has taken for its subterfuge the white oval splash, clothing its back with the minutest downy growth of pure white, from which neither legs nor antennæ protrude to spoil the mimicry.

Follow the stream, and here and there in the forest you come to an interjacent, grassy glade, which for the greater part of the year is dried by the sun to a dull yellow shade. This gives cover to the most remarkable mimetic forms of animal life, which down to the smallest detail of outline and posture are ingenious counterfeits of nature. A piece of hay an inch or two in length with six thready splinters sticking out at every angle, like so many ragged strips torn down from the central stalk—and you have exactly one of these grass-bugs, body and legs complete. In some cases the antennæ are developed to represent blades of grass. They may be found painted in a uniform naples-yellow like dry straw, or dabbed with mould-spots and reddish-brown streaks like blotches of decay on withered grass. Take one of these quaint insects in your hand and it will fall automatically into a crumpled wisp of hay: turn it as you like, but it will not divulge its secret by the least movement suggestive of animal nature. As it has no weapon whatever with which to fight life's battle, the Creator has given to it instead a threefold guard of colour, form and instinct.

Visitors—Pleasant and Unpleasant

To all these eccentricities of nature in the wild country around us was added the interest of the common creatures that lived in our garden, the strange chameleons that clung with spindly legs to the verandah creeper, revolving their wrinkled green eyes and gazing at us sometimes with a horrid leer when the pupils were turned in opposite directions: the scarabs or dung-beetles that in the rainy season worked so hard, pushing their balls of stable-manure up and down the garden path. The rats, too, that visited our kitchen at night! There are people, I believe, who have a horror of mice, but I wonder what they would think of our rat-hunts in Marangu! More than once we found that a number of scones disappeared from the kitchen table where they had been left to cool, in such quantity, too, that we began to suspect the Wachagga. One evening, however, some of the missing pastries were discovered outside the door, and later that night, as we were locking up, we found the culprit in the kitchen. It *was* a rat after all—but *what* a size! I could scarcely believe my own eyes. The thing looked more like a cat than a mouse, so I ran for the gun. Kneeling beside a hurricane lamp, I fired a shot which only served to put out the light, leaving us in pitch darkness with the wounded animal jumping round our feet. Not wishing to risk a repetition of the scene, we delivered the final blows with a spade and hatchet. That night was our first but not our only experience with these troublesome vermin, on which one evening we used too large a pellet (S.S.G. shot from a 12-bore gun), blowing a piece clean out of the kitchen door. The animal measures 36 ins. from nose to the tip of the tail, 17 ins. round the abdomen and 7½ ins. in height.

In every detail except size it is similar to the European species and is commonly known as "the Kilimanjaro Rat." (See illustration p. 112.)

A less frequent visitor was a steel-grey snake, 3 to 4 ft. long, which we struck now and again in our rambles from hamlet to hamlet, and which one morning my sister fround dangling from the rafters in the bathroom. She was taking her usual cold water plunge when she was alarmed by the sight of the dark, writhing body swinging to and fro over her head. As she called for help, the serpent moved towards the doorway still continuing the same threatening action; but dodging it she made a dash for safety, and a timely shot severed it in two.

In the season of ripe loquats our garden was raided by numbers of canine-headed fruit-bats, which through the night swept in circles round the trees, collecting the berries and bringing them to the verandah for consumption. We had no opportunity of watching them at their meals, but, from the little piles of seeds and skins strewn on the cement floor in an irregular semicircle, I imagine that they must have sat around together enjoying their fruit supper. As they hurried to and fro in wild energy, the sound of their wings and their piercing cries kept us awake night after night. The school children were invited to help themselves to the yellow fruits as they ripened, yet still the unwelcome, nocturnal invaders continued to come for the unripe bunches, till we were forced to strip the trees and destroy the whole crop to check their depredations.

Moles and White Ants

Moles, too, by the score overran our garden day and night but could not so easily be driven out from their hidden burrows. The orchard and lawn became a meshwork of tunnels whose excavated soil studded the face of the ground. They were looking for worms, as they do in England, but also playing havoc with the banana groves, often eating through the underground stem, till one after another plants fell to earth.

These mammals, together with the worms, perform on the higher, moister mountain slopes the important function accomplished by the white ant on the dry plains and lower foot-hills—that of cultivating the virgin lands by disintegrating the clods and aerating the soil. On the prairies during the hot season soft annelids could make no impression and would probably be crushed to death in the sun-baked clay. But the little insects with their hard heads and strong mandibles, work away in the arid desert, slowly but surely transferring tons of soil, piece-meal, from the lower strata into covered ways and pinnacles to conceal their galleries. Utterly defenceless as the termites are, these arched passages enable them to carry out their wood-foraging unseen by their foes;

and often, for the sake of two or three feet of dead wood at the end of a branch, they will frescoe an entire tree with their fine tunnels. Indeed sometimes a whole forest is painted terra-cotta with their elaborate earth-works, and their mounds may be seen undulating for miles and miles across the plain.

The Seasons of Chagga-Land

So every living creature and each tiny plant played its own part in making up the curious world in which we moved—the home of the Wachagga. With them we watched the darkening clouds gather in the East for rain, as the successive seasons would come and go; we walked together under the same brilliant sky and felt the same dusty road under our feet, and all day, and day after day, we looked with them on those snowy peaks above, so lofty, so inspiring, so haunting in their beauty and serene in their silence.

Twice a year the rains came up from the sea and drenched the earth, and each wet season was followed by months of cloudless blue and blazing heat, when the great green mountain was bathed in sunshine.

1. *Warm Rains: October 20th—Mid-December*

The clouds that usher in the season of warm rains would break with uniform consistency almost to a day on October 20th. Already all the gardens have been raked and planted with sedges which are to yield a harvest of *mbeke* grain for the brewing of Chagga beer. Many busy days have these agriculturists spent already in irrigating the soil, guiding the course of the water with their feet until the tiny seeds have germinated, and now when the tropical downpour begins the green blades are several inches high. In the hot, moist atmosphere that characterises this period, the bananas are clothed in the softest green and throw out racemes of purple bracts, hiding the little flowers that give promise of plenty. Beans and yams, sweet potatoes and sugar-cane thrive in luxuriance, and cattle rove the rich, sweet pastures. Here and there a field of wheat plays in the wind. The mountain springs now channel deepest, and the sound of running water fills the valleys. The coffee gardens burst into flower and slowly shed their white petals like snowflakes on the ground. Orange blossom fills the garden with perfume, and on the night breeze that blows through our window comes the scent of the moonflower. Down below over the cultivated ridges rise the wild forget-me-not trees crowned in white. Now too the strawberry-beds by the Sengia stream yield an abundance of scarlet fruit.

2. *Hot Season: December—March (Mbeke Harvest)*

But the springtime is all too short. The rivers have plunged in a prodigal flow down to the sea and by January are running low. Streams that once cut through deep gorges are trickling under the stones. The powerful sun has evaporated the surface moisture and the ground becomes hotter and hotter, until in February the heat is intense. But the harvests are being reaped and food stored up for the long rainy season that lies ahead. The mbeke grain is garnered into round basket-work storehouses that occupy an important place in every hamlet, and drinking carousals (with bloodshed) are the order of the day. Ill-clad men from Rombo trudge along the hill-road in parties of ten to thirty, each carrying under his arm a starved chicken, which in Moshi he will exchange for *posho* (grain), sufficient to last till he gets employment on a coffee estate. Coffee-picking is in full swing and the labourers work heartily, being paid 6d. for each petrol-tin of gathered beans. The banana at this time is at a discount in the market, a 60–70 lb. bunch selling at 50 cts. (6d.). Trays of the ripe fruit are laid out on the lawn by our servants to be dried and stored away for more wintry days. The potato-tops are yellow, the beans are full, and patches of brown earth appear where the crops have been reaped, so that warm autumn tints dapple the hillside and break the monochrome of vivid green. Before us waves a sea of banana fronds that tremble in the shimmering heat. The burning silence of the day is broken at night by the croaking of frogs in the marshes and the hum of mosquitoes in the plantain groves. Fire-flies float to and fro like fairy lanterns and glow-worms stud the banks with golden lights.

It is early March and on the 22nd of the month the rains are due. An hour before the sun has risen there comes an echo of eager footsteps from the road: men and women, girls and boys are hurrying to the plains to prepare their maize plots for the annual crop. Many a day they have wandered there in twos and threes to turn the sods, but now every member of the family joins with concerted interest to be ready for the first heavy showers. Some of them sow the corn a week or two in advance and then wait in faith for *Ruwa* to water it at the appointed time. As they move drowsily up the long hill at the end of a tiring day, they carry bundles of grass or loads of firewood from the plains, sometimes only reaching home at dusk and drawing their water by moonlight.

3. *Heavy Monsoon Rains: March—May*

Soon they are rewarded. Cumulus clouds roll up from the east, growing blacker every day, and we watch the cloud-shadows chasing each other on the plains. Then one sultry evening on the far distant horizon, where the land is hottest and most in need of rain, the first water ration is given and a cloud is spent. For the next day or two distribution is made irregularly all over the veld, and then comes our turn. The sun sinks in a glowering red, followed by a night as black as coal. The thunder rolls on the mountain peaks and re-echoes on the Paré Hills, then crashes with a deepening din overhead. Forked lightning flashes in livid streaks across the sky. The branches creak and quiver as they are shaken by the wind. A few drops of water fall like pellets striking the roof; then a sudden cloud-burst and the rain is coming down in sheets, spreading over the mountain and slapping the earth all night in unabated fury. Towards morning can be heard between the thunderclaps the roar of the rivers, now plunging in torrents and falling in cascades through winding valleys and profound gorges. With intervals of sunshine these rains continue for three months, and as the sun travels north the mountain grows cooler and cooler, condensing in soft clouds the vapour that rises from her slopes.

4. *Dank Mists: June—July*

So the cold rains give place to a time of cloud, when the only gardens that flourish are the maize plots on the sunnier foot-hills. Vegetables germinate but are stunted with the cold and worthless; tomatoes and marrows rot away with mould-spots. Mbeke fields now run to weeds. Bananas are scarce—indeed, were it not for the arum roots that flourish in the water courses the whole year round, the Wachagga would feel the pinch of hunger* at this time, as indeed they often do if their old store of maize happens to give out before the green corn has filled the cob. A chilly silence steals over the land. Flocks and herds are kept indoors more than usual, and even the family prefer cuddling round a flickering fire to facing a cold, raw morning outside. Sweeping mists blow over the hillside, until every blade and frond is dripping with moisture. From each hut a column of blue smoke rises heavily and mingles with the vapour to form a denser fog, so uninviting

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* The Principal Medical Officer for Kenya states that nearly every year for some weeks before the harvest a large proportion of the population is underfed.

The following letter from an Mchagga (translated from Swahili) tells of his unequal struggle last year against a threatening famine:—

Marangu, Feb. 26th, 1929.

"You are waiting for good news of Marangu, but there is only very bad news—a tale of locusts. We are surrounded by trouble. Day after day we are burdened with the scorching sun and now the locusts have come in great numbers. They are an astonishment, for since I was born I have never seen hosts of locusts like these. It is a wonderful sight—every day they come more and more in dark clouds eating everything. They have demolished all the leaves of our banana plots and are now eating the fruit itself. Ever since February 1st they have been flocking here, and even in January we had a few. The *mabwana wadudu* (biological officers) did all they could to grapple with them but were baffled. Now there is nothing to be done but to ask God to remove these, the enemies of our land."

MASAI PLAINS—THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

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to the dusky sons of the tropics. To the European intent on hunting or travel, however, climatic conditions are now ideal; and we saw more of Chagga home-life during these winter months than at any other time of year, walking often through a Scotch mist without a topee until noonday, when the sun would try for an hour or two to blink at us through the fog. A few logs blazed every night in the fireplace to warm the dank atmosphere that poured in through every crevice, moulding our boots and clothing.

5. *Heat and Harvesting: August—October*

August hails another hot season. The coffee plantations are clothed once more in flower-buds. The peach opens its bloom to an Alpine sky and is followed later by the plum and apple. In the rich, humus soil and warmer sunshine of Mount Meru the vine and peach come to greatest perfection. In a back cobbled yard of the Arusha Hotel I saw an old peach tree literally smothered in pink blossom, and by the dusty roadside going south was trellised a vine, which every year bore purple bunches of grapes three to four pounds in weight.

The Maize Crop

But Chagga interest is all centred in the maize crop to which every other concern gives place. In the time of the green corn they spend their days weeding, and very jealously do they guard this annual product from the ravages of baboons and wild boar, often putting up grass shacks in the plantations and sleeping there night after night till the golden cobs are harvested. If these precautions are not enough to check the plunderers, the chief will organise a wild-boar hunt or monkey chase. With spirited enthusiasm the young men pour down from every little hamlet carrying short spears. In the grey dawn their hunting song floats out on the still air, growing fainter and fainter till it dies away on the broad plains below. The sons of the mountain enjoy once more their national pastime of which civilization has deprived them, for native hunting, except in protection of the crops, is strictly prohibited. The buoyancy and good spirits, however, with which the young men come home at night, carrying a pig tied to a pole or recounting their adventures with baboons, show clearly the loss in morale which the tribe sustains in being denied the healthy pleasures of the chase.

As the corn ripens under a scorching September sun, women and girls may be seen in the evenings trailing up the winding dusty track in single file, balancing on their heads loads of cobs tied together in bunches by the outer sheaths. These they store up a tree, slipping them over a crooked stick six feet or more in length. The granary so formed, weighing many hundred-weight, is then suspended from a high branch of some indigenous tree, like a gigantic tropical fruit. There it hangs through sunshine and rain for a whole year, getting smaller and smaller as it supplies the family with their daily bread.

When the sun is almost immediately over the equator on his southern course, smiting in fury the arid plains and mountain rocks, the heat and electric tension of the atmosphere is unbearable. Whirlwinds on the veld sweep up the dust in pink columns that vanish into nothingness.

Land of our Adoption

So turns the wheel in Chagga-land, heat and drought, rain and springtime following each other in rapid succession. Throughout the length and breadth of Africa, few districts can boast such variety of climate and divergent round of nature as Kilimanjaro in her numerous forms. Fervid summer in its fiercest heat looks up at times to a mist-encircling spring and higher still to the cold, austere and silent dome of winter.

On her flanks the mountain supports the highland heath and tropical palm, fields of wheat and sugar-cane plantations, apple orchards and groves of mangoes. Such was the mountain and such the cherished land of our adoption!

CHAPTER IX

THE END OF THE QUEST

The Call of the Moorland

AWAY above Chagga and beyond her forests there is no summer; there winter alternates perpetually with spring. So when the air we breathed grew hotter and hotter, the roads more dusty, and the shrivelling grass left the red earth each day more naked, a craving for the keener air of the moorlands shivered through us like a trumpet call.

With Professor Hedley

My first trek to the higher regions was made possible through the kindness of Professor and Mrs. Charles Hedley of Brisbane University who, being new to the district and unaccustomed to the Swahili-speaking natives, asked me to accompany them on their mountain tour. But everything seemed against us in our venture. At Bismarck's, our first camp, the stamping of the mules' hoofs beside us and the choking smoke from the wet firewood combined to destroy our sleep and smart our eyes. Then as we rose above 9,000 ft. under weigh for Peter's hut, one of the mounts proved periodically useless, without any warning dropping down wind-broken under its rider. Cold, sleety rain beat on us unmercifully all the morning, so that we reached the hut in the afternoon numbed with cold. A little snow lay in the more sheltered crevices.

As we took a late lunch and planned a cosy night beside the fire in our warm, lined cabin, we learned that the natives had given their own rations to the mules, to force us to retrace our steps (for they have sufficient faith in the whiteman to believe that he would not keep them without food). So we had to abandon any hopes of going further and trail back over the long rough track, while the sun was fast sinking behind us—and on still by the faint light of a hurricane lamp, brushing the wet grass, slipping into water-holes and stumbling through the dark dripping forest, in the lee of which stood Bismarck's hut. Yet, in spite of all the discomforts, the veteran professor had fulfilled the dream of his life in reaching the snows of Kilimanjaro.

Mother at Bismarck's

Not long afterwards another veteran—this time my own mother—decided on a reconnoitre towards the "House of God." With my sister and me, she decided to have a week's holiday in the bracing air of the uplands and was carried to Bismarck's on an improvished sedan chair. It was the middle of the dry season; the banks along the roadside were covered with red dust, and at noonday the natives were lifting their feet from the burning stones like bears on a hot plate. But a lovely, cool breeze fanned our foreheads as we started in the freshness of the early morning. The porters kept singing and joking all the way. One man took up the extempore "cantus" and all the others without a break of rhythm joined periodically in the refrain, "*Kilima! Kilima!*" (The Mountain! The Mountain!)

In the absence of camp furniture, Naaman, our Jack-of-all-trades, made a brave attempt with the aid of an adze to construct a large wooden bed from the timber close at hand, but, when at last it was completed and set up in the room with a mattress of dry lichen, he burst into peals of laughter and said, "Look, Mother, how it stands; its legs are ill! I know an old Mchagga who has legs just like that." (See illustration p. 118.)

Lively Camp Scenes

The camp was all agog with excitement that night, for in the roof of the hut had been discovered the head and hams of a wart-hog—the relics of an illicit Chagga hunt of the previous day, which our porters commandeered. In the hour between the sunset and the rising of the moon agitated voices echoed in the woods behind us. The poachers had returned to their lair to find the smoke of a strange fire curling through the trees and the sound of usurpers in the camp. They were thwarted. Calling from a distance, they asked whose caravan was there, to which our headman replied, "The Safari of the District Officer of Moshi—Begone or you will be hand-cuffed!" And they fled—I know not where—probably into the moaning branches of the forest trees below; while those who had seized their booty frolicked in wanton pleasure, grilling great chunks of pork over the coals.

Our Raconteur

The leaping flames of the camp fire lit up the old twisted trunks that fringed the jungle, only accentuating the blackness beyond; but its red glow and warmth seemed to loosen every tongue, as one after another these sons of the wilderness recounted in graphic phrases their bush experiences or tales of bloodshed. To-night our personal servant, Mikilwa, an Mnyamwezi, took the lead. He was a strapping big fellow

JONATHAN, KIBO GUIDE, BESIDE FERN TREES.

BISMARCK'S HUT, 8,500 ft.

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with bold swarthy features more dusky than the rest and a huge mouth, that moved pliably into a prominent pout when sulky or broadened into a kindly humorous smile when excited or amused. As he sat on a log in the ruddy light of the fire, his long hands rested carelessly on his knees, and his enormous flat feet sprawled out on either side. His was not the sweeping eloquence of the spirited mountaineers, but he held his Chagga audience spell-bound, as in simple, telling sentences he related his adventure :—

" Give ear, my comrades ! I was on this mountain serving my master, a whiteman, when one night he gave me orders to proceed to Tanga and sell his leopard-skins, left in a certain Mswahili's hut, and to return to him with the proceeds of the sale. In the corner of my loin-cloth I tied the few *rupees* I had been given for the way and went to sleep. The cock crowed for the first time—it was four o'clock in the morning. I waited ; it crowed again. Then I looked out into the night and over there " (pointing over the shoulder of the hillside towards Lake Chala). " I saw just a little light ; the sun was waking from his sleep. I rose, rolled up my mat and blanket, fastened on my sandals and with a staff and lamp started out on my *safari*.

Hard-Hearted Woman !

"All day I walked—ah, brothers, it was hot with an angry heat, but I walked on and on till the sun went down. The desert was all around me, and hyenas were howling in the distance." (Here imitating their wild guffaw). " But I saw the flicker of a fire on the rise before me, indicating a Masai encampment. ' Here I shall lie down,' I thought, ' they will give me milk and butter and a place to spread my mat to sleep ! ' The thorn fence was already blocked for the night. I called, but no one answered ; so, drawing aside the branches, I went to the door and called again, ' Ho, comrade ! ' A woman replied but she would not let me in. Augh ! the women are hard of heart. She said she was alone, so I offered to keep her company, but she would have none of me ; I said I was hungry, yet she told me she had no food. The men were all at a dance two miles away ; I might go there if I wished.

I slept—I dreamed

" So down the valley towards the river I followed the cattle tracks, till I came to the other *boma* where they bade me welcome. I drank of their beer, ate of their meat and retired to rest. But what rest, as long as Masai were shouting and dancing around me? I waited wearily for them to turn in, yet, when eventually they did, the heap of oily *washenzi* (savages) on every side made the air too hot to breathe. I stole out under the starlight and lay down—had a little doze, when I was aroused by the yapping of dogs and the rushing of cattle to and fro within the palisade. Two lions were prowling around. I could hear their low growls, first one side and then the other. But after tossing restlessly till near morning, at last I grew tired and fell fast asleep. In my sleep God spoke to me. I dreamed I was walking alone in the wilds along a narrow path—bush on this side and thorn on that side—when there stood before me a great black beast, very fierce and strong. There was no way of escape; my heart beat faster and faster till I fell down flat on my face—and then I awoke. It was a dream, a vision of ill-omen. Truly it was the voice of God. My limbs were trembling as if in fever and my clothes wet with dew, but I got up and rubbed my eyes. Should I turn back?—not I. I must go on. Would not the Almighty care for his child on the desert road?

And the Dream Came True

"It was cold, but the sky was already red, and I knew that soon the sun would smite the earth like a fire, so I said *Kwaheri* (Good-bye) to my friends, who gave me a drink of sour milk from a gourd and bade me go in peace. Several herds of cattle passed me going out to graze, and then I got into hilly country covered with high thorny trees. The track was narrow and the air stifling. No one spoke to me except the birds—but lo! what was that I heard beside me 'Sw—ish, sw—ish, sw—ish?' I looked; and there above me over the bushes moved the two great flaps of an elephant's ears, enveloped with swarms of flies. I remembered the dream—the voice of God—and fell on my face. I tried to keep still, but my heart was thumping too much. I said to myself, 'I shall die; my mother will never see my face again!' I thought of my own land and the friends of my youth. I did not want to perish alone in the land of strangers. Alas! that a young man should end his life when it is just begun! But the elephant was coming nearer. It stood like a demon close beside me. I thought in my heart, 'It was God who created me; let Him take me, then, if so it must be.' I quietly waited to feel a thundering crash of the elephant's foot on my head or his gleaming tusk strike through my back, but I was conscious

> only of the countless flies that accompanied him and his heated breath as he sniffed about my neck. The suspense was awful, and a cold shiver passed through my body—when presently I heard the ponderous footfalls move across the track and grow fainter in the distance. I breathed once more and raised my head. The elephant was gone!" (See illustration p. 58.)

The listeners who had sympathetically journeyed with the adventurer thus far, joined in an audible sigh of relief, then laughed together like excited children over his deliverance, commenting freely on God's timely message of warning.

Vespers on Kilimanjaro

Storm-tortured clouds were playing round the moon as we had evening prayer, after which the boys learned a Swahili version of the Belfast chorus, "Down in the dumps I'll never go." Soon after we had dispersed, a storm tore down from Mawenzi and broke over the forest, but between the peals of thunder could be heard Mikilwa's voice from a grass hut below singing the familiar chorus. With the music and the tempest ringing in our ears, we were soon on our rickety bed, fast asleep—except my mother, who, finding the altitude too severe a strain on the heart, was forced after a second wakeful night to return to Marangu.

Reminiscences of a Trek to the Saddleback

I myself had an extra day with a few porters exploring a little farther up the mountain and jotted down the following notes:—

> Yesterday at noon we reached Peter's hut after six hours' march, and all enjoyed some coffee and refreshments. I was greatly surprised to come across elephant spoor at an altitude of over 11,000 ft. Towards evening after we had rested, I had a stroll through all the hidden rocky nooks with one of the boys, who told me the Chagga name for every tiny plant.
>
> All day I had been looking down on the big sea of fog that covers Marangu, but in the evening when it cleared I could distinguish with field-glasses our bungalow and Meriale's house, the court-houses and the road leading to the market. So it's not so very far away after all! It came to me very forcibly that we must get nearer to God if we want to walk above the clouds of life. We live too much in a rush down in Marangu.
>
> This morning we awoke to find the ground freezing hard outside; the ultramarine sky was cloudless and the air as magnificent and invigorating as in the Alps. I felt no headache or

mountain-sickness but a glorious freedom and rest of mind. The men were trojans for, in spite of their bare feet and cotton clothes, they never murmured at the cold. In fact they seemed to like the new experience and, when at last we reached the saddle, they lay down to chew dry bananas and crack jokes.

After photographing the peaks we returned at top speed down the rugged steeps and gathered some lovely rosy-pink everlastings from a rocky ledge dripping with icy water. Then we had more coffee, the men roasted their corn and we said good-bye to dear little Peter's Hut. It was not without treasured memories for us all. The evening before we had been sitting outside as the evening shadows closed around, talking of Eternal things. They all opened out their hearts as we got down to the rock bottom of our need of Someone to take away sin. Everyone joined in with interest.

We wound across the tufted moorland, now purple with the heather in bloom, and in and out of rockeries, where white and yellow helichrysum were strewn among boulders flecked with green and orange lichen, and where sun-birds flitted up and down the glens. The only interruption to our return journey was a tireless search for honey in a deep gorge below the track. By their restless activity the bees had betrayed their hiding place there, but it proved too inaccessible, and the zealous hunt ended fruitlessly. (See illustration p. 78.)

One man has been feeling his chest badly and still has earache. My face is terribly sunburnt* and my lips and nose swollen with the dry frosty air—but the change and experience are worth it all!

Preparing for the Kibo Climb

As I had already on two occasions had acquaintance with the prevailing conditions of the highlands, I resolved the following year to pursue the track of the Wataita, right to the unattained goal of their high quest and reach the snows of Kibo. It was only a five days' trip there and back; and we knew the Wachagga well enough by this time to trust them in the wilds.

No trouble was spared in provisioning the expedition, for a little extra attention to their comfort is appreciated more than cash by these men, who endure real hardships in the ruthless cold of the unsheltered

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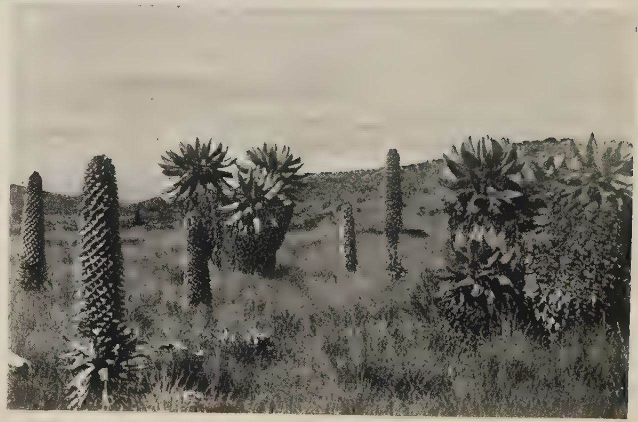
* Having had little experience of mountaineering in higher altitudes, I had foolishly washed my face in hot water at night and used camphor-ice instead of face-cream so had to suffer the consequences—though in spite of all precautions the tourist is usually disfigured after venturing up to the snow-line.

PETER'S HUT, 11,500 ft.

INTERIOR.

RED-LEAFED PROTEA SHRUB.



SENECIO AND GIANT LOBELIA, 12,000 ft.

To face p. 178.

heights. The usual rations of maize, beef and corn-meal were supplemented by home-made bread and Chagga butter, tea and coffee, sugar and cocoa, dried bananas and a little brandy. My simple outfit consisted of warm woollen clothing, fur gloves, alpine footwear, dark glasses, a helmet and tam-o'-shanter, a spiked walking stick and a couple of cameras. The flannel cover of the piano with some bamboo poles served as a tent, and a light camp mattress, over which were sewn two camel-hair rugs and two eider-downs, made an excellent sleeping bag.

Profiting by past experience, I decided to go on foot all the way, not only to avoid the inconvenience of feeding and housing a mule at night, but as a practical means of becoming accustomed to the altitude. A mount in any case cannot be employed for the last and most strenuous part of the climb; and to ride for three successive days to the base of Kibo, and then dismount with stiff limbs and a dizzy head for the final ascent, is a positive disadvantage to the mountaineer.

On these *safaris* the porters get one shilling a day, and the loan of a blanket or an extra shilling with which to borrow one. The headman, who holds himself responsible for their good conduct, receives three shillings a day, and the guide three shillings or more according to his success in reaching the goal set by the tourist.

Our Start through Grove and Forest

On September 9th, 1926, as the dawn came up out of the veldt on the east, I started with Jonathan,* our native guide, and half a dozen porters for the well-beaten, mountain track. It led us up and up past Chagga houses and clustering masses of banana grove, over murmuring mountain brooks and channelled furrows, till it brought us to a carpet of short green grass—and upwards still through dense brushwood into the soft twilight of a tangled forest, dripping continuously from the previous night's rain. Soon we were all soaked to the waist in pushing our way through the undergrowth. Under old twisted branches and over gnarled roots we tramped, now clambering across a fallen tree torn down by elephants, and then wending our way beside foaming waters and tender tree-ferns. Sometimes the air was laden with the perfume of pink begonias which carpeted the ground, or trailing orchids that studded the dark mass of foliage with white and scarlet stars. Copper-coloured epiphytic ferns, growing thickly along the upper side of some old weather-worn branch, emphasised the beauty of twisted line and artistic moulding and was nature's way of accentuating the firmness and grace of her draughtsmanship. Again the bare grey bough and rugged bole were alike covered in a maze of intertwining creepers and matted shrubbery, darkening overhead into a network of twigs and evergreen foliage, through which the sun's rays gleamed sparingly. The soil is the débris of ages—a rich vegetable mould of decayed leaves and branches.

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* Oforo of Moshi is a more experienced guide for the Kibo summit, but Jonathan was better known to me.

Wild boar rose up from their mid-day siesta and dashed through the thickets. The harsh wail of a great red-beaked hornbill came from a bough where he was jealously guarding his mate. The haunting cry of the crimson-winged touracos, characteristic of this region, resounded in the deep woods as they chased one another down the shaded aisles; and yellow orioles twittered pleasantly, hopping from twig to twig. Little monkeys from the topmost branches popped their grey faces out of the screening foliage to watch our movements; and tree frogs chirped in the hollow cavities of fallen logs. The whole track was marked with fresh elephant spoor, though we saw no signs of the herd. The tropical forest is never perfectly silent as a pine-wood at home might be, yet one is overawed by the rest, the quiet, the majestic loneliness of the equatorial jungle. It has much the same overpowering effect as sitting alone on a wild beach overlooking the endless tossing sea.

Here and there from time to time the mountain has been deforested by fire, and, where the flames have swept, strips of grassland alternate with rank forest. The dull grasses grow in thick, tufted cushions, but across the prosaic, yellow monochrome there blazes at intervals a salmon gladiolus or fiery red-poker.

As we mounted gradually higher and higher, the aspect of our surroundings became grimmer and stranger. The dark soil grew blacker and more viscid. Down every leaf and spike and vine trickled drops of water that dripped on us ceaselessly. Lycopodiums and mosses padded our wet and slippery path. The foliage was slowly displaced by pale grey lichens, which dangled like matted hair from each knotty branch and stem, distorting every feature and destroying every natural outline.

The guide was walking with me well in front of the caravan when we climbed the last steep, boggy rise that leads to Bismarck's Hut, and we were pleasantly surprised to come suddenly on a large herd of sleek eland, whose glossy hides shone like satin in the glare of the noon-day sun. Slowly and gracefully they defiled before us, the bulls (of a rich dun-colour) lagging behind as sentinels till the whole group had disappeared into the valley on our right.

Son of the Wilds

Soon after mid-day we reached the hut at 8,500 ft. The air was crisp and chilly, and I began to wish I had had the forethought to put a box of matches into my pocket for lighting the fire, instead of waiting for the porter who carried the picnic hamper. As I sat shivering on the doorstep, I found Jonathan slip a knife from his belt and quickly carve a flat surface to an obscure-looking block of wood, in which he shaped a slight cavity. Breaking a dry rod from one of the porters' shelters and tugging a wisp of hay from the side walls, he sat down complacently on a stone with his crude equipment and began to kindle a fire. Holding the oblong piece of wood firmly with his foot and placing over it the dry tinder, he took the drill between the palms of his two hands and twirled it at lightning speed in the depression already cut. In less than two minutes the dry grass was smoking and, fanned gently by his breath, burst into flame. As he piled on the sticks that lay strewn around the camp, I drew up close to the grateful warmth.

This son of the mountain had not lost the wild bush craft of his early fathers, who in this very vicinity twirled their fire-sticks and sat round the blazing logs at night talking earnestly in the Taita tongue of their eager pursuit. The dark woodland that sheltered us now from the north wind must have seemed ghastly strange to the children of sunlight. Yews clung with black serpentine roots to rocks that were older and greyer than the trees. Thick layers of mosses and mildews garlanded the rocks and englobed every trunk and bough. The hoary veterans of the jungle swung their long lichen beards unceasingly in the breeze. This was the limit to which the fathers of Chagga-land in their innocent fancy were allowed to intrude on the great God of the white snow-house, who chased them with storm and tempest back from the gates of His unearthly domain. But on the morrow the sons of the brave pioneers would venture out on the ground their fathers had feared to tread.

Honey from the Giant Heath

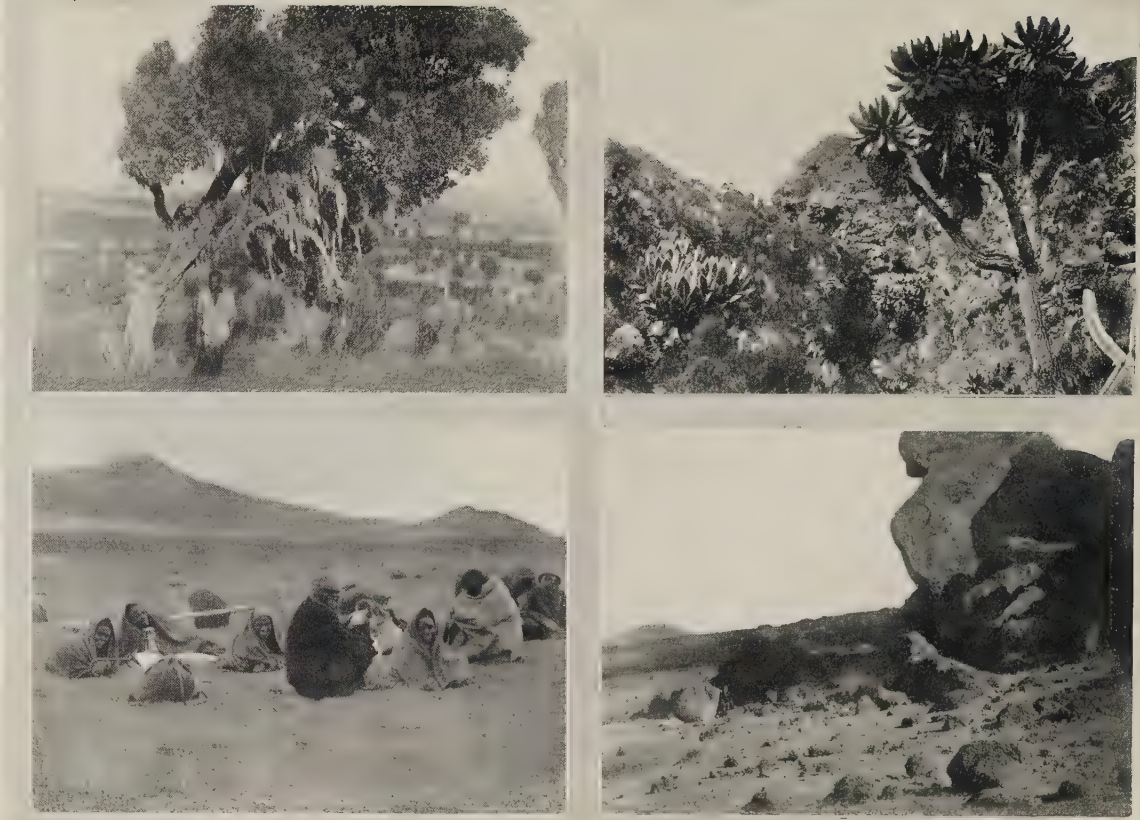
Soon they all arrived in camp, and I enjoyed a cup of tea and dried my clothes. One of the porters ran up to me with a piece of honeycomb, taken from a cavity in an old tree stump. It was delicious, clear, white honey gathered from the flowers of the giant heath. The natives must collect tons of honey yearly from their innumerable honey-barrels, which were seen hanging like great tom-toms from the branches as we passed through the jungle. The cylindrical hive is made from a section of a tree-trunk, three to five feet in length, hollowed out with a hatchet inch by inch, and the open end then secured with a thin board in which is left a tiny opening to allow of the free passage of the bees to and fro. The *mzinga* (as the natives call it) is finally engraved with some distinguishing mark of the owner, who fastens it into the topmost branches of a forest giant and awaits the harvest. At the end of the flowering season he proceeds with a few companions to light a fire underneath; and, as the acrid smoke curls around the honey-barrel, the bees are driven out or suffocated in the confines of their rough-hewn casing. Divested of clothing to minimise stings, one of them climbs the tree and with a rope lowers the box of honey to the ground, while the others scrape out the precious contents—being invariably badly stung in the process.

The Hyrax

As the sun went down behind the trees and the dark branches moaned in the wind, I crept into the hut for the night, and the men fell asleep by the fire in an open booth. The only sound that broke the silence was the grunt of a leopard below my window, and the plaintive, half-human call of the hyraxes echoing through the tree-tops. The whole forest belt that encircles the mountain rings at night with their piercing cries, and every day they are hunted by the Wachagga for their soft, brown fur. Before cloth had been introduced to these highland clans, hyrax-skin capes were worn largely by their warriors. And still the hunt continues, but now the furs are tanned locally with alum, camphor and salt and exported to Europe for coats and rugs.

Cold, Grey, Silent Land

Morning broke and, while the dew still sparkled on the grasses and fringed the iris cups with silver, we had started in a Scotch mist through a wood, every foot of which oozed moisture, and were soon on an open, rolling moorland all dancing with pale, papery flowers and nodding anemones. Through the veil of a wandering mist, the steep rugged peaks of Mawenzi could be seen on our right, but heavy banks of cumulus clouds in front of us hid Kibo from view. We worked westwards, covering the ground quickly in the keen air of the mountain, invigorated by each deep breath. But the scenery grew wilder and more weird as we left the forest and the grassland far, far below, and, following our undulating path in single file, trudged over gravelly ridges and into rocky ravines. The whole landscape as far as the eye could reach was a medley of dull grey lava slabs, dotted with the red-leafed protea shrub (*Protea Kilimandcharica*) and stunted heaths, which became smaller and smaller as we rose higher. Not a sound disturbed the silence of this uninhabited mountain of mystery; not a sign of life broke the stillness save a little ashy-brown bird that hopped about the boulders, flipping its tail up and down. And to add to the impression created by the errie



A. GIANT HEATH.
C. " SMILE, HEROES OF THE MOUNTAIN."

B. GAUNT SENECIOS GUARD THE UPLAND DEFILES.
D. THE CAVES IN THE SHADOW OF GOD'S HOUSE.

To face p. 182.

scene, huge senecios lifted to a height of 20 ft. their black stems and greyish-yellow crowns and stood spreading out their arms in the deep moist gullies, like ghostly sentinels of the untrodden wilds.

Peter's Hut, 11,500 *ft.*

We reached Peter's Hut at an altitude of 11,500 ft. in five hours. The little stream that played over the rocks beside the hut watered in its course scores of the broad-leafed senecios, of a more dwarfed type than those we had passed in the morning a thousand feet lower. The plant is strangely lacking in root development and has so little hold on the soil that it can be knocked over without the least effort.

In the evening we got a magnificent bird's-eye-view of the hazy plain that spread itself below, whose horizon had been growing fainter and fainter as we mounted above it. The deep blue-grey of the forest belt now merged into the pink of the sunlit veldt. Studded on the east with two silver lakes, it lay in gentle contrast with the purple amphitheatre of the Paré Hills and the clear cone of Mt. Meru, and was hidden altogether by the western foothills of Kilimanjaro. The sun was sinking over their dark crests when the guide called us to watch the unveiling of the dome of Kibo. As the rising night wind drove away in a long white column the clouds that had curtained her during the mid-day hours, she stood wonderful, dignified and pure in her freezing whiteness. Every Chagga heart echoed silently, "God Almighty!" Only one more day—and then, should He permit us, we were to stand within the very gates of His lofty temple. As darkness crept over the hillside, the men huddled together for warmth in a dug-out, heated by a fire of heath stumps, while I closed the door of my cosy wood-lined shack: soon we all fell asleep to the howling of the wind round our shelter and the murmuring of the brook beside us.

Over a Frozen Track

Before morning had caught the mountain in its loop of flame or tinged the sea of mist beneath, the porters were astir rekindling the fire and roasting fresh corn over the coals. I had difficulty in getting them to move out of camp, for it was very cold and the ground was covered with white rime. Before washing I had had to break the ice on the pail of water outside my door. As we began the climb we were walking on ice formed from the little streamlets on the track, but ere long a watery sun blinked at us, and the peak of Mawenzi appeared mantled with fresh snow and half-encircled with stormy clouds.

The sight of some giant lobelias (*Lobelia Deckeni*) six feet high in a bog to the east of our path made me take off my boots and stockings and wade through the freezing water to get a snapshot. What a strange meadow! What a wild dreary glen! The flowers of the moorland had already fallen and gaunt ashy stems of the lobelia kept company with dull withered senecios in a cold silent morass of brownish grass-tufts. As we walked on, we found ourselves before a steep wall of reddish-brown rock, rising bare and bold above the sand and flushed as though some hidden fire burned within. It might almost have been cut out of Sinai, so unexpected was its appearance on this grey moorland slope.

By a Desert Way to the Caves, 15,000 *ft.*

By nine o'clock we had reached the saddle-back. Beside us rose the jagged outline of Mawenzi,* now little more than the weather-beaten core of an immense volcano. The denudation of years has notched her dark crest so finely that most of her snows slip down and melt far below, especially on the east where her rocky pinnacles sink sheer down 650 ft. in a yawning abyss. To the north, a dreary waste of stones and barren howling desert stretched away in unrelieved monotony to the steppe pastures of the Masai plains. And ahead—the gigantic dome of our ardent quest loomed up and called us on. Both peaks were already being enveloped in threatening clouds and a strong north wind was blowing across the wilderness. The men complained very much of their chests, so I dealt out to each a little brandy and water, and on we trudged past a saline pool where a herd of eland had come to satiate their craving for salt. Then, breasting the gale, we crossed the sandy waste, bleaker and wilder it seemed than even the heart of Asia. The porters threw down their loads in despair half-way and were moaning on account of the cold and shortness of breath; but as I took a photo of them and said, "Now men, smile like heroes of the mountain and we can show your comrades this picture," they good-naturedly acquiesced, and then rose up with a cheery determination to make the goal, one man only going under and having to be helped by his companions.

At 2 p.m. we had reached the caves that nestle at the foot of Kibo. Here we all had tea and bread-and-butter round a camp fire—firewood and water having been carried from Peter's Hut. The porters took up their quarters in the big cave known to the Swahilis as, "*Chumba cha Mungu*," (God's Hut) and behind the gigantic lava rock was pitched my improvised tent. That evening, as the clouds lifted at sunset, I tried to get a good photo of Kibo, but in doing so was chilled to the bone. When I returned to camp the whole sky in front of me was a blaze of gold and crimson, against which Mawenzi was silhouetted in soft purples and browns, her jagged crags high above the desert plateau.

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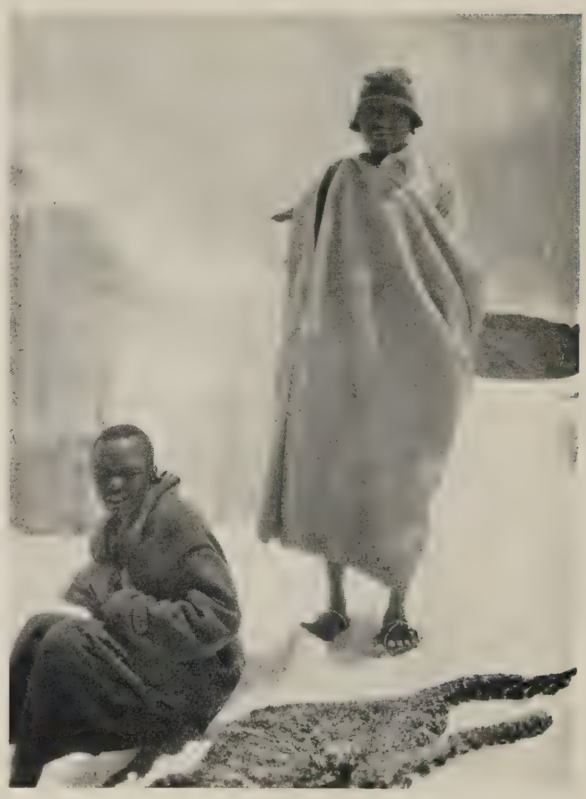
* See illustration p. 24.

ON THE RIM OF KIBO'S CRATER.



JONATHAN, MIKANI AND REMAINS OF FROZEN LEOPARD.

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Under the Stars

The usual merriment of the porters was silenced to-night by the grim clutch of winter, and except for the sound of their continued coughing there was no other evidence of human companionship. I might have been alone on the trackless mountain. I sat down by the fire to spend a night lost in the wonder of the stars. I did not sleep; I could hear too well the beating of my own heart, and the high altitude had brought on mountain sickness. As the icy gale tore down from the dizzy heights above and whistled among the crags and crannies, I listened to its sighing and waited for the morning. In the clear, highly-rarefied atmosphere distances were misleading, and Mawenzi looked deceptively near, while the vault of heaven itself seemed to have come closer to earth. Myriads of stars shone in the deep indigo sky with a lustre unknown to the inhabitants of the lower world.

The Last Long Climb

I looked at my watch—it was exactly three o'clock, and in case I should have difficulty in dragging the natives out for an early start, I broke bounds and made them some tea, and then called to them at the mouth of the cave, "*Haya watu, njoo! Chai tayari! Tufunge safari*" (Come along, men! Tea is ready! Let us be off on the march!) to which they readily responded. At 4 a.m. by the light of a hurricane lamp, and wrapped in everything that could give warmth, I started with Mawala, the headman, and Jonathan, our guide, on the long uphill pull of 4,000 ft. over loose scree and fissured rocks. The cold was intense, and Mawala got two of his toes frost-bitten. With the blush of dawn we left the camp behind, for our breathing* had become so difficult that we could barely drag ourselves along and had to sit down every few yards to recover breath, now and again sucking icicles and nibbling Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. Yet the steep ascent was mostly over projecting ridges of lava slabs and presented no real obstacle beyond the extreme altitude. Here and there, however, we struck a bed of loose shingle, which mockingly carried us backwards at every footstep almost the whole distance of our tread. As we climbed, we dropped one by one all our impedimenta—a sandwich box, field glasses, a sunshade, a heavy coat and a second camera.

Watching our tedious progress from the caves, Mikani, one of the younger porters, was fired with the sudden impulse to reach with us the "House of God" and, without even sandals to protect his feet, soon overtook us and accompanied the party for pure adventure. His full-blooded energy gave fresh impetus to our flagging spirits. Jonathan's face I noticed was now tense, and his lips firmly set in a resolve to reach the crowning ice-cap. As we gained the higher slopes, these sons of the wilds proved their mettle. They needed no encouragement, but took the initiative in the climb and faithfully carried out my slightest wish, even leaving the track in search of icicles, which they found under the overhanging rocks and brought me instead of water. Every time we looked back the panorama of landscape sank lower and lower, till geographical outlines were lost in the haze, leaving only the charm of wide spaces and far-distant horizons. A long ridge of reddish rock on our left concealed the Ratzel Glacier and before us, scaling Heaven, stood the wall of ice for which we were heading.

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* Arnica lotion applied locally over the region of the heart and on the calf of the leg I found considerably relieved the tension and muscular stiffness.

Near the top we found in a perfect state of preservation the carcase of a leopard, first discovered in the snow and dug out by Dr. Latham of the Government Agricultural Department of Tanganyika. No one can tell what induced it to venture into a land so cold and desolate; but possibly the smell of meat carried by some *safari* had led it to follow their trail, until on the wild summit it perished in a snow-storm. Jonathan cut off a piece of its tail as a momento of our little expedition.

The Goal

At one o'clock under a broiling sun we stood on the eastern edge of the crater rim, 19,000 ft., where we were ushered abruptly from the heated rock into the cool, silent sanctuary of myriad snow crystals. Mikani was the first to leap on the snow, and jumped back as his bare feet tingled with the sting of the frost. Through a narrow break in the towering cliff of ice we got a magnificent view of the concave hollow, from whose centre once had issued a fiery column of smoke and molten lava, but which now lay cold and mute, cradling a field of snow and the ashen remains of its crater cone. The cauldron, which averages a depth of 600–700 ft., drops sheer down free of ice on the south side,* exposing a wall of grey and reddish-brown lava, but completes its *entourage* in softly shaded cliffs of blue and white, caved and shelved and terraced to form a pantheon of sparkling brilliance and majestic grandeur.

As we gazed on this magic wilderness of flashing ice-fields and fresh-blown snow beyond the tumult of the world, we were overawed, and for some time nobody spoke. Then Mawala, viewing it for the first time, broke the silence and said, " This is indeed the HOUSE of GOD : there is no house in all the world clean except this one." I was thrilled by these spontaneous words from native lips. We had, at last, reached the goal of the Fathers of the Chagga race !

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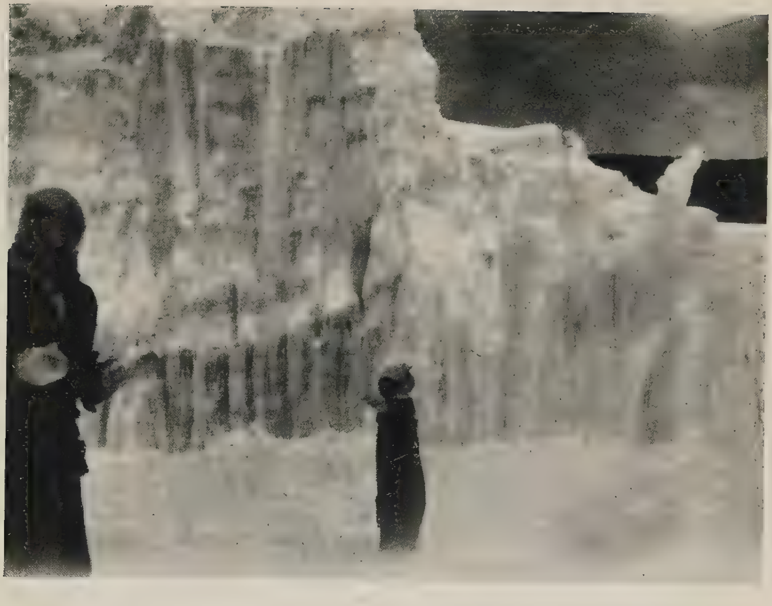
* Where also the crater attains its highest altitude—Kaiser Wilhelm Peak, 19,318 ft.



WACHAGGA FEEL SNOW FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THRESHOLD OF THE "HOUSE OF GOD."

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CHAPTER X

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

Back to the Heart of Chagga

WHO has ever dared the pride of Kibo and has not been hurried back by the mysterious force of her chilly silence and awful solitude? Within twenty-four hours of the time we had stood on her crater-rim on the roof of Africa, we were back among familiar surroundings in Chagga-land, having dropped 14,500 ft. in the retreat. The warm sun gleamed on the rustling bananas and threw the long shadows of late afternoon across the track, as we took the last turn of the winding path that brought us home. The distant bark of a dog and a hundred sounds unnoticed in the dull routine of life reminded us that we had come from the sublime down to the stern realities of mundane existence. Behind us lay a land of the silence of death, unfrequented by any living creature; and here we had returned to a world of living souls, struggling and groping in the darkness for a hand to lead them, not to the goal of their fathers' pilgrimage, but beyond that to a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"*The Morning Cometh*"*—but*

And yet the long, lonely night must drag slowly on till dawn. The casement of Chagga life was already opening on a new day of opportunity, and the dark shadows were vanishing; her savage warfare was abolished, her cruel slavery done away with and the superstitions of witchcraft and pagan religion uprooted. With the coming of the whiteman, the peril of famine and the scourge of smallpox had been eliminated. The slow, humdrum life of barbarism had given place to a renaissance of activity. Barter had been superseded by money, red ochre and skins by European dress, and illiteracy by modern education. The pen had replaced the spear in a young nation whose veins now tingled with expectancy. Progress was inevitable. The dawn had broken. But was the morning to bring relief? A mother watches by the bed of her little one through the night and listens anxiously to the heavy breathing. How eagerly she looks into the darkness for the first streak of light as it steals out of the east; yet perchance it brings, not life but death.

For Kilimanjaro the morning had come, but—as a messenger of hope or an augur of death?

Missionaries and the Church they came to Shepherd

It is significant that at a very early period of European settlement, the natives recognised in the missionary a gleam of sunshine in their gloom. I have seen these sons of the mountain drop on their knees among the banana clusters and pray God to send back to them their former German missionaries. On their return subsequently, they were met by an enthusiastic dancing rabble, who chaired through the crowd a little dark-eyed woman in nursing uniform, the sister of the Mamba Mission Hospital—one who used to walk all night if necessary to attend the sick, who picked up wee, forsaken mites, cast out in calabashes because they happened to be one of twins, nursed them in her own home, clothed and fed them until they reached the flower of youth and then gave them back to take a worthy place amongst their own people.

The return of the missionaries, however, caused an upheaval in church life, which had become corrupted and was tottering under the influence of savage environment. Sunday drumming and dancing was confuted; a regulation was prescribed that a mission teacher found drunk twice in the month was to be derated. Mixed gatherings of young people at dusk were repressed in the interests of tribal purity, and stricter discipline was enforced in the general, clerical organisation. In Machame the elders had stipulated that no Christian was allowed to wear trousers, obviously to discourage their flock from apeing the whiteman. This new order was cancelled, but the mad craze for gaudy clothing was discouraged by the wise and practical leaders from the Fatherland. Yet they could not arrest the eager passion for dress. The work seemed to gallop ahead of them along the aisles of advancing civilization. Scarcely could they overtake, much less grapple with it. Men, women and children were applying for baptism by the score and being baptised by the hundred. One good missionary, quite perturbed, asked with feeling : " What shall we do with the people flocking like this for baptism? We have no time to discover the secrets of their hearts. I suppose we must baptise the whole mountain and then begin all over again to evangelise them ! "

Baptismal Fête

I once attended a baptismal function. The large Mamba Church could not hold the crowds that swarmed over the hillside, so the service was arranged in an open field. As soon as the sun had evaporated the dew from the grass, the hill of Ashira was dappled with little groups of gay-robed darkies hurrying along the narrow paths, until by 9 a.m. an immense concourse had gathered round a plain, wooden altar in the cool shade of a group of eucalyptus trees. Shadrach, a venerable, bearded native deacon, was controlling the crowd with the aid of a leather whip, chasing them into position and getting them seated in orderly rows on the turf. From every quarter they kept coming, some dashing up from the plains by motor-cycle, some by lorry, girls with pink sunshades and men with bowler hats hardly blacker than their faces, till the vast circle was a dazzling mass of colour. Plump and dusky mothers dressed in flashing silks and satins had brought their infants for christening and occupied a central position near the altar. Behind them were seated on benches the candidates for baptism—a phalanx of men in spotless *kanzus* and a great company of women anointed with rancid butter, decked with coloured beads and dressed in white frocks ornamented with fancy braid. The chattering ceased as the missionaries in more modest attire threaded their way to the centre Their faces bore the battle-scars of a fierce fight against paganism; they were aged beyond their years, and their brows were furrowed with care.

So much in a Name!

After a short preliminary service, accompanied by a Chagga brass band, the actual ceremony of sprinkling began. As the curly-headed innocents were brought one by one before the officiating clergyman, each to receive its name in baptism, an interesting episode caused a digression from the routine of the proceedings. Lest a flaring designation such as "Macdonald Roderick Whittington" should foster arrogance in the native mind, a recent order from the mission council had forbidden baptismal candidates having European names, and parents had accordingly chosen for their children Chagga or Biblical ones during the previous week. After a score of babies had been dubbed, a father, in violation of the rule, proffered a few grand English names for his first-born, hoping that his disobedience would pass unnoticed in the crowd. But a stern, calm voice rang out, "I refuse this child the waters of Baptism"; and the long file moved on, while the owners of the unfortunate infant sat down rather dumbfounded—all eyes fastened on them, watching keenly the outcome of their rebellion. When the last child had been received into the church, the transgressor was given one more chance for his son, and this time, somewhat crestfallen, he called his little boy by an ignominious Chagga name! (See p. 126.)

The sacred function of baptism continued in greater solemnity without a midday break until the sun was setting in the west, and, as its last golden rays caught the face of Kibo, the great congregation dispersed, carrying home the little ones asleep in their arms.

Bowing to Bacchus

The day ended, as such occasions usually do on the mountain, in a festive carnival which grew more noisy as the hours wore on towards midnight. "Why should we not rejoice," they said, "when the angels in heaven are rejoicing?"—but their excesses probably provoked more rejoicing from the devils in hell, and not a few tears from a heaven in mourning. At one of these seasons of revelry, an earnest native pastor and a band of students fired with the spirit of the evangel visited one village after another in the hope of speaking to the crowds but, finding them all too drunk to listen, were forced at last to abandon their crusade.

Is the missionary to be blamed for all this? I say emphatically, "No!" It is the work of the arch-enemy who is ever planting tares among the wheat. Mission boys, as a rule, have a bad reputation in Africa. Officers serving in the East African campaign were warned on arrival never to engage a mission boy as a personal servant; nor was this out of sheer prejudice, for often they are the most accomplished rascals. As soon as the virgin wilds are touched by the gospel, the weeds grow thick and fast, and the majority of mission boys are a "bad lot," not as a product of the gospel, but as the devils weeds under cultivation.

Mangi Mlanga, after months of sober living, was attending the baptism of a brother-chieftain, when he was bowled over by the drink-fiend and for weeks afterwards was never free from intoxication. He went so far as to purchase for himself another wife. Some time later, as I was passing the court-house with the shame of his bondage on my heart, I met the Mangi strolling down the long drive towards his bungalow. I said, "What has Jesus done that you have left Him so soon?" "Memsahib," he answered, pointing passionately to a large *mringa-mringa* tree, "You see that tree? A few days ago its blossom was as white as Kibo; now it stands scorched and withered by the sun. I was washed white and pure, but the heat of sin has scorched me." "Yes, I know it all," I said. "The way is hard and hot, but beside it is the shadow of a Great Rock; you will find it cool and refreshing there!" The picture of those faded flowers will always remain in my memory and the silent testimony they had given to the dark ruler as he paced before them.

Kilimanjaro's Seminary Re-opens

One day the monotonous routine of Marangu was broken by the official re-opening of the Teachers' Training School, attended by a cosmopolitan audience of German and British, Russians and Americans, Poles, Swedes and Czecho-Slovakians. The native students represented a dozen different tribes from Kilimanjaro to the coast belt; and the chiefs of Marangu, Mamba and Mwika were present as delegates of the chieftaincy of the mountain. The interesting function, punctuated with speech-making in four languages, occupied a couple of hours. But personally what impressed me most was a dramatic address by the principal Chagga teacher on the words, " Many are called but few are chosen." Recalling the days when he himself was a student at the original opening of the seminary, he cried passionately :—

> " Where are my fellow students ? I ask. This school was as full as it is now of men in training for the ministry, but I can count on the fingers of this hand—one—two—*three* men who are still with us in the work. Where are my brothers ? Some have loved the world, they have married many wives. Some have loved money : they have taken well-paid clerkships. Some have grown tired and cold : they are doing nothing. ' Many are called but few are chosen.' God needs more *jembes* (hoes) to cultivate His plantation, but He will never use a rusty, dirty, blunt tool for His work. Brethren, many of you have been called : strive now to be among the chosen—a clean *jembe* in the great hand of God, who will use you to make this mountain into a fruitful garden for His pleasure."

A Closer Link

For months we followed with interest developments in this powerhouse of Kilimanjaro, whose dynamic might one day be felt for hundreds of miles around. And our deepening interest became more personal when the principal, the Rev. Paul Rother, asked me to help, as they were very much under-staffed. The unexpected proposal had come in direct answer to prayer for ' our daily bread.' But besides this it was a privilege I had not dreamed of to be in close touch with representatives of so many of the surrounding tribes—youths and married men who were going back to their people to mould the young life of Tanganyika Territory.

And what a study in character! Tribal individuality and the essential features of each clan were displayed in the effective light of contrast—the kindly courtesy, generosity and keen home instincts of the Waparé, the staunch, solid perseverance of the noble sons of Meru, the reticence and surliness of the Wa-Iramba, the naïve simplicity of the Washambaa, and the pride, jealousy and high ambitions that ever burned in the Wachagga. Under careful discipline all these traits were made to harmonise in the life of the seminary, and gradually these rough diamonds knocked the corners off each other.

This institution, like most mission schools of to-day, was receiving a state subsidy for native education, and their school curriculum had to meet government requirements. Their syllabus included (besides biblical teaching) Swahili and English, arithmetic and physiology, writing and drawing, geography and history, violin and pianoforte, singing and astronomy, manual work and sport.

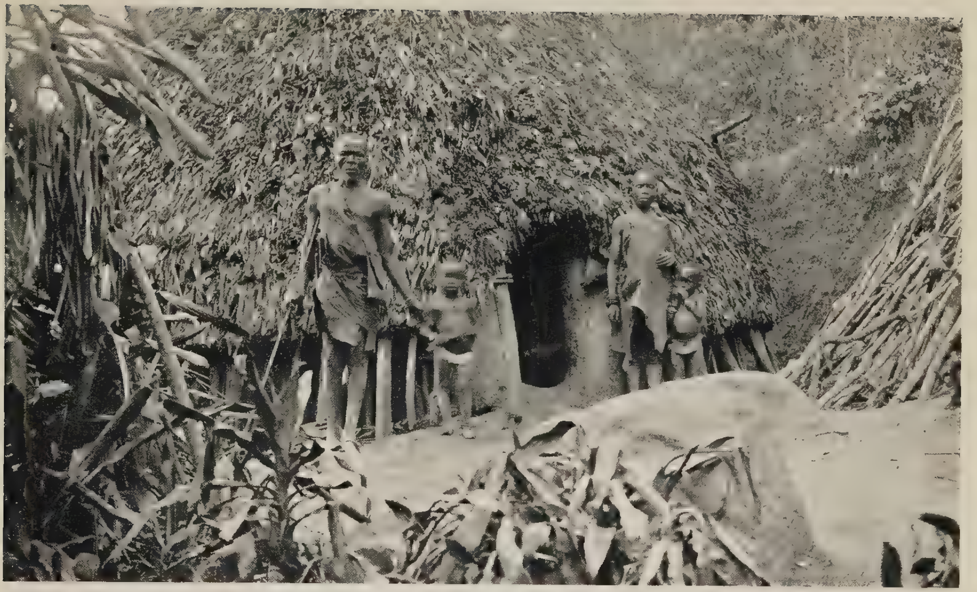
Nature's Pupil

Late one evening I was gathering a few wild botanical specimens on the hillslope for the next day's drawing lesson, when a Paré student kindly offered to carry them for me and accompanied me home in the fading twilight. Picking from a bunch a flower here and a leaf there, he entertained me by giving the Paré name for every plant, explaining in detail their medicinal use. One was for a goat suffering from giddiness, another for a cow disinclined to graze; a little flower was a remedy for sunstroke and a tincture from a certain leaf made an excellent medicine for colic. I realised that my interesting companion was a professor in his own wild art.

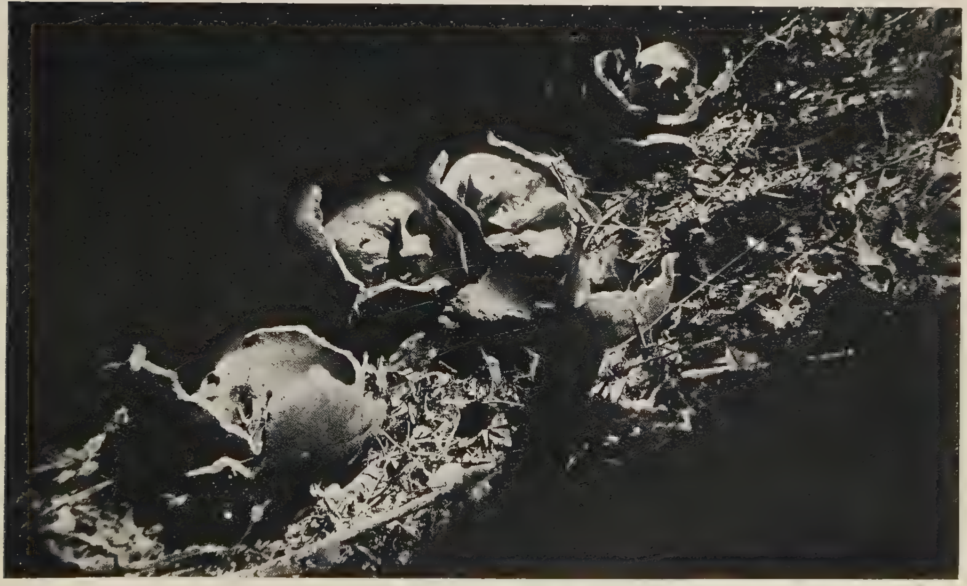
I asked him what had made him leave his home for the seminary. Simply he told how as a boy he had been coaxed one Sunday into a mission church. But the first words he heard, "God is in this house," struck him with terror, and he fled for his life, never stopping till he reached the safety of his mother's hut. He vowed never again to enter the place. In later years, however, he was persuaded and sat patiently through the mysterious prayers and hymns till the preacher started to speak. "God so loved the world," the whiteman began, "that he gave His only Son, that your soul should never perish but have unending life, if you'll only believe it." His heart seemed to beat faster and faster at the wonder of that message. "And now I have come to the Teachers' School to get wisdom," he said, "but when I go back I just want to teach those words everywhere to my own people, that their hearts, too, may throb with the love of God; for among my kinsmen there is only dread and fear of the spirits of the dead."

Where Men Live in Tombs

When an Mparé dies, so I learned, the legs and arms are tied to the trunk, and the body placed in a sitting posture and buried in his own



WAPARÉ AND THEIR MOUNTAIN HOME.



CALABASHES OF DEATH ON PARE HILLS.

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hut with the head protruding. This is enclosed in a wooden framework rendered airtight with dung, and around the ghastly sepulchre the family continue to live until the body is decayed. The skull is then removed in a clay pot to one of the craggy heights overlooking the village. There the witch-doctor, muttering his incantations, kills a goat and leaves its head and a measure of beer in the broken pot, as meat and drink for the spirit in its long journey to the other world. Periodically, however, these provisions must be supplemented, lest the uneasy spirit in its hungry search should wreak vengeance on the luckless relatives.

Brave the Bee-Stings!

I had another opportunity of learning how exquisitely Jesus Christ transforms the dark superstitions of paganism into the strong beauty and freshness of real Christianity. It was at an open-air meeting conducted by the students. Before a large gay crowd, a little short fellow from Arusha, about twenty years of age, stepped into the centre and for a moment bowed his head in silent prayer. Then with a clear ringing voice he said, "Mothers, fathers, and you people of Chagga! In the Meru forest where I was born hangs my father's honey-barrel, where the bees lay their store in the time of flowers. One early morning I started with my comrades to bring home the honey. We laughed as we went along, and one remarked, 'Are you ready for the bee-stings? The hive is near; they will be down on us soon!' 'What do we care about stings?' another replied. 'To-night we shall eat honey from the honey-comb.' So on we went to the base of the tree and began lighting a fire. Before the smoke had time to drive off the bees they were buzzing around us in a swarm. We were stung all over till our faces were swollen and our heads ached, but we scooped out the contents of the barrel and forgot the stings for the sweetness of the honey. My brethren, the Christian life is no easy path. It means sacrifice; it means persecution; it means endurance. It entails giving up the sin that you love; it may mean giving up your friends. There are bee-stings in the way, plenty of them, but I tell you it's worth it all for the sweetness of knowing Jesus as your own Friend and Saviour."

A deep hush passed over the flippant audience as they listened to these stirring words, for the boy was not merely sermonising. His daily, consistent life gave him the right to speak. Scarcely half a century before, the savages of Arusha had in blind superstition murdered the pioneer missionaries beside their harmonium, but from the dark blood stains of those early martyrs has sprung at least one pure, white flower.

"The Little Cossack" of Arusha

The Arusha mission station was occupied soon after the termination of the hostilities of 1914–18 by a Russian ex-officer, Dr. Richard Reusch, commonly known as "The Little Cossack," who had won the respect alike of British officials, planters, tradesmen and natives. The native police, with whom he spent much of his time, adored him and one day cheering his arrival in Moshi, chaired him through the streets. He visited the prisons, and murderers broke down, weeping like children under the pathos of his words. Everywhere he commanded perfect respect and instant obedience, so that, when a grass fire threatened the valuable Meru forests, he was the only man able to marshal those independent woodsmen and extinguish the flames.

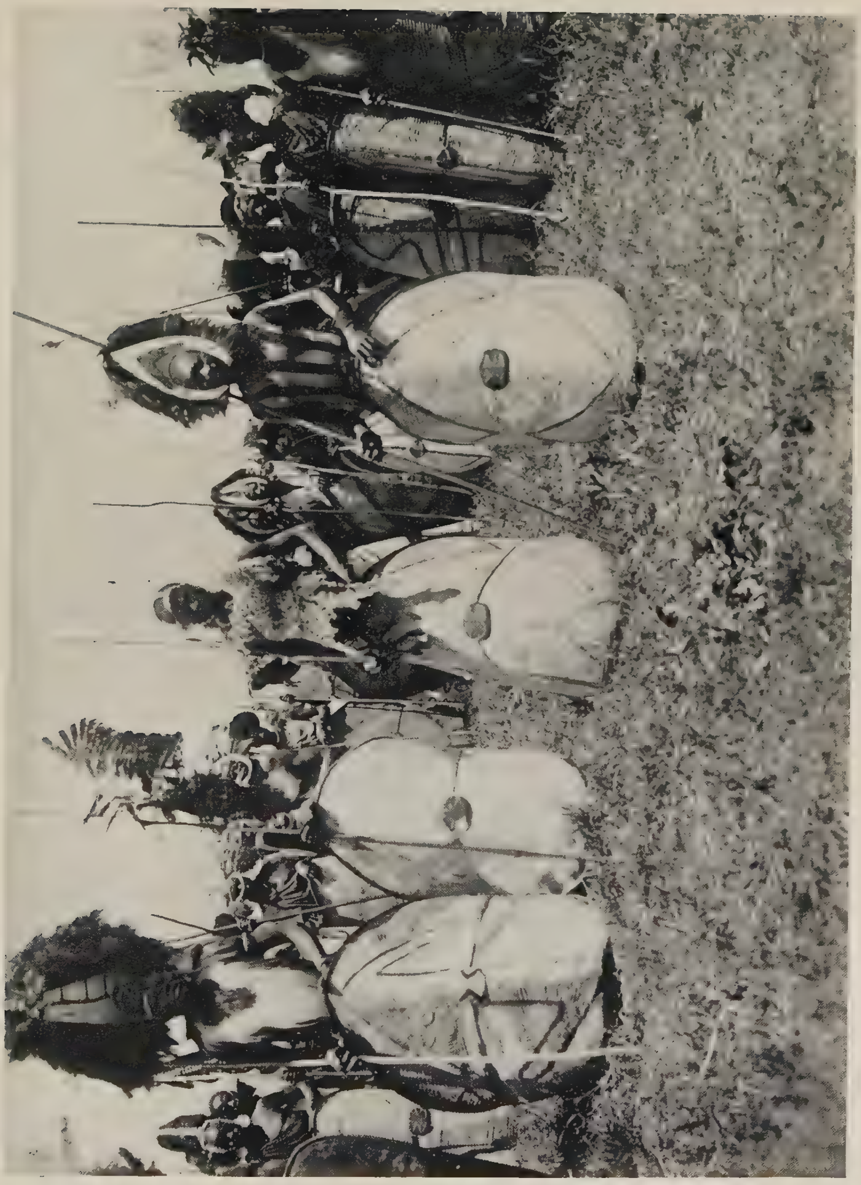
Origin of the Masai

But his most unremitting efforts were made on behalf of the wilder, nomadic Masai that wander over the grassy plateau surrounding Kilimanjaro. These people of Hamitic-negro stock probably found their beginnings in the Latuka tribe between the Nile and Karamojo. Intertribal warfare drove them southwards to Mount Elgon and thence to Lake Rudolf in the direction of Kilimanjaro, where at a comparatively recent date they split again into two families—the Masai, the warlike cattle-owners of the east that rule from Unyamwezi to Mount Kenya and the Indian Ocean, and the Wakwavi or agriculturalists of the highlands.

Their Homes

The latter may be distinguished from the true Masai by their specific house-building design. Their huts are of the round, wattle-and-daub type, with low walls and well-inclined, thatched roofs. But the nomads have a distinctive and very characteristic scheme of their own unlike other negro tribes. Long, narrow, oblong houses barely 6 ft. high are divided by means of partitions into several rooms, each of which has a little doorway of its own and each represents the dwelling-place of one family. The roof is flat like the walls and is made of forest saplings, tied by means of bark on to stouter cross-poles. This framework is then plastered with clay and finally finished off with an outer and inner layer of cow dung, thus making it water-proof. Manure is similarly trodden into the wet soil of the floor until it forms a smooth surface.

Into many a one of these grimy huts permeated with the stench of unwashed bodies and smoky fires, the little Russian aristocrat would enter as doctor, guide, philosopher and friend. Faces would brighten at his approach, and he would be offered a small, three-legged stool,



MASAI WAR-DANCE.

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the honourable seat of an old man. There was little else, indeed, in the furnishings of a Masai hut with which to honour a stranger—in one corner a bed of grass or brushwood with an ox-hide covering, a few gourds containing sour milk or butter, a long spear and shield, with some beans sputtering in a clay pot on the hearth-stones in the corner.

Toga Virilis

In the morning they would escort him on his way to another distant encampment and, as they walked side by side, something in the bearing of this princely warrior race claimed the admiration of the ex-officer. In physique they are the finest of all the tribes of central Africa—6 ft. of gladiatorial strength and grace, with high noble forehead and finely-cut nostrils like a Grecian statue in chocolate-coloured ebony—such is this monarch of the plains. Disdainful alike of European innovations and native advancement, he wanders to-day in the goat-skins or oily calico of his fathers, armed with a long, fine sword or *simé*. Like them he twists his hair with mutton fat, red ochre and twine into a mop of ropey ends and distends the lobe of his ear with wooden discs, varied occasionally by a jam pot or pickle jar, to complete the brilliance of his pearly teeth and the breadth of his cheery smile. (See illustration p. 88.)

The picture of their wild freedom afforded by a Masai war dance has faded from the public eye, apart from a staged performance for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales ; but away in the backwoods of the untrodden bush this unique sight may still be seen. Decked in a cape of black and white colobus, with a circlet of lion mane or ostrich feathers round the face, a broad waist-band of calico, fringes of long white hair at the knee and ankle bells, fifty of these warriors with glistening spears and buffalo shields will dance in frenzy to the rhythm of war drums and weird re-echoing yells. Now a low mumbling and then a loud shriek as they jump into the air. Here is indeed a people of spacious, daring mind, of lofty aspirations, but cruel, fierce, bloodthirsty and untamed as the wind.

When the Soul is hushed

Yet for all their independence and heathen ferocity, they too have their solemn moments. Under the anguish of their malignant sores or acute ophthalmia, their thoughts turn to *Ngai* (God), the Creator, who lives high above the evil spirits of their infirmity, and whom they hold in reverence and fear, but do not attempt to worship. In drought, it is true, the little ones may form a circle in the villages at sunset and in their songs implore Him to send the rain, with a bunch of dry withered grass in their hand to prove the urgency of their need.

But to the missionary who learned to love these primitive people came the priceless privilege of telling how *Ngai*, looking down on our human need, left the glory of the starlit heavens to walk amongst men and to give His life for them. The message was borne at no small cost—tentless at night, after a frugal meal of native beans out on the fever-haunted plains, Dr. Reusch wore out his life and impoverished his blood to carry the Good News to these untouched peoples.

"The Cossack" in Marangu

On this account he was recalled by the mission and appointed to the staff of the Teachers' Training School in Marangu. The last of the American missionaries—a good man, characterised by meekness, gentleness and patience—had just left for the new field of American enterprise in Iramba, and, at a meeting of welcome for Dr. Reusch, a quick-witted Mchagga said, " We have bade farewell to Moses. To-night we welcome Joshua as our leader to take us into the land of promise ! " He had already won his spurs on a new field.

This " Little Cossack " whom they acclaimed as their leader was a thin, wiry figure about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, some thirty years old but aged beyond his years, slightly bald, with close-cropped hair and fine military bearing. As now and again we picked up the threads of his scattered history, we learned some of the secrets of his success as a missionary. Educated at a military college in the Caucusus from 5 to 18 years of age, he began life in a rigid school of discipline, where for disobedience he was confined for three days to a dark cell on prison diet with straw for his bed. Later at a University he qualified as a Doctor of Divinity and became a pastor. When the Bolshevik activities began in Russia, however, and men, women and children were being murdered —in one single hideous night three hundred beheaded in the street before his eyes—he threw off his clerical garb and joined up as an officer in the Czar's Regiment. As far as he knew all his people were killed at the hands of the " Reds," and the sights he witnessed baffle description,—eyes burnt out and tongues wrenched with pliers, to the taunt, " Sing now, you Christians, sing ! " He told us that when the Russian Royal Family had been assassinated, cut in pieces and burnt, he alone of the officers of his regiment escaped the same fate at the hands of the bloodthirsty revolutionaries, who hounded him down and put a price of two million roubles on his head.

It was then that he fled from his country, never to return, and determined to serve Jesus, his King and Captain, with even greater ardour than he had the *Emperor of all the Russias.* A British colonel, who was responsible under General Smuts for the capture of Kilimanjaro, after commenting on the sterling character of the little Russian missionary, said to me, "I should not like to meet an officer of that calibre on the opposing side!" And that is just the need of the mission field to-day, We want a genuine, fiery Christian of the officer type, under whom, by God's grace, hearts may not only be changed but lives disciplined—of the calibre that brave men would be afraid to face in warfare, yet ablaze with human love and a passion for dying souls.

A Challenge

This man, strong though he was, shed tears for the Masai whom he had left on the plains. He was not allowed to go back to them because his life was imminently endangered by fever, and no native teacher would volunteer for the treacherous life of the veld. "Yet some one must die for the people and bring them to Calvary"; he pleaded, "these vanishing tribes must be won." I pass on the challenge to my reader. Will no one go to these pastoral aristocrats of the tropics, facing malaria and possibly an early death, to lead them from their vale of tears and blood to the shining city of God?

The Cross has not lost its power to turn the world upside down. I have seen innocent Chagga boys with sparkling eyes and ringing laughter, whose faces have suddenly been clouded with gloom because savagedom got them in its grip before the liberty of Christ had enthralled them, and it seemed as though they had lost their laughter for ever. But I have seen girls grow sweet and modest and pure as a Master-hand had His way in their lives.

Danger on the Field

Education cannot do that. As civilisation strides on in this new day of enlightenment, the missionary is almost forced to give secular instruction to the heathen to keep pace with the times. I do not believe that in itself it actually does them any good. It may do irreparable harm. In any case there is a grave danger of allowing it to supersede the work of winning souls, and fear of this is expressed in a letter just received from an experienced missionary in Kenya Colony:—

Education without Regeneration

> "The evil one," he says, "is doing his best with a scheme to engulf most of our time and strength, if not our very souls. The government is going ahead with educational plans, taking over mission schools and prescribing their curriculum. Many missionaries are state paid, and thus education often takes first place in most of our societies. I do not attempt to criticise, but state the bare facts as they appear to me."

The accompanying photograph (A) shows Mabruki, a slave boy rescued from the Arabs by my parents in 1885 and later educated in England. On his return to Africa and out of respect for Father, he registered his name as "Joseph Watt." After refusal to don native dress when employed by the C.M.S., he entered the Universities Mission at Zanzibar. Two sons were born to him, whom he named Stuart Watt and Rawson Watt, respectively, in honour of his two heroes. Rawson recently sent the snapshot (B) with a note, as follows:—

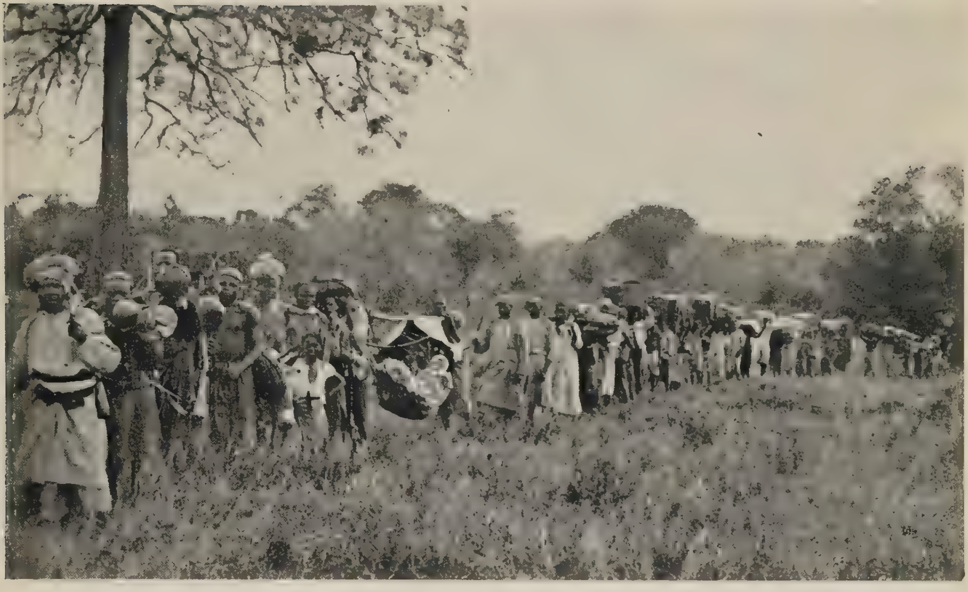
> "Dear Mrs. Stuart-Watt,
>
> The link severed for years is rejoined at last. I am the younger son of Mr. Joseph Watt for whom, in spite of all the troubles, you took much care in bringing up from childhood.
>
> I am working as a clerk in the Secretariat for 7 years now, having joined after the hostilities when my unit was demobilized. I am enclosing herein a photograph of my mother-in-law, wife, child and myself, and although it is cracked you will be able to see us through it and judge for yourself how grown up we have become. The little fellow is our first issue, aged 8 mths. now, named Joseph Stuart in memory of our late father and your family. Good-bye till we meet again.
>
> Ever yr. Grandson,
> RAWSON KESTELL WATT."

Sitting on the bank by the roadside one morning, a young man was absorbed in the pages of a book, which he handed to me as I stopped to speak to him. He could not read English fluently but had been wading through a degrading novel from the lascivious pen of a cultured author. "What is coming to Africa?" I asked myself. The swift gleams of light of her new day threatened to make her darkness all the more intense.

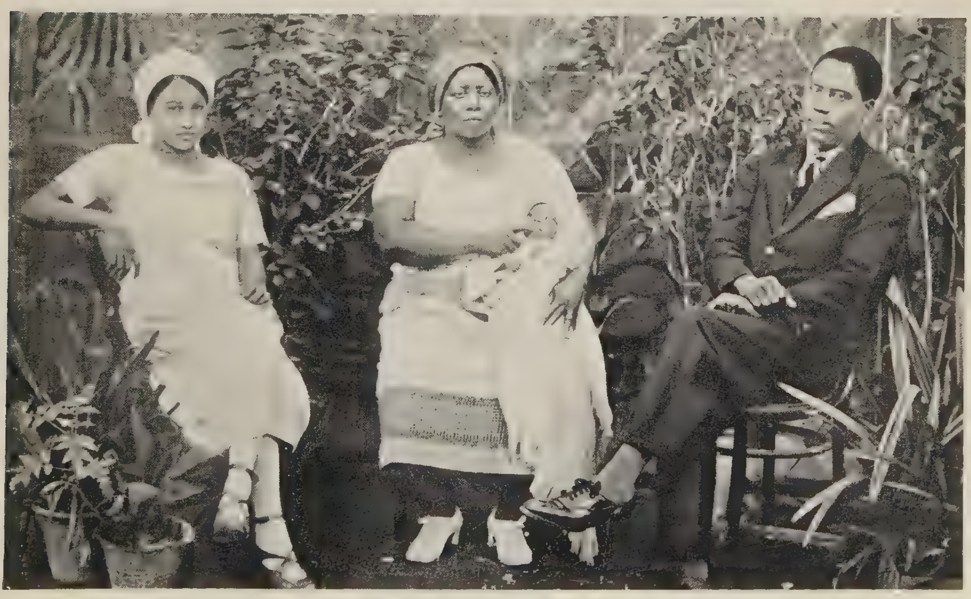
Filipo

A single case of two Chagga brothers, Filipo and Petro, exemplified the power of education harnessed respectively for God and the world. As boys they were educated together at a Lutheran day school, and both later became teachers in the mission. When the Germans were interned during the war and food was scarce on the mountains, Filipo carried on the Moshi church without any remuneration and worked the land to supply his wants, till his heart gave way under the double strain, leaving him helpless on his back for months. As head native teacher in the seminary, he became well known to me. To the student he was a conscientious master, yet humble and unselfish as a brother. In his

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.



MABRUKI—SLAVE-BOY (marked with a cross).



FORTY YEARS ON—

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home he was a loving father. His swarthy face shone with a light rarely seen in our own churchgoers, and his black hands were as worthy as any I know to offer the emblems by which we commemorate the Lord's death " till He come." If the missionaries had lived and died without any other convert but this one, I reckon that their sacrifice was worth while, if only to give to Kilimanjaro one such apostolic christian.

Petro in His Black Skin

The brother, Petro, on the other hand, gave up his mission post for better pay in the government educational department; here he was found fomenting a spirit of treason amongst the boys and even writing literature of a revolutionary bolshevik character. On these grounds he was dismissed from the service and banished from his home to the more unsophisticated district of Mwika, where he is being carefully watched. Giving free expression to his sentiments, he remarked one day, " *I wish I could tear off this black skin of mine. We are every whit as good as the whiteman and as fit to control our own country.* If only I could paint my face white there would be no difference."

But the difference is not one of colour alone. At the very core of African life there is a foul canker of impurity eating away at the very vitals of her national existence, darkening her mind and beclouding her judgment, unfitting her for equality with the ruling powers of the world. There are pure hands in Europe to rock the cradle and innocent childhood to give the race a chance, but Darkest Africa has neither. Africa knows not the meaning of purity. At seven years her sons and daughters are corrupted. What then of her manhood? She is stunted with a withering blight. Hers are the sins that brought fire and brimstone on the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and in pentecostal flame alone stands her hope of purging. Until then, to take this cankerous tree from the nurseries and plant it out in a healthy orchard spells sheer disaster to its kindred.

Again, the simplicity of a child race must be moulded and disciplined before it can gain those qualities essential to government. It will be a bad day when an untrained youngster returns from the strict régime of school to ungovernable licence at home. A boy's life is happier in guided channels, and an African is at his best in all respects as a servant. Beware of the day of disquietude that mankind cannot bear—" a servant when he reigneth."

A grave menace has been spreading over the land like a mist from sea at dawn. Germany disarmed Kilimanjaro and shipped her spears to Europe, but we are arming her with a subtler weapon in the extensive education of her unregenerate sons and daughters: " We are training a band of men," commented a member of the seminary staff, " who will one day turn us out."

Behind the Curtain of Night

The horizon was even now darkening. A restless rising and swelling in Chagga-land was already indicating some deep ferment. It was towards the close of a long dry season, and the hot still air grew even more sultry and stifling as the day wore on. Hardly a living thing or twig seemed to stir in the evening silence, and great grey clouds hung as ominous portents of some mystery. The winding track that passed below our house had borne no footprint during the hour of twilight, but presently two figures passed, hurrying into the gloom. One we knew, for he was Nathaniel, a government clerk in Moshi, whose pen had recorded the ancient history that these pages unfold; but his companion, Matusala, was unknown to us. I suppose it should not have seemed strange, but something in the vivid chatter of the second native seemed to betray an uneasy activity incompatible with the drowsy lassitude of nature.

Sleep came fitfully with the hours of darkness, as over the wooded valley the rising wind moaned weirdly and towards morning brought the howl and patter of a thunder-shower that washed out the traces of the two men who had passed in the evening. A morning stroll was not unusual for us, but, as the previous day had been so stifling, we rose at 4.30 a.m., earlier than the accustomed hour, and went out into the keen, fresh air to brace our dull minds and flagging energies before the dreaded furnace heat of day should again confine us to the house. There was a glorious, silent freshness under the still, grey sky, where a few stars still glimmered faintly, as we wended our way along the little path that wound through the shrubbery of the glen and away to the east.

We were on our way to a small orchard property bordering the further banks of the Una River, which we crossed by great irregular stepping stones, as its dwindled waters, some ten yards wide, babbled slowly through the rocky rift. Across the river lay a wild triangular plot of land in a secluded spot between two streams. The grass was short and dry except at a sudden rise, where coarse weeds ran shoulder high, and amongst them on the left of the track the grass was bent and trodden down. A feeling of something unusual stole over us, but we passed on unheeding, for the grey morning light failed to reveal the clotted blood-stains that bespattered that lonely spot.

Everything around seemed peaceful and still under the brooding forest-crowned hills. Low in the silvery eastern sky gleamed a thin streak of yellow, which gradually merged to delicate rose and fringed each bank of cloud with pink, till a long ray seemed to shoot across the heavens and illumine Kibo with an Alpine glow. Then a glorious radiance lit up the mountain tops, and the sunbeams chased each other down the slopes and gullies, when all at once a great glare broke over the horizon—the sun was up.

An Unwelcome Figure Appears

But what was that dark figure passing up the gorge near the waterfall?* A most exceptional thing this, to meet an Mchagga at daybreak, and out in this lonely spot too! Only a surly response was forthcoming to our salutation, "Jambo," and something in the shifting leer of the old man's face made us wish he would pass on ahead and leave us to wait in peace; but, do what we would, he remained behind us and followed at a distance in our tracks. He had in his hand an empty oil-can, but what was he doing with it? He had brought no water from the river. Anyhow no native would go before sunrise to draw from the dark Una that had seen so much blood-stained treachery and murder. What could it mean? The answer to our question was a mutilated corpse lying in the swirling waters of a pool, not two hundred yards below us.

It was a group of boys from the seminary that first made the tragic discovery on going there for their accustomed morning bathe. The restless conscience of Metusala had led him to the spot simultaneously and he at once identified the body as that of Nathaniel, his companion of the previous night.

Nathaniel Murdered!

Shortly afterwards four men passed our door, bearing the corpse on a sheet of corrugated iron to the village of the chief, and behind followed a band of women wailing bitterly and strong men sobbing. As the procession passed our gate, I enquired if the man was dying, but got the reply, "No! It's Nathaniel; he's murdered!" and calling Jonathan, the mountain guide, I learned from him that Andrea, the man's brother-in-law was the most probable perpetrator of the crime. "This murderer was following me just now," he said, "trying to catch all my conversation, when suddenly I turned on him and told him right out that it was he who had done the deed. He denied it vehemently, but I am sure it was none other. Only a few days ago he openly threatened Nathaniel with his life. And, *Memsahib*, we suspect another—a certain

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* See illustration, chap. III, p. 44.

Metusala who walked with him from the Mangi's at dusk. He was no friend of his; why then did he wait to escort him home last night?"

The Culprits under Chagga Ordeal

This information led to the arrest of the two suspected persons, but it was the middle of the week before any concrete evidence came to light. The District Officer, Capt. Hallier, with admirable tact tried to convince the people that thronged the vicinity of the court-house what a valuable member had been lost to their community in the death of Nathaniel, and then in no uncertain tone ordered them to find the murderers and hand them up at once.

Thus, as an official call took him to the other side of the mountain, the native judiciary, left to themselves, set to work to discover the criminals. One of the elders, a warrior of Meriale's time, who had run sixty miles in a single day to bring his ruler a message in time of danger and was still suffering as a result, grew proud and vigorous with the sense of a restoration of his earlier trust. Calling to his clansmen, he told them to try the Chagga ordeal for eliciting evidence. The younger generation knew nothing of the severity of their fathers' tribunal and watched with awe as Andrea first underwent the test. A rope was passed quickly to and fro round the wrist and salt rubbed into the broken skin to extract his confession.

The Dark Story Told

After a few minutes' torture, the desired result was produced. He acknowledged his guilt and, having done so, related the gruesome details of the whole tragic tale—how he and four others had during the previous week met together in a hut in Mshiri and plotted Nathaniel's murder; how they had slaughtered and eaten the goat of the covenant and vowed together an oath of secrecy that none would betray his fellow. On the Saturday evening Metusala had met the motor lorry which brought Nathaniel from Moshi and had accompanied him to the chief's village, where they chatted till nearly 8 o'clock and then walked on together as far as the seminary, where the doomed man went in to borrow a book.

In the meantime Metusala rushed down the lonely bank to the Una, blew a whistle as a pre-arranged warning of Nathaniel's proximity and hurried up the steep on the further side to join the waiting gang, who were lying concealed in the low brushwood with hatchet, knife and hammer, awaiting their quarry. There he was, hurrying through the darkness all unconscious of his danger. But suddenly he staggered with a blow from behind and turned to meet his ambush and make a desperate bid for life. In a moment, however, he was surrounded and a heavy sledge-hammer completed the foul deed. After the first cry for help had merged into a groan, the murderers caught in a faint whisper the dying words of their victim: "I am going home to God."

Quickly they cut his throat and hurriedly dragged the lifeless form down the valley, hurling it into the waters of a deep-bosomed cove, then fled in the darkness of a threatening storm, each to his own hut, stopping at the first stream that crossed their path to wash from their hands and tools of vengeance the red stains that might betray their sin.

Parties in the Plot

Andrea admitted that an old family feud was his own cause for the murder, and that the others had their specific reasons for participating in the plot. Metusala had no personal grievance, but had himself determined on the life of a certain church elder for exposing his evil conduct, and now had joined hands to rid Andrea of his enemy, with the promise of having in turn a partner in his prospective crime. Another, Kunda—the notorious character who had previously chased a missionary with his hatchet—had been convicted of battery through Nathaniel's evidence and he had not forgiven him. Samueli and his brother, Yesse, coveted a strip of coffee-land adjoining their own, and, failing to secure it by law, planned to take the life of its owner. These two were the sons of the old man who had crept up so suspiciously from the Una, as the morning broke on the night of bloodshed. It was his duty as the officiating elder of the secret ceremony to cast into the river the dung of the covenant goat, that the restless waters might bear away to the portal of the unknown the sin of the guilty, and it was in this very act that we discovered him that morning. In corroboration of this evidence, blood-stained garments and weapons were dragged to light from the homes of the murderers and responded to a test for human blood.

The accused without exception had been educated in the Lutheran mission schools and were baptised members of the church, some resorting to divine service a few hours before they spilled their brother's blood on the ground and again the following morning—thus spelling in clear black type the scathing disaster that looms ahead of an educational scheme for Africa without a personal, living Christ.

The five who had played part in the tragedy were forthwith handed over to the custody of the police, but, conferring with each other, agreed to deny their charges. The partial relief that was felt in Marangu on their arrest soon gave place to a restless fear and mutual distrust, in case they should be acquitted. Would-be loyalists kept close and refused evidence in face of possible revenge. Strong men begged us to get them European locks to secure their doors, for every one now feared his own secret enemy. We ourselves lost courage *pro tempore* and each night bolted the door and window that before had opened wide to the verandah. A strange weird loneliness stole over the hillside each night as the sun set in the west, and the Wachagga slunk into their huts like hunted beasts. Whether it was this atmosphere or the fact of our manifest interest in the cause of the murdered man, I do not know, but just at this juncture our house servants deserted.

Cattle-lifting fails to produce Witnesses

In order to bring the Wachagga to a sense of their tribal responsibility in their offence against a civil servant and elicit further evidence, Marangu was transformed one day into an old-time war-stage, when droves of cattle, goats and sheep, lifted from the surrounding district, passed one after another to the village of the chief, raising the dust in great red clouds along the meandering track. The lowing and bleating, and the excited shouts of the owners who followed behind, called from the warriors of wilder days the remark, " Has war come again to our mountain ? " We almost listened for the re-echoing war-cry and the distant drumming of a savage host to complete the electric tension of the hour.

But times have changed ! The fight goes on, not in open combat but in the depths of silent, subtle hearts. The astute Wachagga, knowing more of the Indian Penal Code by which they are governed than many a European, managed by silence to evade the law. The herds were returned intact, the defendants tried in the High Court of Justice but released through failure to obtain witnesses. Before many weeks, the five murderers were back in their homes intimidating the people. Nathaniel's brother was only rescued from them when already thrown and under the point of a gleaming knife. They threatened the lives of two German missionaries and so terrorized their chief that he had a clay hut built beside his bungalow, where a picket-guard of spearmen was posted at night. A general spirit of lawlessness pervaded on all sides. Men blankly refused to go to government work on the roads, and the local native officers were afraid to enforce obedience. The hands of the elders were weakened and their judgment was biassed, for terror ruled out justice. Murderers had escaped with impunity and the baser instincts of the tribe were thereby given licence. An ex-policeman carrying a sum of money home from Moshi one night was waylaid and murdered, and his dismembered body left in the open highway. Herding a few cattle alone on the foothills of the mountain, a girl was accosted by two Wachagga, who strangled her in broad daylight, disposed elsewhere of the herd and boldly returned to their huts that lay in the glen before us.

Dark as Heathendom

One afternoon, after addressing an audience at the court-house, my sister and I came away burdened with a vivid realization of the strength of the forces of darkness that ruled in Chagga-land. " Easier for a man to live the radiant, heroic life of a Christian in Corinth than in this place," we thought. " Somebody must give a transparent witness for Jesus, and it must be a Mchagga." We went out that evening with my mother, hoping to kindle a fire in some one's heart as a beacon on the hillside, and found ourselves by a strange coincidence at the hut of a young man who lived with his wife on the ridge behind us. We had told him the purpose of our visit and were leaving, when our attention was drawn to a girl sitting on a log at the doorway nursing a remarkably blonde-skinned baby.

" Whose child is that ? " asked my mother.

" My own," replied the girl, callously.

The sordid details of the heartrending story were told us. The woman with her illegitimate child had been bartered into this home as a second wife by the man by whom she had the child—a professing Christian European ! Thus the perfidious and immoral whiteman had broken up the home life of the man and woman who sheltered the half-caste infant, in order to cover his sin.

Some days later my sister was astonished to see a mob of children who had collected round a woman of middle age. She was standing in the centre of the rabble and was being addressed by a contemptuous youth.

" You cannot pass. You think you are a European, but you are not one, neither are your children. Think yourself the Government, do you ? Well, we don't want you, so get out of the district." These insults were met with little or no opposition save an occasional denial in pidgin English. My sister's arrival scattered the children and she was left alone with the subject of this amazing indignity.

" Why were those children so rude to you ? " asked my sister. " Do you come from another district ? "

Turning to her two little ones who toddled behind her, she said, " These are the children of a Government white man (mentioning his name) and I am their mother. My master has finished with me and has cast me out. My people will not receive me, neither will these children allow me to pass." Then she paused and, looking into the face which had grown white with horror and indignation, she said :

"Have I done *very* wrong? Oh, don't be angry as well. You *will* speak to me sometimes, won't you?" And her thin hand grasped that of her listener, as my sister's surprise and anger melted into heartfelt sympathy.

Yet you in England think that stories of mixed marriages in Africa (legitimate and otherwise) are mere fables invented by the novelist and playwright. Believe me, reader, when I say that God alone knows the furnace heat of Africa which even now threatens to scorch up the blossom of manhood which England has transplanted into the inferno of temptation, where a man is isolated and where the only women he sees are black.

Nathaniel's Story

Yet even in the midnight sky there shone serenely here and there a star of hope. Over the grave of Nathaniel on the quiet hillside was placed by his friend, the Kibo guide, a wooden cross, bearing the words in Kiswahili, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." The sting of death for him had been removed. The Cross in Christendom is often little more than a fetish, but Nathaniel had felt its reclaiming power.

We first heard of him as compiler of some interesting Swahili documents,* and as one who had been a faithful teacher but had fallen, taking the chief's sister as his second wife. Noble thoughts expressed in his writings marked him as no ordinary native, and we prayed constantly for his restoration. One Sunday morning, learning that he was in Marangu, we made our way to his village that hung on a wild prominence over the Una river. Dusting a leather trunk that stood in the shelter of an open booth, he begged us to sit down, and chatted away as though he had known us all his life. "And how it is with your soul?" I asked. In characteristic frankness, he replied with a slight stutter, "Memsahib, I was educated and baptised at the Mission: I taught in their schools and was married from the Church, but I did not know Jesus. One day a German missionary came to see me and sat beside me. He spoke about my soul and prayed with me, and that day all the world was changed. I could have walked around Kilimanjaro, I was so happy: my sins had been forgiven. I knew Jesus for the first time. But afterwards another friend came between me and my true Friend. I married Meriale's daughter, was dismissed from the church and entered government service. I was not happy. Every day I heard a Voice calling, "Nathaniel, come back! Nathaniel, come back!" The Voice got louder and louder till I couldn't sleep. Now I have put

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* Comprising the story in the four opening chapters of this volume.

FILIPO AND FAMILY.

NATHANIEL.

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away the one who came between; she is the mother of two of my children and never did me any wrong. But I have got back to the friendship of Jesus."

Tho Soul of a Murderer

We never know what pagan may not hear heaven's call. I was visiting one day the villages of Mshiri, shortly after the tragedy; and away beyond the banana groves at the edge of the higher pasture land stood the lonely hamlet of Andrea, the murderer. As I rested at midday in the cool shadow of a stunted evergreen just above his plantation, he came to me at my servant's request and, dismissing the boy, we stood together alone. I told him he had yet to face the Tribunal of Heaven, when "God will bring every work into judgment with every secret thing." Then we read together in Swahili from a leaflet the story of the Ninety and Nine. This greatly softened him, and I noticed after I had prayed that his rolling eyes grew serious, and there was considerable emotion betrayed in his hand-grip, as he said good-bye and slipped down again to his home. Who can tell how often that savage man will not read by the flickering fire-light the story of the shepherd seeking His lost sheep and will perhaps hear the same Voice that called to Nathaniel calling to him, "Come home, lost one! Come home!"

Africa's Hope

Often the printed page can reach villages far off the track, and where the population have already learned to read, the sooner they get the Bible into their hands the better; in this way alone can education be put to good account. Kilimanjaro to-day is clamouring for literature and was delighted when, through the generosity of the Scripture Gift Mission of London, Swahili portions and later Kichagga versions of God's Word were distributed gratis through the villages. The car which took us across the thickly-populated eastern districts was thronged with young people in impatient enthusiasm pressing for the leaflets. Mission teachers and students themselves helped to scatter the seed, and a few Waparé of the seminary on their own account made a Kiparé translation and sent it to London for printing. Here are illimitable possibilities for Africa, when her own sons are putting their hands to the plough. Already it is reported that wanderers have returned through the silent work of these booklets.

The Holy Spirit works through the Scriptures. In a Bible class started by my sister amongst the boys of the government school in

Marangu the teacher and scholars became more and more keen, meeting after school hours once a week, then twice, then three times, and often conducting the class by themselves. Young lives were changed in that room, calling from their teacher, Ndemanisho, the comment, "I never knew before that the Holy Ghost could do such work in the heart of a child."

Weighing Anchor

But the privileges of our short sojourn on Kilimanjaro ended suddenly and all too soon. During the three and a half years spent among her people, my mother had been for almost half that time confined to bed. At last there came a day when the Doctor decided that she must return to Europe, as the altitude was unduly straining her heart. Through the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grierson, a few days at the Residency in Moshi gave back to her the power of sleep, which for two weeks had completely forsaken her. Shortly afterwards our house was sold and the rope thus severed which set us adrift from our moorings. From the haven of our anchorage we looked longingly out at the dreamy sea of endless plain that stretched far away to the southern horizon. For the last time we scanned the lovely, towering heights of Kibo, and not without a touch of sadness said good-bye to the dusky sons of the mountain. One of them, with feeling characteristic of his race, said to Mother, "Do not think that your days of illness here have been wasted. Were it not for you, your children could not have lived among us. You have given us God's message; you have spoken to us in our homes and by the roadside and nailed up words of warning on the trees. Now if we are not saved, our blood be on our own heads; you are free!"

In paying our last respects to the French Catholics of Kilema, one sister with a clear light in her eyes, said, "Adieu! We shall soon meet above. The King is already on His way!" And as we left the beautiful grounds, there stood on the broad verandah the frail figure of Father August, an aged man in his seventies with full white beard and calm, unruffled brow. Since the days of Mandara he had braved all the storms of the mountain and was now devoting his last declining years to prayer on behalf of his flock.

It was just before Christmas 1927, when all the hillside was green after heavy rains, that a motor lorry came to fetch us, though the sweeping waters of the Una had carried away the bridge of stones. Eighty students from the seminary battled with the foaming current for hours, building up the loose boulders, till a rough causeway finally spanned the river. As we moved off, the kindly faces of our valued missionary colleagues and the dark forms of our Chagga friends faded into the distance. We had launched out on other seas of venture. But Kilimanjaro, the mysterious land of tears and bloodshed, and her young struggling race lived on, and will live on for ever in our hearts.

* * * *

Local View of Native Unrest

Since coming to England we have kept constantly in touch with the happenings in Chagga-land. A resident of some twenty years' standing has just written, "Things are getting worse and worse. Our friends, Kunda & Co. (the murder gang), after fighting the chief and the police at last got six months' imprisonment, but now they are back again ready for new mischief. Once a meeting of natives even cried down the District Officer. I am afraid that one day the whole population, white and black, will deeply regret the present meek policy of administration."

From the official standpoint, a late District Commissioner, who traversed Tanganyika Territory from East to West, expresses his opinion concerning the Wachagga in a letter as follows: "I am sorry to say, they are not my friends at all, being the most insolent and undisciplined tribe I have ever met in the country."

I think most "East Africans" will bear me out when I say that without a very careful management of the native population there is grave political danger ahead. The waves of convulsive unrest in the occident and the orient have begun to lap on the shores of Africa and, if the Wachagga are affected more than other tribes, it is because their education and superior intelligence have brought them first into touch with the outer world. Stricter discipline might improve conditions, but it is doubtful: it is almost too late.

The Alternatives

The pregnant need of Africa to-day is a reformation such as shook Europe in the sixteenth century. "When a faith ends," said Gustav le Bon, "a revolution begins." The dark continent has lost her pagan religion; she has as yet got nothing vital in its place, and if a reformation does not spring up in her hills and plunge through her valleys, then a revolution will break out in rivers of blood. There is needed another Paul of Tarsus on the field—a Luther; a man like Hudson Taylor of China or C. T. Studd of Congo—preachers of a first-hand evangel. But jealousies must be renounced. On the mission field we claim vast territories, stud them with a few outposts, and frown on the intruder who dares to seek the welfare of the dying mortals within that ring-fence. What! Is it soil or souls that we are after? Would to God that devoted men and women of private means—or with no means if necessary—would, as missionaries, business men or planters, sacrifice themselves to a life of hardship for the sons of Africa and watch with the Master through this last hour of the night. There are untold possibilities everywhere; the ground is mainly yet untouched.

Modern Apostolic Methods

We had the pleasure of knowing a Czecho-Slovakian Roman Catholic, who after a chequered career in Europe came to East Africa seeking his fortune. But another One had been seeking him, and there in Tanga over an open Bible he surrendered to the Christ of Calvary. He had entangled himself with debt and now every shilling was put aside to clear himself and make good what he had once gained by fraudulent returns. That done, he was free to serve the Master who had claimed his life at the cost of His own, and with only a penny to his name and a single shirt to his back, he fared forth into the interior as foremost ambassador of the King of kings. He had no society to back him, but relied on God and his own hard-working hands and trusty gun for his salary.

When travelling near Kilimanjaro with a friend, he received a telegram urgently recalling his companion. There was no bank account, the purse was empty, and here he was faced with the problem of paying for a journey of approximately six hundred miles. Making treks for the Pangani River, he was led by the natives amongst rafia palms and coarse grasses to the rendezvous of the hippos. Like giant casts in the light yellow clay, their spoor marked the wild park land. Cautiously he pushed his way through the dark green brushwood that bordered the river, and from behind a twisted tree trunk peered down into the muddy stream below. He waited; but the silence was only broken by the lapping of the water at his feet. Presently, however, the papyrus fronds swayed gently, disclosing a hippo swimming up-stream with its nostrils above water and the swirl of the current behind. Another fifty yards, and its peaceful progress was suddenly cut short by a thunder flash from the cover of the bush. A convulsive heave in the cauldron of its dying struggles, a long last dive, a trail of bubbles, and the huntsman knew that half a ton of fat and a heavy hide had been secured to pay for the long journey to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Facing the Cost

There is nothing worth doing that can be done without sacrifice, and the call to evangelism is essentially a summons to self-renunciation. Some have felt the glamour of far-distant fields but have been dis-

HIPPO THAT PAID THE RAILWAY FARE.

To face p. 210.

appointed a few months after arrival to find the fascination vanishing, the loneliness and drudgery have driven them to despair, and finally back to their homes never to return. It is better to face the issue and count the cost. Pioneers in any sphere suffer hardships, but in a peculiar way the militant messenger of the cross must feel the furnace. Moving from morning till night amongst the squalor and vice of degraded humanity, he finds himself severed from all that spells in letters of gold the English word, HOME—intellectual refinement, the attachment of friends, the strong ties of family love and sympathy, and the spiritual refreshment which comes to one like the cool waters of a Damascan well to the Arabia of the desert. But he toils all day and all week with no rest and little encouragement. He came from a home of comfort, even luxury; now he is in want. Like a hero he could bear it with dogged perseverance himself, but when a young wife comes to share his lot the wound strikes deeper.

The brave little woman aches for her mother, when experience first translates for her in ghastly vividity the meaning of *savagedom*. She fears the contamination of her children, for the unwholesome miasma is all around her like the air she breathes. She herself guards the little ones without tiring, till they become part of her very being. Then one day, when silver hairs, a thin, pinched face and shattered nerves are the signs of her pioneering struggles, there comes the inevitable wrench—the children must go home to school. Two, three or even four of her boys and girls leave her in one day. Never shall I forget the day that I, with three others, left my mother in the wilds of Ukamba. And at school a scene was enacted which recalled to me anew the cost of my parents' sacrifice. A mother going back to India was leaving behind three girls, the youngest but five years old. She was to sail the following day. When the children were asleep she sat looking at them during the long night, going to each bed in turn and, at early dawn before they awoke, she was out and away with an aching void in her heart which none could ever guess.

And the children? They are young and forget so soon, but what an ocean of wealth they miss in the want of a mother's love! As they grow up, fatherless and motherless, they gradually spend their affection on others. The parents come home to find a coldness, reticence and misunderstanding, the exquisite torture of which only those who have experienced it can understand. Others have won the confidence of their sons and daughters; but they drink the bitter dregs and return to the heathen land to toil on in a silent, lonely home, burying themselves to their own society. They are ageing now and miss sometimes the care and comfort that ripening years demand.

Such is the winding trail of a missionary's track to the heart of savagedom; such is the cost; it may be more, but it is the price of a grand and noble calling, following in the wake of "the great cloud of witnesses . . . who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Challenge from an Infidel

Listen to the words of an infidel:—

> "Did I firmly believe, as millions say they do, that the knowledge and practice of religion in this life influences destiny in another, religion would be to me everything. I would cast aside earthly enjoyments as dross, earthly cares as follies and earthly thoughts and feelings as vanity. Religion should occupy my first waking thought and my last image before sleep sank me into unconsciousness. I should labour in its cause alone. I would take thought for the morrow of eternity alone. I would esteem one soul gained for heaven worth a life of suffering. Earthly consequences should never stay my hand nor seal my lips. Earth, its joy, its griefs, would occupy no moment of my thoughts. I would strive to look upon Eternity alone and on the immortal souls around me, soon to be everlastingly miserable or everlastingly happy. I would go forth to the world and preach to it in season and out of season, and my text would be, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

Can you hear them?

In face of that sceptic's challenge, the following recent letter from an Mchagga himself booms through the distance the cry of Macedonia:— "Here in East Africa I and my comrades call with a great shout to you in England, 'Salaam! (Peace).' Perhaps you can hear us, or catch at least the voice of our hearts. We are all praying for you and trust that when we leave the tent of this our pilgrimage we shall enter with you that Wonderful House where friends never part." Over every continent and island in the great round world, thousands are striving, ever groping in the darkness for that House of God. It is the final quest of the soul, the high goal of mankind struggling to be free. Listen, and you will hear them calling through the shadows, ever calling . . . calling . . . calling.

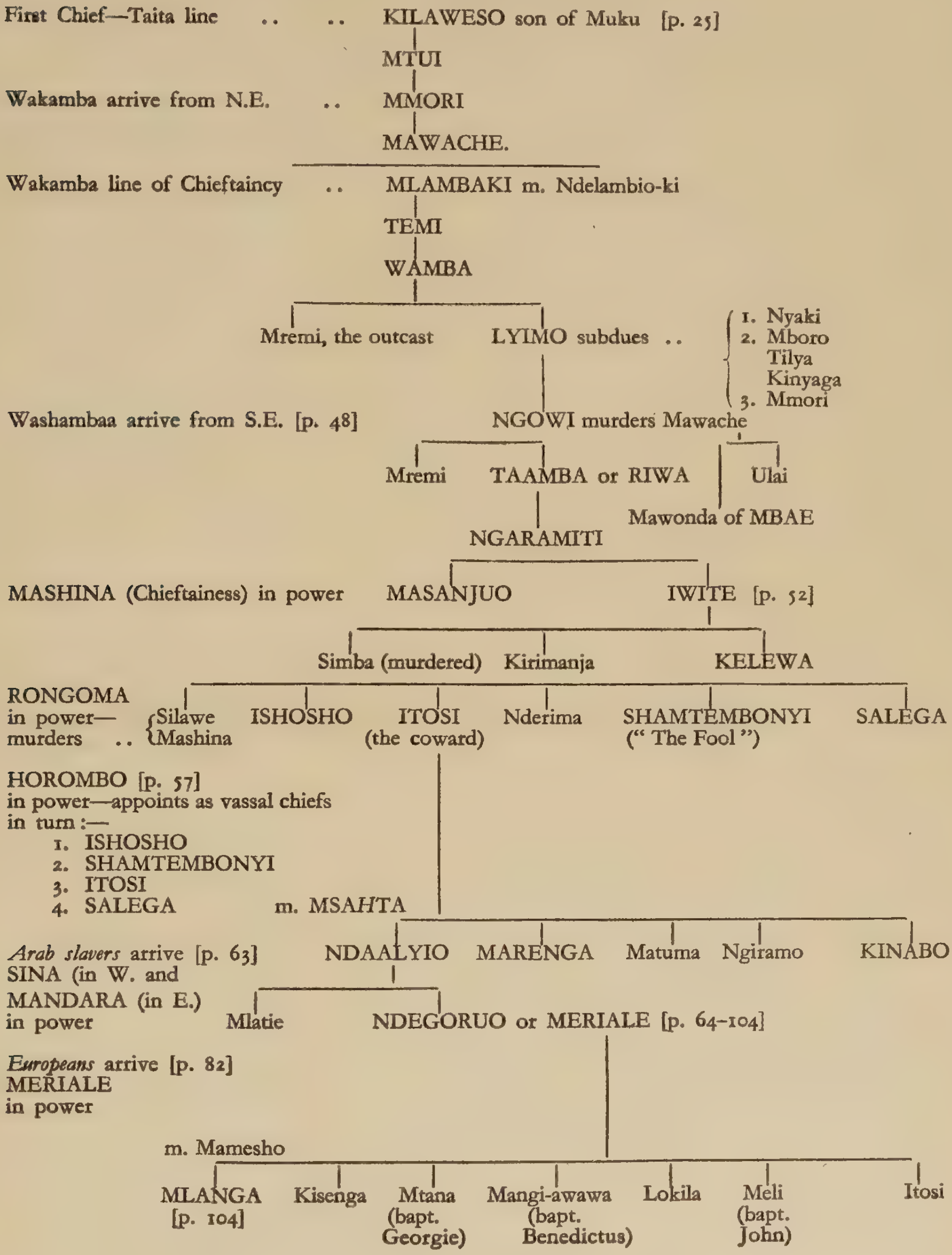
THE END

GLOSSARY

Arisi :	Great underground caverns where the Wachagga on invasion took refuge from the enemy.
Asante :	Thank you.
Askari :	Government native police or troops.
Baraza :	Public reception.
Boma :	In Kiswahili originally a fence : hence applied to a fort, and thus to the Government Administrative Quarters.
Bwana :	Kiswahili for Master, Lord, Sir.
Chumba cha Muungu :	Name given to the large lava cave at the foot of Kibo. Literally it means " God's Hut." As opposed to Bismarck's Hut and Peter's Hut, built by mortals, this, they say, was built by God.
Dracæna :	A palm-like shrub, sacred to the Wachagga, and producing the resin called Dragon's Blood.
El-Moran :	Masai champion warriors.
Hodi :	Polite Swahili greeting announcing one's arrival, the answer to which is " Karibu (Draw near !)
Ipucha ira :	Chagga spitting ceremony in which the friends of the deceased spit on the lifeless form in token of farewell.
Joho :	The loose outer robe of Arab dress.
Kanzu :	White flowing garment worn by Arabs and Swahilis.
Kibo :	Kichagga name for the higher crater cone of Kilimanjaro. Kibo means downy or white.
Kiboko :	A thick leather whip of hippo. or rhino. hide, used by travellers and explorers for the corporal punishment of offending natives. Its use by civilians is now forbidden.
Kichagga :	See Wataita.
Kilimanjaro :	Kiswahili name for the mountain. Kilima=mountain. Njaro=god of cold.
Kimanganu :	Witchcraft trial by ordeal in which a poisonous vegetable product called shaka is used.
Kiniki :	Blue cotton cloth often worn by Swahili women.
Kiruru :	Chagga warriors of full strength, 30–40 years old.
Kisuku goats :	Black or white, red or spotted goats, sacrificed by the Wachagga when general affliction prevailed.
Kongo :	Chagga lancing instrument.
Kongoni :	The hartebeest, a large red antelope very common on the veld.
Kwaheri :	Kiswahili for goodbye—literally, Good luck or happiness go with you.
Mangi :	Kichagga for Chief.
Masai :	Nilotic, nomadic race of tropical Africa.
Mawenzi :	Or Kimawenzi, the more ancient peak of Kilimanjaro. The name signifies, many cracks.
Mbeke :	Eleusine—A short rush, the seed of which is used for brewing beer.
Mbwana Wadudu :	Biological officers—literally, " Masters of the Insects."
Mchagga :	See Wataita.
Meruturutu :	Chagga warriors, 30–40 years old.
Mnyamwezi :	See Wataita.
Mrisho :	Chagga warriors, 40–50 years old.
Mswahili :	See Wataita.
Mullah :	A Moslem priest.
Ngai :	God, the Creator, both in the Kimasai and Kikamba languages.
Ngatara :	Battle of Sorrow.—The name given to the last battle fought under Mandara, chief of Moshi, in which his men were routed by the Wakibosho.
Panga :	Broad Indian knife, used largely for weeding.
Poli :	In Swahili literally means Slowly ! but is applied variously to injunctions, such as, " Go gently " (on stumbling) ; " Bless your heart ! " (on coughing) ; " Be careful of yourself ! " (when ill) ; " Fare thee well ! " (on leaving home).
Posho :	Rations.
Pué :	Black, native beans.

Rombo :	Large district on the east of Kilimanjaro, named after Horombo, its paramount ruler.
Ruwa :	Kichagga for God, the Creator, (—not the Sun. Some have misconstrued as Sun-worship the Chagga custom of spitting towards heaven at dawn.)
Safari :	A caravan or journey.
Salaam :	Arabic salutation—Peace !
Shaka :	See Kimanganu.
Shenzi :	Swahili term meaning Heathen or Savage—(more correctly : Washenzi, heathen people : Mshenzi, a heathen.)
Sokoni :	The Market.
Uchali :	Faith-keeping covenant of secrecy, in which a goat is killed and eaten by the Chagga participants.
Ukamba :	The country of the Wakamba in Kenya Colony.
Ukoru :	Chagga war-cry.
Ula :	The yam—a creeper yielding edible roots and fruit—originally, in Chagga folk-lore, forbidden by God as an article of diet, but now extensively cultivated by the people instead of sweet potatoes.
Waarusha :	The people of Arusha near Mt. Meru. See Wataita.
Wachagga :	See Wataita.
Wagweno :	See Wataita.
Wakamba :	See Ukamba.
Wakibosho :	See Wataita.
Wakwavi :	The agricultural branch of the Masai tribe.
Wamamba :	See Wataita.
Wamarangu :	See Wataita.
Wameru :	See Wataita.
Waparé :	See Wataita.
Warombo :	See Wataita.
Washambaa :	The people of Usambara. See Wataita.
Wataita :	The prefix Wa— in the Bantu languages is used in reference to the people of the country. Therefore Wataita are the people of Taita. The prefix M— is singular. Thus, Mtaita is a man of Taita. The prefix Ki— indicates the language. Thus Kitaita is the Taita vernacular. Similarly Wachagga, Mchagga, Kichagga is correct, but Europeans often drop these prefixes and speak of a Chagga girl, instead of, an Mchagga girl : of Swahilis, instead of Waswahili : of the Taita language, instead of Kitaita.
Watengo :	Barbarian militia of Kilimanjaro.

ANCESTRAL TREE OF CHIEFTAINSHIP
on KILIMANJARO
Clan of MARANGU



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